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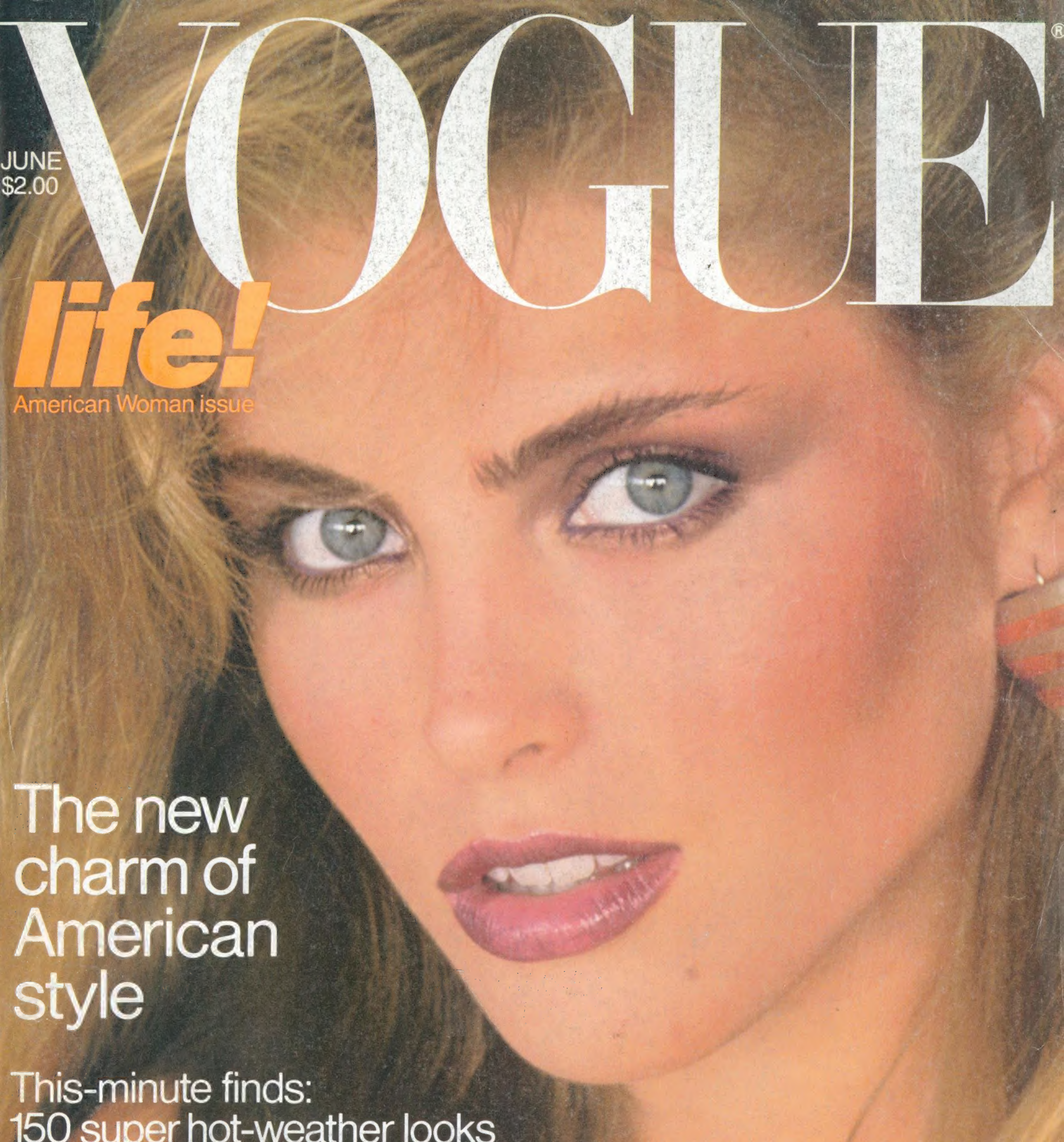

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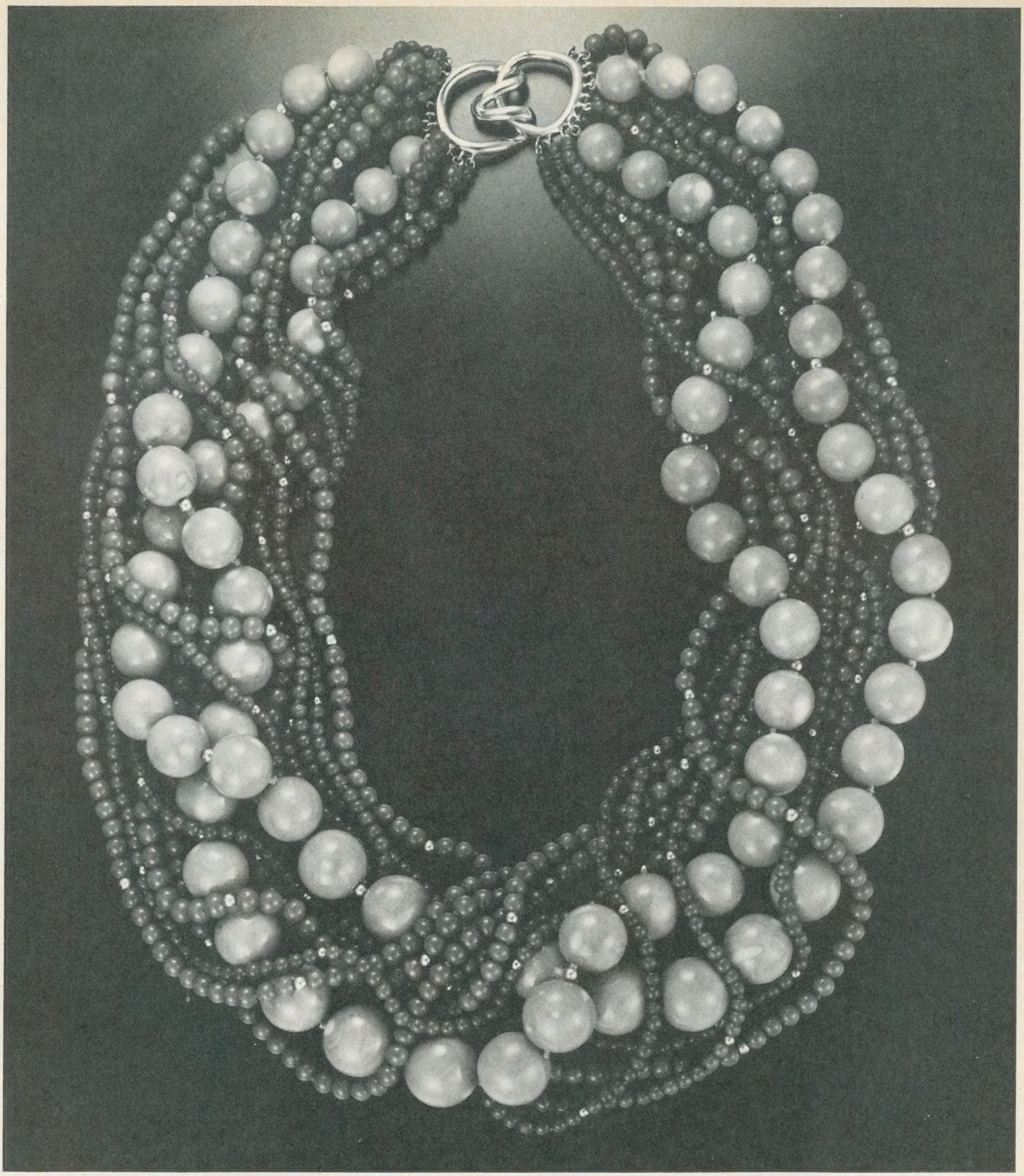

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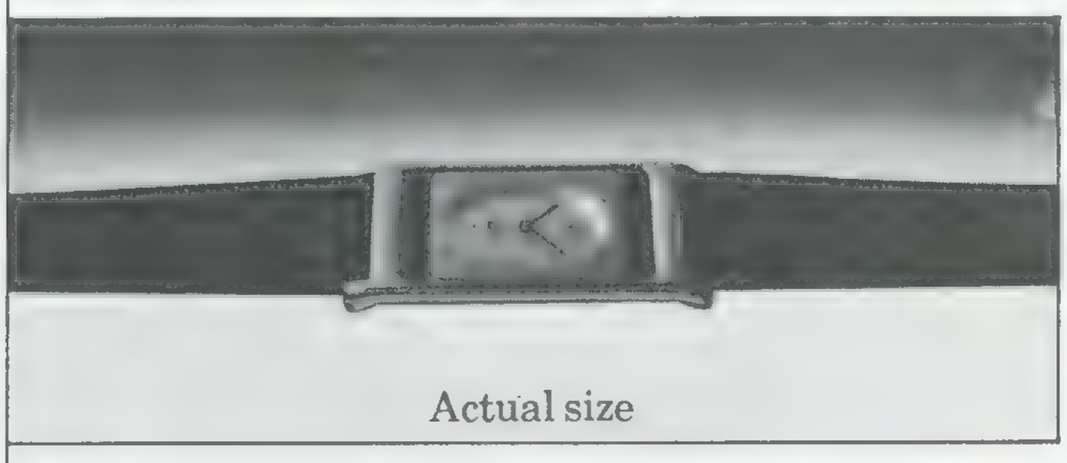

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Your Letters

ERA and "retired" women

We who work with the elderly are aware of the many ways society discriminates against women. The longer one lives the more oppressive and undignified the scene becomes. Older women suffer immensely because they do not have equal rights whether it's not receiving equal pay for equal work, or denial in sharing of husband's retirement benefits, or discrimination in inheritance laws.

Regarding the ERA, we need to deal with facts and dispel the myths. We applaud your efforts to do that. . . . Sister Michelle Olley
Director, Senior Companion Program
Racine WI

Photos: prurient or preferred?

I was sorely disappointed to have my mood interrupted when half-way through your March issue I ran into "Tops, Pure Pleasure."

If I want a layout on group sex, I'll buy *Oui*—as for the tops, they were lost. Please let your readers know if you plan to continue publishing fashion or forms of social behavior—your expertise in the latter is not becoming to your reputation. I was not impressed.
Susan Mary Larson
Mobile AL

I would like to respond to a letter by Lois E. Longenecker printed in your March issue.

I very much enjoyed your feature photos and article "To Catch A Diamond" (December). The scenery, diamonds, and the girls were all breathtakingly beautiful.

In no way were the topless models "disgusting." They were gorgeous and only enhanced the article and the diamonds.

If Ms. Longenecker considers your models "disgusting," she is obviously in the minority. . . . Nancy Graham
Scottsdale AZ

(Continued on page 86)

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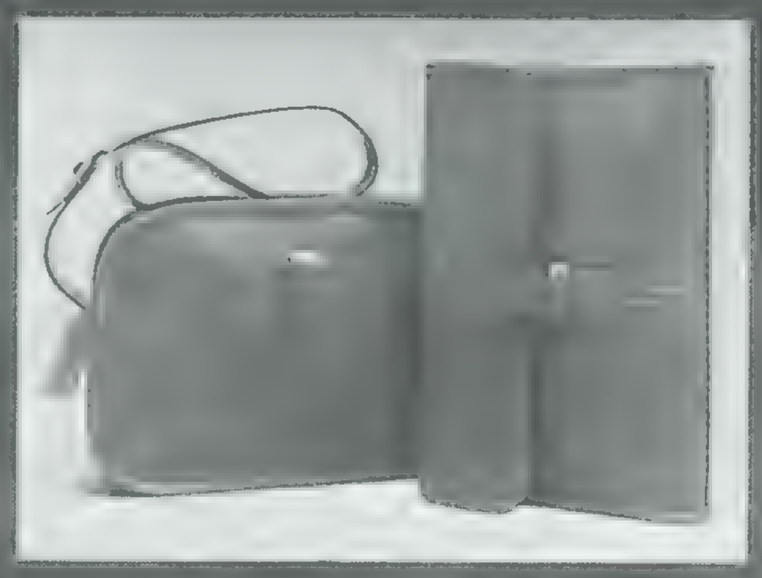

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On December 1st 1971, an unknown Maori soprano called Kiri Te Kanawa stepped on to the stage of the Royal Opera House in London.

Three and a half hours later, her performance as the Countess in "Le Nozze di Figaro" had made her a star.

The next day, Andrew Porter wrote of Miss Te Kanawa: "Such a Countess I have never heard before."

Another critic wrote: "It was evident that we were in the presence of a singer of quite exceptional promise... Covent Garden has a pearl of great price."

Since then, that exceptional promise has been realised in opera houses around the world.

"Phrase after phrase of effortlessly spun and firmly supported tone, culminating in a last act that would have drawn tears from a stone" was the comment on her Desdemona in a recent production of Othello.

Off stage, Miss Te Kanawa's life is a constant whirl: an endless round of interviews, engagements and rehearsals, and an international timetable that would make the most experienced traveller giddy.

She wears a Rolex Oyster Perpetual Datejust watch.

Of course, it is graceful, elegant and very feminine.

But her enthusiasm for it is practical too.

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The photograph on the left shows Kiri Te Kanawa in costume as Fiordiligi in "Così fan Tutte" on the grand staircase of L'Opéra, Paris.

It is one of the very rare occasions when she isn't actually wearing her Oyster.

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le is everything.

Meet Gordon Conway, a self-taught fashion designer from the still raw "cowtowns" of turn-of-the-century Texas and the "finishing schools" of Lausanne and Rome. She was, for the brief period that America's adolescence flamed brightly in the Twenties, the very symbol and essence of its style.

She liked to pose as never having had a lesson in her life, and in truth, she had very few. It was the freshness of her instinct, not the conventions of the schools, that delighted and charmed her audience. In New York, London and Paris, she drew effortlessly—with fashions and designs for Parisian plays, London films and American magazines rolling smoothly off the tips of her elegant quill pens in her lavender boudoir. She borrowed techniques, mannerisms, nearly everything, but not her style. It was, as you can see, fresh, insouciant, feigning fashionable boredom but secretly delighted with itself. She was, in a word, us, in our youth.

That's one reason we sponsored this exhibition, and why we invite you to see it at the times and places listed below. In our business, as in yours, it helps to be reminded that natural verve and flair are always to be treasured, and that sometimes style—straight-forward, vivacious and direct—is everything. It helps to be reminded, too, that individual imagination, individual creativity, individual innovativeness are still the basics of any business. Sponsorship of the arts that reminds us of these things is not patronage. It's a business and human necessity.

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"That Red Head Gal": Fashions and Designs of Gordon Conway, 1916-1936, organized by the American Institute of Architects Foundation, Washington, DC. It appears at the Octagon, Washington, DC from May 16 to July 20, 1980; Dallas Historical Society, Dallas, TX from August 8 to September 28, 1980; Chicago Historical Society, Chicago, IL from October 16, 1980 to February 8, 1981; Los Angeles County Museum of Art, Los Angeles, CA from March 12 to June 28, 1981. The exhibition is made possible by a grant from Philip Morris Incorporated on behalf of Virginia Slims.

WHAT'S NEWS, WHAT'S COMING

Secrets of success (and failure) in a top-performance movie...great silver...

intimate TV...rich new book—about an heiress with a past

MOVIES

By Rex Reed

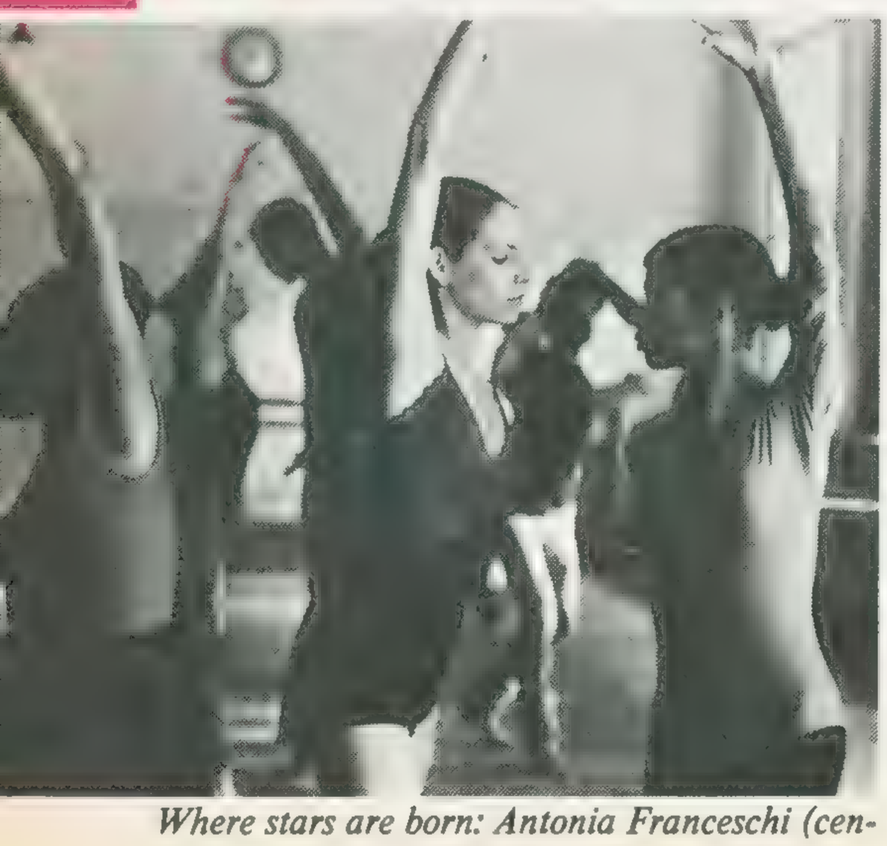
Fame
Directed by Alan Parker
This stirring film about kids at New York's School of Performing Arts is not a documentary, but it has the rhythm of real life and the *cinéma vérité* technique of the best on-the-spot movie journalism as it covers four years in the struggle of a class of aspiring teen-age performers. *Fame* is a unique and inspired original. Beginning with the auditions and fading out with the final graduation ceremonies, the movie puts you into the action as one of the classmates, allows you to grow and change and share in the joys and defeats of a diverse group of teenagers who have only one thing in common: the desperate desire to be somebody.

Alan Parker, who directed *Bugsy Malone* and *Midnight Express*, proves, with this third feature, that he is an amazingly versatile and creative man. *Fame* bursts with electricity from beginning to end. Parker doesn't merely shoot an audition. He moves his cameras in and out of noise and crowds, showing dancers stretching their muscles, musicians playing instruments, singers acting out scenes, actors blowing their lines, worried mothers, cab drivers carting electric keyboards through a flotsam of snarled traffic and snarling humanity. Punks check their knives at the reception desk. Street kids tap dance with Pepsi-Cola bottle caps on their tennis shoes. Some of the aspirants get weeded out through the painful process of rejection; others move from acceptance through the hardships of classes and rehearsals—and we live with them, work, sweat, cry, and grow up with them.

The young performers are unknown, but heartbreakingly talented. There is Doris (Maureen Teefy), the shy, introverted Jewish girl with the pushy mother, who learns to assert herself—which is the first step towards getting out of Brooklyn. There is Raoul, the Puerto Rican slum kid whose hero is Freddie Prinze (played by Barry Miller, the troubled youth who fell to his death from the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge in *Saturday Night Fever*). There is a beautifully touching performance by a tousled waif (Paul McCrane), who learns in acting class to confront his own homosexuality. The entire cast is spontaneous, charged with emotion, and immensely likeable. *Fame* is *A Chorus Line* for teenagers, and what Alan Parker has distilled from their raw talent and ambition is nothing short of miraculous.

The style is short, choppy, with myriads of details that consume no more than minutes each—like reflections of life in splinters of glass. But by the time the movie ends, you know these kids and care about them deeply. To achieve so many contrasting elements of exploding vitality, Parker has taken some thrilling risks. When a Black dancer from a Harlem ghetto uncoils his anger at a teacher by smashing glass bookcases, Parker counterpoints his rage with choral music by Rossini—which is not what you'd expect. The music is very white, but the faces of the choir are Black. Parker uses the music to show the contrast between the environment of a kid like that and what he could aspire to—the road from violence to achievement.

The finale, where the graduating singers, dancers, musicians, and actors stage their own original graduation rock-classical cantata, is as exciting as any musical number you're ever likely to see on film. Hundreds of kids from every walk of life pass through the portals of this school in a dilapidated building on Manhattan's West Forty-sixth Street looking for dreams. *Fame* is a movie about some kids who make it, and some who don't. All of them are memorable in their struggle, and the film is staggering in its achievement.



Where stars are born: Antonia Franceschi (center) and Irene Cara, two hopefuls in "Fame"

The Tin Drum
Directed by Volker Schlöndorff
Günter Grass's masterpiece is finally on the screen in a film so miraculous it defies conventional attempts to describe it. Brilliant, biting, satirical—it invents a cinematic language that is spellbinding. Set in Danzig in the years before and during World War II, *The Tin Drum* tells the story of Oskar, a child who, at the age of three, decides he will never grow up to be an adult. With his tin drum and his ability to shatter glass by an eerie and deafening scream, Oskar becomes a symbol of rejection and protest.

Throughout this funny, harrowing film, Oskar gets older, but never grows. When Poland is falling under the sway of Naziism, he beats his tin drum and the musicians at a Nazi rally change tempo, forcing the Brown Shirts to waltz to "The Blue Danube." Oskar travels through war-ravaged Europe, performs with a circus troupe of midgets, has an affair with his family's servant girl, watches his parents' horrible deaths. The story is strange, challenging, shocking, and somewhat scandalous.

I don't know what to make of the film, which is now playing throughout the United States; but I do know that people in movie circles will be talking of little else. *The Tin Drum* is something that has to be experienced to be believed. There has never been anything like it.

ART

By David Bourdon

The Great Bronze Age of China: An Exhibition from the People's Republic of China
Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York; through July 9

From China to U.S.: an inlaid bronze rhinoceros container, late third century, B.C.

The first emperor of China, Qin Shihuangdi, played a pivotal role in his country's history by defeudalizing and unifying China under a centralized government. Unfortunately, the emperor also sought to standardize thought. He prohibited philosophical disputation, burned all writings that conflicted with official Qin documents, and executed several hundred scholars as a warning against free thinking. He built himself an enormous and costly tomb, camouflaged with a mound of earth that resembled a natural hill. After his death in 210 B.C., he was entombed, according to rumor, in the company of hundreds of laborers and guards who were, presumably, buried alive.

More than two thousand years later, in 1974, archeologists excavated the outskirts of the burial complex, unearthing a "buried army" of some seventy-five hundred warriors and horses—all life-size terra-cotta effigies. Several of these terra-cottas now figure in this fascinating exhibition of long-buried artifacts that have been rediscovered in the last thirty years. The show differs in range and substance from the highly acclaimed exhibition of Chinese archeological discoveries that toured U.S. museums in 1974-75. The earlier show contained more objects and spanned a later period, from about 600 B.C. to the fourteenth century A.D. The current exhibition includes 105 objects of bronze, jade, and terra-cotta and concentrates on China's Bronze Age, a period that runs from about 2000 B.C. to the second century B.C.

More than seventy bronze vessels constitute the core of the exhibition, demonstrating the artistic and technical achievements of Shang and early Zhou dynasty craftmen. Inspired by pottery forms, the bronze vessels are massive-looking and appear to have been designed for ritual or utilitarian purposes—tripod cookers, four-legged caldrons, covered steamers, bowls, and wine goblets. Their sur-

("What's News" continued on page 41)

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Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—
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av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec.'79

MERIT
Kings & 100's

faces are embellished with intricate linear designs, mostly geometric motifs and stylized animals. The detailed ornamentation required extraordinarily precise casting, and succeeding generations of craftsmen never made bronzes of comparable quality.

Shang dynasty bronzes have long been widely esteemed, but these newly found examples deepen our admiration for China's Bronze Age craftsmen. The show travels to Chicago, Fort Worth, Los Angeles, Boston.

MORE ART:

British Art Now—An American Perspective: This informative exhibition, organized by New York's Guggenheim Museum and funded by the British Council and Exxon Corporation, provides major exposure to eight younger artists—John Edwards, Alan Green, Tim Head, Keith Milow, David Nash, Hugh O'Donnell, Nicholas Pope, and Simon Read. Since a group show of new talent is a worthwhile venture if it introduces only one artist of singular merit, this exhibition can be hailed as a success. The singularly talented artist is Hugh O'Donnell (born 1950), whose large, exuberantly designed paintings feature heraldic imagery that is fiendishly convoluted and vividly colored. O'Donnell's is the most vital abstract painting to have come out of London in years. The show, now in Savannah, travels to the University of Texas at Austin, then to the Royal Academy in London.

BOOKS

By Allene Talmey

Maybe: A Story
By Lillian Hellman (Little, Brown)
This short, profound, complex story about the author's sporadic and unintimate connection with a woman named Sarah Cameron is astonishingly distinct from Hellman's three preceding memoirs, *An Unfinished Woman, Pentimento,* and *Scoundrel Time.* Halfway through the story, Miss Hellman pauses and avers that here, as in her other memoirs, she endeavors to tell the truth, but that "In addition to the ordinary deceptions that you and others make in your life, time itself makes time fuzzy and meshes truth with half-truth. . . . What I have written is the truth as I saw it, but the truth as I saw it, of course, doesn't have much to do with the truth." Hellman is never sure why she is writing about Sarah Cameron, a woman who, she says, was never of any importance to her, ". . . a kind of interesting drop-in."

Sarah's story is teasingly fragmented—brief views of a beautiful woman, capricious, deceptive, mysterious, and a bit malevolent. Each time Hellman meets her—almost always unexpectedly, and under the strangest circumstances—Sarah has an unnerving effect on the author. Somehow, their lives keep intersecting, often with disastrous results. Sarah is a woman who, as her husband points out, has "a wandering-child's heart"; she is a kind of phantom with no tomorrows and no yesterdays, a chance acquaintance in a chance world.

Maybe is a book built from fragments—or, one might say, the ruins of a life. It is a jigsaw puzzle that never quite comes together; and yet the pieces are fascinating. This is an amazing, enigmatic, and provoking book.

Little Gloria . . . Happy at Last
By Barbara Goldsmith (Alfred A. Knopf)
Well-known people, enormous wealth, power, Society, and a haze of lesbianism: this incredible book has it all. The focal point is the trial for the custody of Little Gloria Vanderbilt—today's Gloria Laura Morgan Vanderbilt di Cicco Stokowski Lumet Cooper, designer of repute. A powerful woman.

"Little Gloria" Vanderbilt with mother, heroines of "Little Gloria . . . Happy at Last"

Gloria Morgan and her twin sister, Thelma (later the lover of the Prince of Wales, she introduced him to Mrs. Wallis Simpson), were "invented" by society columnist Cholly Knickerbocker. At nineteen, Gloria met Reginald Claypoole Vanderbilt, who was over twenty years her senior; after his divorce, they married. Two years later, after the birth of their daughter, "Little Gloria," he died of alcoholism, leaving his daughter a $2.5 million trust and his wife penniless. He had gone through $25 million in fourteen years.

Little Gloria's mother took up a life of constant movement (she crossed the Atlantic 120 times) leaving her daughter in Europe in the care of "Dodo," Emma Keislich, the nurse who had been with her since birth, *always* there, and her grandmother. The New York Surrogate permitted an allowance from the trust for Little Gloria's support; but Gloria used almost all of it to maintain her way of life, often leaving Little Gloria, Dodo, and Mamma without any money. After years in Europe, Gloria reluctantly brought them all back to New York; and Little Gloria went to stay with her aunt, Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney—sculptress, art patron, founder of the Whitney Museum of American Art, a woman worth $78 million. There was one more thing Aunt Gertrude wanted, and she was willing to fight for it: legal custody of Little Gloria.

During the custody battle and trial, Little Gloria (more conscious than anyone knew of the rash of kidnappings that occurred during the 'thirties, punctuated by the Lindbergh

("What's News" continued on page 42)

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case) became more and more fearful of her mother. "I'm afraid of her," said Little Gloria, "Don't let her hurt me. . . . I'm frightened. Then IT would happen. She's going to kill me!" At age ten, Little Gloria, with a feral smile on her face, stated in the judge's chambers that she hated her mother. The judge, John Carew, thought he had made a Solomon-like decision; unfortunately he cut the child in two, and Little Gloria ended up mostly with Aunt Gertrude, who promptly forgot her, and partially with her mother, who could not tolerate or afford her.

Prodigiously researched, this book has vast range and delineates an era that could never happen again. Staggering, gripping, confounding, informative, it is extraordinary.

Joshua Then and Now
By Mordecai Richler (Alfred A. Knopf)
Busting with characters, full of success, tension, fun, sex, and revenge (fine for an all-of-a summer-week's reading), this novel is the life story of Joshua Shapiro, child and man, "then" and "now." Joshua is the son of Reuben, ex-boxer turned mob man (mostly on the run or in jail) and Esther, his beautiful mother, who married beneath her and ended up, quite happily, as a strip-tease artist. Joshua becomes a successful sportswriter and television personality. After he marries the extremely beautiful Pauline, the daughter of a Senator, Joshua finds himself in a new and different world—thoroughly WASP, complete with his wife's elegant friends, country clubs, wild parties, sailing, and summer homes. Life for Joshua is full, exciting, and fun.

But the "then" catches up with the "now." Joshua's youth (highlighted by his mother's unusual performance at his Bar Mitzvah) made him tough; but he was still very naïve when he started out on his first trip to Europe. In Ibiza, he experiences his first real passion and a not-to-be-forgotten humiliation by a Nazi doctor—an event that precipitates a return trip years later—with disastrous results.

Financial and sexual scandal, a close brush with death, a missing wife—all conspire to make this a most suspenseful, crisp, funny, intriguing book.

MUSIC

By David Sargent

Some of the great operas of this century have been composed by Eastern Europeans who are still not well enough known in this country, or at least not well enough known as opera composers. Just why Eastern Europe should have seen such an outburst of operatic talent in the last one hundred years is a matter of conjecture. Building on the musical traditions of Western Europe, the Russians and the Czechs came of musical age in the late nineteenth century—just think of Tchaikovsky, Mussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakov, Smetana, and Dvorák. As far as the later Russians are concerned, Stravinsky is, of course, a towering figure, but political circumstances forced him to emigrate, and shaped the output of both Prokofiev and Shostakovich in imponderable ways.

At just the same time as Stravinsky and Prokofiev were producing their early masterpieces, two other Eastern European composers were also active, and both have received major recordings recently. Béla Bartók is recognized as a great instrumental composer, but his one opera and his early ballets are less widely performed in the West. And Leos Janáček, primarily an opera composer, is more widely respected than performed, at least in this country; he's become a staple in Germany and Britain.

Bartók was a Hungarian, and concerned himself deeply with the folk music not only of Hungary but of adjacent countries, as well. His own music is suffused with the spirit and sometimes the actual tunes of his ethnomusicological researches. His opera is called *Bluebeard's Castle,* and is a fascinatingly symbolic interpretation of the Bluebeard legend about the man who marries and kills: in this version his quirk becomes a metaphor for humankind's inherent loneliness.

Bluebeard's Castle has had two recent record releases. One, a reissue, is part of a three-disk Mercury set of the complete Bartók stage works conducted by Antal Dorati.

("What's News" continued on page 45)

Jolen creme bleach 'not only for your face'

Jolen is famous for bleaching facial hair and paling brows but did you know it works equally well to camouflage excess body hair? Magically it lightens dark hair on arms, thighs and tummy to blend with your natural skin tones. Available in Regular (great for travel) and Giant (ideal for bleaching large areas), **Jolen Creme Bleach** is sold at cosmetic counters or write to Jolen, Inc., Fairfield, Connecticut 06430.

WHERE TO EAT NOW

The Carlyle Restaurant

JADE ALBERT

There are two kinds of restaurants worth talking about: eating restaurants and seeing restaurants. The Carlyle Restaurant, in the Manhattan hotel of the same distinguished name, combines in-take and look-at: traditional American good things to eat and people-watching, specially on Sundays, at brunch. During these Sabbath hours, the Carlyle is the Upper East Side place to be, brunching away surrounded by Suzy, Liz Smith names and faces. The setting: three stylishly home-y rooms opening airily into one another, typically Mac II (Mica Ertegün, Chessy Rayner) in their elegant friendliness—chocolate-brown or beige-y walls, flower-patterned banquettes, a huge palm tree. The gastronomical delights: the best blueberry pancakes this side of a high-summer country kitchen, the fat berries oozing their wry juices, maple syrup a perfect woodsy-sweet compliment; individual cheese soufflés, a forthright Emmenthal, a twitch of nutmeg give them an intensely cheese-y deliciousness; then the hash— a prime-beef-ribs hearty. *Tip*: five of Manhattan's major museums are near the Carlyle Restaurant, so do yourself proud before you trudge off. —Leo Lerman

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WHAT'S NEWS, WHAT'S COMING

Unlike the original release, as well as the other version discussed here, the reissue includes the evocative spoken narrator's part at the beginning. Dorati's performance is a solid one, as befits a veteran Hungarian conductor.

A better performance of *Bluebeard* is the new one with Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau on Deutsche Grammophon. The German baritone recorded this opera some years ago in German; but now he has redone it in Hungarian with his Hungarian wife, Julia Varady, conducted by Wolfgang Sawallisch. Bluebeard is a wonderful role for Fischer-Dieskau. It suits him vocally, and he doesn't push for volume here as he sometimes does. The character—tortured, introspective, intense, all in a setting of Expressionistic horror and consolation—is one he can portray admirably.

Janáček, a Czechoslovakian, is a strange yet inspiring figure in music history, a composer with a bright youthful career who grew discouraged and withdrew for many years and then reemerged, honored and beloved, to write a group of late masterpieces. Of his six major operas, *The Makropoulos Case,* which dates from his late period, is one of the most important and moving. It is the bizarre, disturbingly effective tale of a 327-year-old, still-beautiful woman who cannot die, but finally does so when she sorts out confusions relating to her centuries-long sequence of lovers. The part is a great one for a commanding singing actress; and Elisabeth Söderström, the Swedish soprano, is just such an actress.

This is the second Janáček opera that Söderström and Charles Mackerras, the British Janáček specialist, have recorded—*Katya Kabanova* is already available on London. This new set especially is a fine performance, well cast in the other parts, and testimony not only to Janáček's gifts, but to the richness of early-twentieth-century Eastern European opera in general.

"Country girls" Sissy Spacek, Beverly D'Angelo blend voices, legends, on soundtrack of "Coal Miner's Daughter" film

MORE MUSIC:

Elvis Costello: "Get Happy" (Columbia). Twenty driving songlets, roughly sung but impassioned and cleverly arranged, from this leader of the British rock new wave.

"Coal Miner's Daughter," soundtrack (MCA). In which Sissy Spacek and Beverly D'Angelo prove that they're very much worth listening to as singers in their own rights, and not just as cinematic imitations of Loretta Lynn and Patsy Cline.

("What's News continued on page 46)

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TV

By Gloria Emerson

Marriage, American style, or—talk, talk, talk

If, as Alistair Cooke recently said on *The Dick Cavett Show*, television is the new language, some of us are feeling slightly deaf. The problem is a new NBC series called *United States*, created by Larry Gelbart who won his laurels adapting *M*A*S*H* for television. He is quite right in perceiving Americans as endlessly concerned with their feelings, trying to be their own best friends and talking about it, obsessively, in fact.

In trying to show an American marriage and "the realities of intimacy"—a good idea, they can often be dreadful—Gelbart has created a California couple, still young, clearly upper-income, named Libby and Richard Chapin, who do nothing but talk. They talk about themselves, their problems, their anger and their angst—with never a reference to anything happening in the outside world.

Check-mate: Helen Shaver confronts TV husband Beau Bridges, in a scene from Larry Gelbart's NBC series "United States".

One-liners, some quite witty, pour from their mouths; not for a second do they grope for words, keep their silence, care about anything except themselves and their two small sons. I am not sure I know humans quite like this pair. "When you've been run over by a truck, you don't much care how the driver feels," Libby says to Richard after he says he is sorry. Their youngest child, hearing yet another quarrel, puts his head under a pillow. Only a sense of duty kept me from doing that too.

Beau Bridges and Helen Shaver often triumph over the dialogue, which seems so freshly minted in Beverly Hills, not quite the heart of the nation. In each episode, the endless talk gets easier to take; you are braced for it. "If you really want to, I will," she says when they are both in bed. They are always in bed. "What are you, Joan of Arc?" he asks. Their television set is often on: we can hear and see the *Today* program, there is Tom Brokaw giving the news; but even if it had been the week of Three Mile Island, the Chapins would not have paid attention. Nothing short of World War III could disturb their endless self-indulgence.

But Ellen Goodman, a syndicated columnist for *The Boston Globe*, feels that *United States* is a brave show. "It's the first time I had ever seen a man snip his nose hairs on prime-time television," she wrote. Indeed. And then: "Here for the first time is a show about the new marriage—the marriage lived in the shadow of divorce." All of the couple's fears, Goodman wrote, are our fears. Others are not so sure. ABC's series *Family*, which ran for four years, often had weak plots; but that remarkable actress Sada Thompson managed to portray middle-age, the ups and downs of marriage and raising children, and the difficulties of finally making her own way in the world more successfully than I suspect Mr. Gelbart could ever do. Nor was she bone-thin, given to endless grinning; and I can't remember how she wore her hair. Honor to her.

MORE TV:

Disraeli, the remarkable life of the British novelist and Tory politician who twice became Prime Minister during the reign of Queen Victoria, begins June 1 on PBS's Masterpiece Theatre and runs for four episodes. "Dizzy" began his career writing novels and, once in power, introduced many major domestic reforms while ferociously guarding the Empire. The series starts slowly, weighted by too much clever talk and love; but history buffs will be fascinated by the Prime Minister at work: buying the controlling shares of the Suez Canal, for example, in 1875, and maneuvering to outwit the Russians.

The Lunts: A Life in the Theater (PBS). The royalty of the English-speaking theater. Lynn Fontanne recounts their half-century reign—how they met, earliest roles, clips from their silent films and last performance together (June 21).

Hand-forged English silver, "Onslow" pattern, at Robinson's, NYC: luxury—at a price

COLLECTING

By Judith Goldman

Silver: the end of the golden age?

This year's silver collectors and dealers have been at the mercy of an unruly market. In six months, silver bullion has gone from record highs to unexpected lows, bringing panic signs to Wall Street, a gold-rush atmosphere to the buying of silver, and tarnish to the hopes of June brides. Choosing a silver service has become a major economic decision.

Comings and goings at New York's Tiffany & Co. reflected the chaos wrought by raw-silver prices. On February 29, 1980, Tiffany's closed their silver department to take inventory and readjust prices. Prices went down on a few items, but most prices had to go up. On March 1, 1980, when the silver department reopened, a five-piece luncheon service of Rat Tail, Tiffany's equivalent of Queen Anne (two spoons, one fork, one knife, and one butter spreader), $398 in 1979, was $869; Shell & Thread, Tiffany's most popular pattern, went from $263.50 for a five-piece place setting to $554. (Tiffany flatware is die-cast and hand-finished.) In mid-March, when silver prices began to plummet, a Tiffany ad announced a 15 percent discount on all silver merchandise. Tiffany's next ad called the hoarding of silver "unconscionable"; and within days, when the silver empire of Texas oilman Nelson Bunker Hunt appeared to be crumbling, Tiffany's announced a 25 percent silver discount: a discount that was still an increase.

"We've all been forced to raise prices and then lower prices and act in a way that's alien," says Kim Harwood, manager of James Robinson, Inc., in New York City, where the specialty is eighteenth-century English silver and contemporary silver after eighteenth-century patterns. "But high prices have a depressing effect on the market; we tried to keep prices down." At Robinson's, a five-piece hand-forged, hand-finished dinner service of Queen Anne (two spoons, two forks, and one knife) lists for $780; the discount slides from 10 percent to 20 percent depending on the current price of silver.

At auction, silver has been bringing high prices—even for objects that never attracted much attention: ornate, ungainly meat platters, and trophies inscribed to sailors, horses, and golfers. "Unfortunately, news of high prices tends to bring the disreputable out of the woodwork," says Christie's silver expert Anthony Phillips. The disreputable melt down old silver, add hallmarks, and alter old pieces; by the addition of legs, they turn soup tureens into punch bowls. But news of high prices, according to Mr. Phillips, also brings great silver out of the attic and onto the market. The disreputable seldom buy great silver pieces; great silver pieces are too expensive.

This year's June brides might consider stainless-steel flatware until the market has settled; and those born with a silver spoon they simply can't live without should proceed with caution. Compare weight, craftsmanship, quality, and learn the difference between hand-forged and die-cast. Although dealers have long dominated silver auctions, visit auctions anyway. Despite all the reports of high prices, individual items and nineteenth- and twentieth-century silver often sells for less at auction than at retail shops.

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This is Skin Life Cream with GAM, the extraordinary scientific discovery that closely duplicates your skin's own natural regenerative fluid. It can make your skin look younger.

Wrap Jacket: Cerruti
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THE SCIENCE OF BEAUTY

Between Us

Women with dreams...
college at any age
...putting people
with people...ERA saga

By Lorraine Davis

GETTING TO KNOW YOU

Self-knowledge is a powerful asset. "A History of Women in America", by Carol Hymowitz and Michaele Weissman (Bantam) is an often thrilling account not only of women's unsung role in American history but of the changing American view of women. Of Paul Revere's female counterpart in the Revolution: "Early on in the war . . . twenty-two-year-old Deborah Champion was able to carry vitally needed intelligence dispatches to General Washington . . . cool and easy, [she] rode for two days through enemy territory . . . to complete her mission. . . . unlike the famous silversmith . . . she was not captured by the British—her 'night ride' was a success."

With dazzling skill, Harvard psychiatrist Robert Coles, M.D., and his coauthor/wife, Jane Hallowell Coles, who won a Pulitzer prize for their "Children of Crisis," have opened the doors on the lives of five more American women in "Women of Crisis II" (Delacorte Press/Seymour Lawrence). These brief biographies (the first five, "Women of Crisis," published in 1978, were subtitled "Lives of Struggle and Hope") are as absorbing as any novel. This time, the "Lives of Work and Dreams" range from the predictable but deeply touching self-revelations of a suburban Irish Catholic mother who works as a nurse and tries to live by her religion's dogma to the mystical experiences of a Pueblo Indian woman who finds salvation under the sky of her mesa:

"The Pueblos have lived for a long time without answers. We try to be good to the land. We try to remember our ancestors. We try to live in peace with others. And we try to live in peace with ourselves . . . that is a tall order!". . . . Listening to the wind, she echoes the ideas of the Eskimo woman in the first volume (these books are part of the Radcliffe College series of biographies), who said: "When I look at the sky, I feel the women who once were in this village. They push their opinions into my head. . . . They may be gone, but that doesn't mean they aren't somewhere, and don't remember the past, and don't have good advice for us." We can all listen.

BACK TO SCHOOL, AGAIN?

"Reentry" . . . this is a critical phase: returning to school or job market after years of motherhood and full-time homemaking. *Happier by Degrees*—surely a most felicitous title—by Pam Mendelsohn (E. P. Dutton), is a sourcebook that tackles who is back in school and why (40 percent of today's college students are over twenty-five), gives case histories, then explores the options, delineates the reentry process. . . . Women whose careers in chemistry have been interrupted by family life or work in another field can bring their scientific skills up to date at Mount Holyoke College in a tuition-free Summer Program in Chemical Instrumentation, August 4–15. Write: Dr. Edwin S. Weaver, Department of Chemistry, Mount Holyoke College, South Hadley MA 01075, (413) 538-2214.

WILL MEN EVER CATCH UP?

In funnywoman Nicole Hollander's latest book of cartoons, *Ma, can I be a feminist and still like men?* from St. Martin's Press (the reply is, "Sure. . . . just like you can be a vegetarian, and like fried chicken."), her wry depiction of the state of our liberation produces this bar-stool exchange between cynical Sylvia and a young male:

"You know the kind of woman I could really go for. . . ?"

"Is there anything I can say to prevent you from sharing these thoughts with me?"

"Someone intelligent, witty, passionate about her work, totally involved in life . . . ". . . and willing to give it all up for me."

WASHINGTON DATEBOOK

Women who work for the USA will meet in Washington DC July 10–12, for workshops, seminars, strategy sessions, meetings, at the Eleventh Annual National Training Program sponsored by FEW. Federally Employed Women was founded in 1968 to end sex discrimination in government service by applying "constructive pressure." Write: suite 601, 1100 Seventeenth Street NW, Washington DC 20036.

Not actually on Pennsylvania Avenue, the White House Conference on Families, first postponed as "too controversial," will take place in three cities this month and next. Balancing early take-overs by vociferous members of the "new right," state delegate selections now seem to include the many American women who support the right to abortion choice and favor federal assistance to family programs. But, unless these people can make their ideas heard over the small but noisy opposition, we could face regressive legislation, need to find alternatives to government support.

THREE (WORKING) WOMEN

If the job isn't there, make one. Here, three who succeed by connecting people with people:

● **Sheila Kurtz**, a graphoanalyst, formed A New Slant, Inc.—110 Riverside Drive, NYC 10024—to provide analysis of the handwriting of job candidates as part of the interviewing process for the firms who are her clients. Sheila, who is on the faculty of Marymount College, in New York, said her work is "a nondiscriminatory tool" that can be effective in predicting the compatability of a prospective employee with those already at work. "Eighty-five percent of job failures are personality problems, not skill-oriented," she said.

● **Lyndy Payne**, the young woman who founded Advertising Agency Register, has applied the "headhunter" principle to the advertising business. Her organization—started in London and expanding in Paris and New York—provides companies in search of advertising agencies with a presentation package that samples the work of each of ten agencies from the register. Included from each is a ten-minute videotape prepared by the agency, examples of its print and promotional work, and background information. AAR provides strict confidentiality and impartiality, letting the advertiser compare possible agencies in an unpressured situation.

● **Betsy Eagles**, with her firm Beauty Bookings, Inc., also serves as a talent agency in providing clients—most often photographers, magazines, advertising agencies, and cosmetics companies—with available hair and makeup specialists and fashion stylists. From her office at 130 West 57th Street, NYC 10019, she can dispatch people who will travel anywhere in the world. Entrepreneur Eagles stressed willingness to assume risk and careful break-even analysis. "A top-fight lawyer, accountant, and a good banking relationship are essential."

YOUR MARRIAGE vs. ERA

Although her only experience with the law had been as a defendant in a landmark case involving Louisiana's astounding "head and master" law, Selina Kidd Martin, a young Black woman, was part of a legal panel for a National Organization for Women assembly on the future of the family. Sylvia Roberts, counsel for the sponsoring NOW Legal Defense and Education Fund and a Louisiana attorney, introduced Selina: "Our schools don't teach anything about the most important contract you'll ever enter into—that of marriage. Selina's case points up the need for ERA."

Selina Kidd Martin is a nurse who often worked double shifts to pay the bills. Her husband was unemployed. Her earnings enabled the couple to buy a house in New Orleans in the early 1970s. Shortly afterward, her husband decided to take out a second mortgage on their house to help his mother. "Of course, I objected," Selina said. "I was so naïve to think things were equal."

Court papers Selina filed in order to protect her rights tell her story. She refused to give her permission to the mortgaging of the family home, knowing that a second mortgage note simply could not be paid out of her earnings while paying the already existing bills. When she learned that her husband was discussing a loan with Corpus Christi Parish Credit Union, she objected by telephone and in person to the credit union officers. She explained that her hus- *(Continued on page 86)*

HELENA RUBINSTEIN

Now there is Colorpearl™ frost. So you can have a frosted red as rich as this Redpearl Red. And the dazzle of rich, true colored frost every brilliant Colorpearl shade now brings to your nails.

Strong & glossy
acrylic nail frost
Helena Rubinstein

Hat: Jon Larkin
Suit: John Anthony
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THE SCIENCE OF BEAUTY

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One is going to work right on you &

To find your personal perm, check ☑ the type

How can a perm that comes in just one formula be right for every type of hair...and every type of curl? A perm is a personal thing. That is why Toni technology goes far beyond an ordinary single formula perm to give you the Silkwave collection – The Personal Perms. Three special, individualized formulas made for different hair textures. There's a Gentle Silkwave *just* for color-treated hair. There's a Super Silkwave *just* for hard-to-curl hair. And the Regular Silkwave perm *just* for normal hair.

But here's the exciting part! With each formula, you can control the amount of curl you get just by the amount of time you leave it on! For beautiful body, you simply leave the waving lotion on 10 minutes. For medium curl, leave it on 20 minutes. For curly curl, leave it on 45 minutes.

So pick your formula. Then open the box and you'll find separate, personal instructions for the amount of curl *you* want. It's that simple. It's that sure. And very silky. With Total Conditioning protection you'll find in no other perms.

Check the guide to your right. Take it with you when you shop. Your personal perm will be beautiful. Your life more carefree. You're going to love your Silkwave!

my hair is color treated ☐

Color-treated hair is more porous. It reacts very differently. This special, gentle formula is for you.

I want body ☐

Use Silkwave Gentle for 10 minutes

I want medium curl ☐

Use Silkwave Gentle for 20 minutes

I want curly curl ☐

Use Silkwave Gentle for 45 minutes

your guide to your own

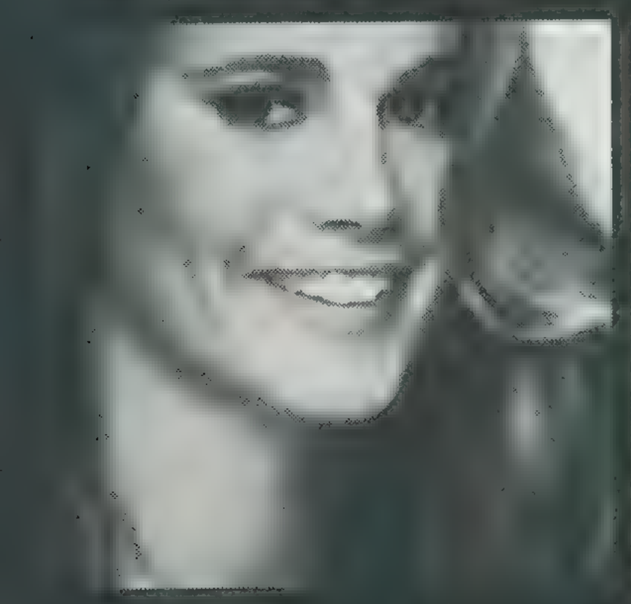
AL PERM

give just the amount of curl you want.

of hair you have. Check ☑ the type of curl you want. Go down and across. That's your perm!

my hair is normal ☐

Like no other perm for normal hair, this unique formula gives you the special protection of Total Conditioning – starting with the waving process.



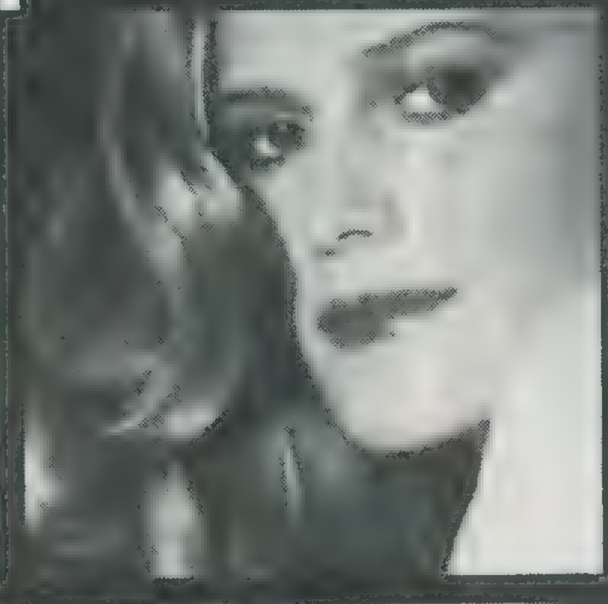
Use Silkwave Regular for **10** minutes

Use Silkwave Regular for **20** minutes

Use Silkwave Regular for **45** minutes

my hair is hard to curl ☐

A super-effective yet Total Conditioning formula made to coax and coddle your more stubborn hair into beautiful curl.



Use Silkwave Super for **10** minutes

Use Silkwave Super for **20** minutes

Use Silkwave Super for **45** minutes

© Gillette 1980

On the cover

On our cover and above, Kim Alexis—a glowing example of American good looks. Here, with a wonderful, new lift-of-pink makeup. The full, vibrant mouth in a wine-y pink, pencil-lined for definition: Moisture-Silk Lip Color in Wined Berry, Lip Pencil in Plum. A warmer shade swept high on the cheeks and around the eyes: Moisture-Silk Powder Blush in Spice Mist. Finishing touches—darkly rimmed eyes and an all-over glistening of Moisture-Silk Powder Blush in Glazed Gold Dust. All, Frances Denney. . . . Earrings, in nickel and copper by Steve Vaubel at Artwear, NYC, $90. Hair, Harry King; makeup, Way Bandy. Photographer, Francesco Scavullo.

wilroy

The Wilroy Travellers® featured on the following pages are available at these fine stores:

The Village Shop .....Muscle Shoals, AL
Auntie Mame Boutique .....Tuscaloosa, AL
Lorene's .....Anchorage, AK
Vicki Wayne Stores .....Tucson, AZ
Vera King .....Hot Springs, AR
The Fashion .....Malverne, AR
Jay David, Ltd. .....Vancouver, British Columbia
Olga Adams Fashions .....Alameda, CA
Sather Gate Apparel .....Berkeley, CA
Geneve's .....Burlingame, CA
Addie Raymond .....Campbell, CA
Town & Country .....Coronado, CA
Addie Raymond .....Cupertino, CA
Mona Lisa .....Fresno, CA
Knight's .....Greenbrae, CA
Fran's Fashions .....Huntington Beach, CA
Sanderson's .....La Jolla, CA
Helft's (Hyatt House) .....Los Angeles, CA
Idamina's .....Los Gatos, CA
Arlyn's Fashions .....Palos Verdes Estates, CA
The Highlander Shoppes .....San Bernardino, CA
Collette .....San Francisco, CA
Marcus .....Santa Clara, CA
Badgett's .....Santa Rosa, CA
Scott's Apparel .....Ventura, CA
Hello Goddess .....Aurora, CO
Bristlecone Collection .....Breckenridge, CO
L'Ann Shoppe .....Colorado Springs, CO
La Maison Chic .....Craig, CO
Four Seasons Fashions .....Denver, CO
Lil's of Belcaro .....Denver, CO
J.M.F. .....Pueblo, CO
Boutique Nosotras .....Bogota, Columbia
Lucy Baltzell .....Hartford, CT
Lucy Baltzell .....Mount Carmel, CT
The New Women's Shop .....Mystic, CT
The Women's Shop .....New London, CT
Women's World, Inc. .....Woodbury, CT
Van Fleet's .....Fort Lauderdale, FL
Gold Carriage .....Fort Myers, FL
Jay's Place .....Hallandale, FL
Lucy's Fashions .....Indialantic, FL
Diana's Boutique .....Lake Placid, FL
Happy's Bushel Basket .....Lake Wales, FL
Caprice .....Miami, FL
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Sport Shop .....Sarasota, FL
Inverama Fashions .....Sunrise, FL
The Elegant Lady .....Venice, FL
Clothes Closet .....Coeur D'Alene, ID
Poise 'n Ivy Boutique .....McCall, ID
Bleyers .....Carbondale, IL
Van Law's .....Champaign, IL
Phase I .....Danville, IL
El Dora Fashions .....Decatur, IL
Van Law's .....Decatur, IL
Plus One .....Springfield, IL
Cecil's .....Indianapolis, IN
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Fashions by Toby .....Brooklyn, NY
Olga's .....Brooklyn, NY
Shirl the Girl .....Brooklyn, NY
The Lovely Shop .....Elmira, NY
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Francine's Country Corner .....Latrobe, PA
Regina Fashions .....Mechanicsburg, PA
Martha .....Morrisville, PA
Something Special Shop .....New Wilmington, PA
DeLuca Shop .....Pittsburgh, PA
Isabel's .....Pittsburgh, PA
The Little House .....Pittsburgh, PA
The Panoply .....Punxsutawney, PA
Eleanor Schreiber .....Scranton, PA
The Cohen Store .....Sharon, PA
Elsee Gary's .....Stroudsburg, PA
Boutique Shoppe .....Uniontown, PA
Kay's .....Wayne, PA
Joel's .....West Chester, PA
Julia's Dress Shop .....Aiken, SC
Vogue Shop .....Anderson, SC
Round Robin on Devine .....Columbia, SC
Adville's .....Florence, SC
Echol's Casual Shop .....Greenville, SC
Jack Holland's Bandbox .....Germantown, TN
Contemporary Fashions .....Arlington, TX
Evelyn Brady .....Arlington, TX
Clift's .....Austin, TX
Spencer's .....Groves, TX
Abigail's .....Harlingen, TX
The Wardrobe .....Houston, TX
Polly Adams .....Laredo, TX
Carriage Shop .....McAllen, TX
Schmidt's .....Nacogdoches, TX
Ella Pryor .....Pasadena, TX
The Forum .....Texas City, TX
Broadway Junior-Senior Shop .....Tyler, TX
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The Priceless, Timeless Look of ... **wilroy**

BULLOCKS WILSHIRE
Los Angeles

Prices slightly higher in the West.

NEW ERA TREVIRA

Stratford check knits of Trevira® polyester and wool. Right: Hidden button closing jacket $80. Pull-on pant $40. Long sleeved "Dot" bow blouse in Trevira® polyester. $40 Left: Sleeveless pointelle cardigan over long sleeved pointelle turtleneck sweater. Acrylic. Each $32. Side button flared skirt. $52. All in sizes 6-20 (Sweaters in S-M-L-XL) Taupe. Everything is hand washable.

PURE VIRGIN WOOL

BROWNSTONE STUDIO
New York

Worsted wool gabardine lined belted jacket. $134.
Matching lined elastic waist slim skirt. $76.
Long sleeved polyester crepe de chine print bandneck blouse with separate bow. $44. All in sizes 6-20. Teal, Camel, Black, Brown, Burgundy.
Prices slightly higher in the West.

The Priceless, Timeless Look of... **wilroy**

Left: Classic lined blazer in worsted wool gabardine. $134. Fly front pant, elasticized waist. Worsted wool gabardine. $72. Long sleeved polyester crepe de chine jacquard blouse. $48. Right: Long sleeved crew neck sweater, back button closing. Lambswool/angora/nylon. $44. Long sleeved polyester crepe de chine paisley blouse with detachable jabot. $44. Worsted wool gabardine stitched down pleated skirt. $78. All in sizes 6-20. Sweater in S-M-L-XL. Camel, Brown, Burgundy, Teal, Black.

JACKSON GRAVES
Minneapolis-St. Paul

The Priceless, Timeless Look of ... **wilroy**

Left: Three piece dressing: Cotton/Acrylic, crochet edge jacket and pull on skirt with polyester crepe de chine long sleeved bow blouse. $140. Caramel, Moss Green.
Right: Two piece dress: Acrylic/nylon pointelle yoke top, over pull-on skirt. $78. Teal, Mocha.
Both available in sizes 6-20. Hand washable.

All Wilroy advertised merchandise available at all listed stores. Prices slightly higher in the West.

LESTER MELNICK
Dallas

We recommend Woolite cold water wash

A GENTLE SPLASH OF LIME.

BATH • SHOWER • BODY • BOUDOIR

Fa

Bloomingdale's 1000 Third Ave., New York and all fashion branches

Detail from "Wind Drifts."
approximately ½ size.

MARTEX. WE DESIGN FABRICS THAT HAPPEN TO BE SHEETS.

Mary McFadden designs for the bed the way she designs for the body. With fluid strokes of shimmering color. The total effect here is called "Wind Drifts." It's just one of the things that can happen when you make your bed with Martex. The couture touches include narrow-channel quilting on the hems of the sheets and pillow cases, as well as the comforter, tailored shams and petticoats. Sheets and pillowcases are 50% Dacron® polyester/50% combed cotton.

West Point Pepperell

MARTEX®

THE MARK OF WORTH AND BEAUTY

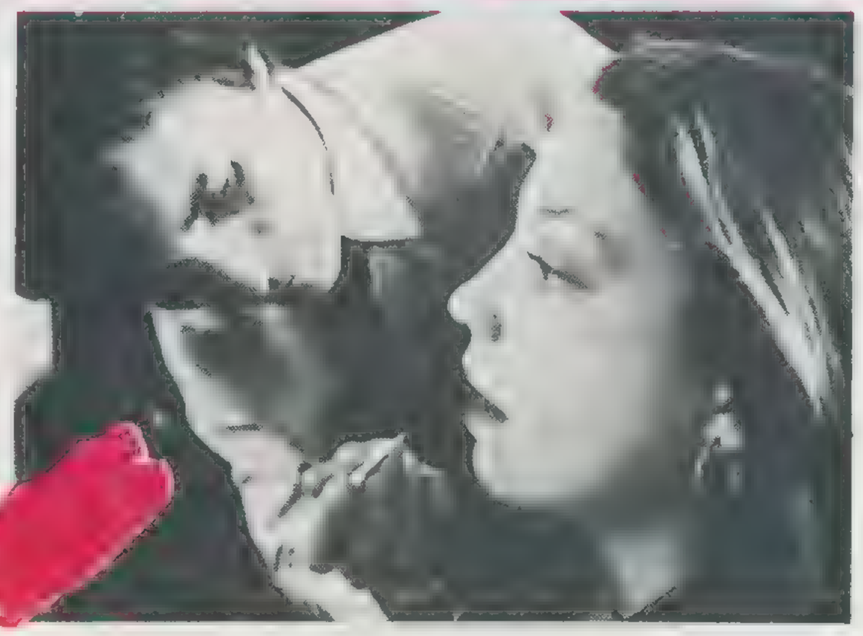
Beauty Now

"I never thought I would ever wear pink lipstick"

It is Diane Von Furstenberg talking, her lips clearly demonstrating her change of mind because she's wearing Pink Passion lipstick, the hottest shade of eight new lipsticks where *every* shade is a type of pink. "One for every skin tone and every coloring," she says, "including the traditional redhead who never thought she dare "think pink." Five are "copycatted" for nail enamel, four for cheek color, including Burma Orchid, perfect for helping Black skin show off its cheekbones.

IT'S A HOT-PINK SUMMER BOTH SIDES OF THE OCEAN

In Paris, Chanel's artistic director, Dominique Moncourtois, describes Chanel's new unequivocal pinks as "Les Brillants," created, he says, to ensure that, this summer, a face can live up to the primary colors of Chanel's current ready-to-wear clothes. With Indian Pink, Plum Raisin, or Fuschia on the mouth, he stresses, eyes must "balance" with dramatic shadows and the Crayon Chanel, a unique liner which achieves a soft smudge, rather than a line.



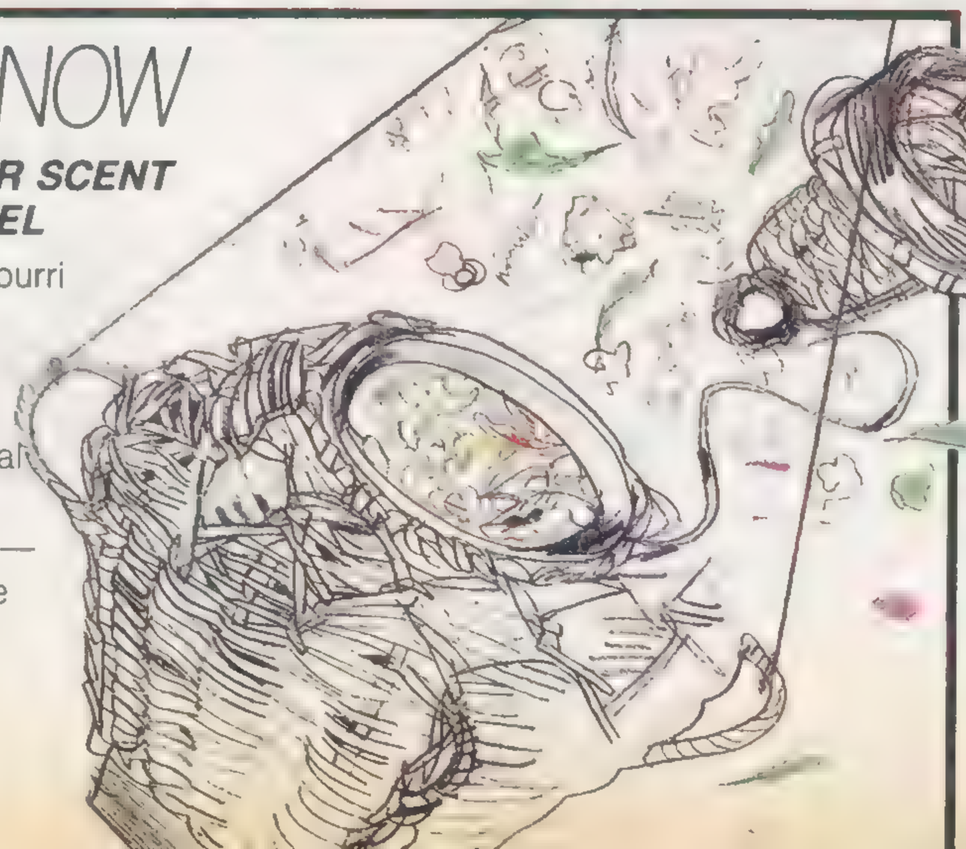
Color with new dynamics from France:

dazzling pinks for lips and nails

FRAGRANCE NOW

SUMMER: BEST TIME FOR SCENT . . . HEAT HELPS IT TRAVEL

Hang fragrance high—in potpourri form—packed into sea-grass baskets from the South Pacific (see sketch, *right,* from Ben Rickert's Natural Potpourri collection); place it on a bookshelf—in book form—Pot Pourri Poetry by Claire Burke; find it in Calvin Klein's aromatic seashells: the fragrance is triggered by air.



Summer scent: keep it light

The hotter the day the faster scent moves . . . off the body, so outdoors it needs reapplying frequently, while indoors—with air conditioning—heavy scent can come across too strongly. Colognes and toilet waters are the answers for day, fresh flower scents—such as Houbigant's Tea Rose, Carnation, Lilac and Gardenia—are fresh and cool at night. To keep fragrance alive, apply on damp skin after the bath, then on low pulse points (behind knees, between thighs) to allow top notes to rise effectively.

Large photo *above:* ring, Angela Cummings of Tiffany

Earrings, Elsa Peretti of Tiffany

© 1979 Clinique Laboratories, Inc.

Age-Retardant.

Most people think the term "sun block" means no tan at all. No summer glow. Spoilsport.

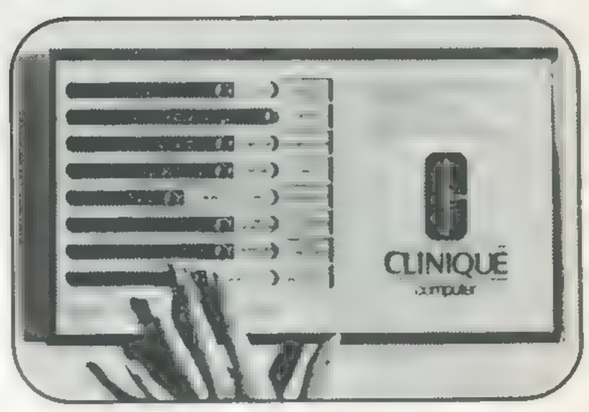
Not true. With a good sun block, you can tan if you want to. The point of sun block is to guard skin from the burning radiation of sun—which, dermatologists say, is the one factor most responsible when skin looks older than it should.

Protection—not pallor—is the purpose of Clinique Sun Block.

Clinique Sun Block is invisible. Its Sun Protection Factor of 8 makes it the basic sun-need for anyone. Learn how it works for your skin by consulting the Clinique Computer, wherever Clinique is sold.

With Clinique Sun Block, you can still tan. Slowly. Gently. Chance of peeling is far, far less. The sun's aging effects are retarded.

Your tan will look better longer. So will your skin.



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Comfort. Not bulk. New Sure & Natural Maxishields.
Full feminine protection. In a thin, comfortable pad.

Advanced superabsorbent fibers are a first. They distribute fluid, lock it in. Pad stays thin, dry, comfortable. Even on heavy days.

Total security. A wrap-around overflow/stain shield.
And a super-hold adhesive strip.

A full feminine protection system. Without bulk.
New Sure & Natural Maxishields.
It's comfortable. It's thin. It works.

Highly advanced superabsorbent fibers give fat napkin protection in a thin, comfortable pad

New!

Sure & Natural Maxishields

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Health

Why nonsmokers sleep better...how to arm against stroke...when a cold can damage ears...who's to shun saccharin

By Melva Weber

STOP SMOKING: TWO MORE REASONS

If you smoke and you also have trouble sleeping, consider the probability that cigarettes are robbing you of a good night's rest. At Pennsylvania State University's Sleep Research and Treatment Center, a research team has carried out two studies that clearly relate smoking with troubled sleep. Tested in the sleep laboratory, cigarette smokers showed more difficulty falling asleep and more time awake than nonsmokers. Evidence from the study indicated that the nicotine in cigarettes is an effective stimulant and that smokers do not develop a tolerance to it. A separate study explored effects on sleep when heavy smokers suddenly withdraw from cigarettes. Surprisingly, they promptly began sleeping better than before, even though they suffered from withdrawal symptoms in the daytime.

If you smoke and you're taking medication, says the Food and Drug Administration, the drug's benefits may be going up in smoke. To get adequate effect from a medication, smokers may need larger or more frequent doses; also, the length of time the drug is effective may be shorter. Smokers may respond differently to some diagnostic tests, and there's evidence that some vaccines provide less protection for smokers than for nonsmokers. On the other hand, smokers have less drowsiness as a side effect to certain tranquilizers. For a reprint of *Drug Effects Can Go Up in Smoke*, write to Consumer Information Center, Dept. 585H, Pueblo, Colorado 81009. If you smoke, be sure to tell the physician prescribing drugs or giving tests.

FISH FAT— NEW STROKE-FIGHTER

Could it be the old notion of fish as brain food is proving scientifically true? And can a fish diet help prevent stroke and heart attacks?

John R. Vane, D.Sc., and Salvador Moncada, M.D., Ph.D., of the Wellcome Research Laboratories in Kent, England, reporting in *Prostaglandins & Therapeutics,* cite a study comparing diets with fish as the major fat source to those with cheese. The fish diet provided lower blood cholesterol and triglycerides, high HDL—the good-guy cholesterol that keeps blood vessels clear of plaques.

Additional research has found that Eskimos have very low rates of heart attacks even with their high-fat diets. Why? With dietary fats largely supplied by sea animals and fish, the Eskimos' prostaglandins—remarkable body-made chemicals that regulate many physical processes including the heart and blood vessels—differ from those produced by a meat diet. The fish-source prostaglandins—thromboxane and prostacyclin—cut down on platelet clumping and act as an anti-aggregating agent in the blood vessels. Result: plaque-clear blood vessels and fewer heart attacks. Another benefit of a fish diet: eicosapentaenoic acid (EPA)—the second-step substance in the body's production of fish-source prostaglandins—is a constituent of brain-cell fat, supporting the myth of fish as brain food.

Where can we get fish-source prostaglandins and their benefits? Cod-liver oil would do, but to equal an Eskimo diet we would need to take a distasteful two-and-a-half ounces daily. The well-loved seafoods—scallops, oysters, red caviar—are all good; fats in these foods contain more than 20 percent EPA.

SUDDEN DEATHS CUT

A treatment for gout has turned out to be a lifesaver for heart-attack sufferers who need protection from a repeat attack during the critical six months after recovery. The drug, sulfinpyrazone, cut sudden deaths by almost 75 percent in a study covering more than one thousand patients over more than four years. The drug may save as many as eighteen thousand lives a year. Scientists began exploring sulfinpyrazone as a preventer of blood clots forming in the coronary arteries that specialists believed could bring on second attacks. But, according to Sol Sherry, M.D., of Philadelphia's Temple University, the drug cuts down sudden deaths by suppressing fatal changes in heartbeat rhythm. Use of the drug for heart purposes awaits final approval by the Food and Drug Administration.

IS SACCHARIN SAFE?

The big-time question of whether artificial sweeteners like cyclamate and saccharin can cause cancer in humans is far from answered in government and scientific circles. Scientific consensus is that saccharin—which is still available—is a weak cancer agent.

Two recently completed studies—with human subjects, not animals—one at the Harvard School of Public Health, another at the National Cancer Institute, found no increased risk of bladder cancer among sweetener users.

Robert Hoover, M.D., of NCI said: "The evidence is that little, if any, current bladder cancer is due to the consumption of artificial sweeteners, at the doses and in the manner in which sweeteners were commonly used in the past." Jere E. Goyan, Ph.D., director of the Food and Drug Administration, said of the NCI study: "More than half the subjects were sixty-seven years old or older, and therefore consumed much less artificial sweeteners than their children and grandchildren do today." Current consumption of six or more packets of sugar substitute, or two or more eight-ounce diet drinks, daily amounts to heavy use. Heavy users who also smoke heavily showed higher risk of bladder cancer. Women users who don't smoke and ordinarily have very low risk of bladder cancer had higher risk. Said Dr. Goyan: "We may have to wait twenty or thirty years to assess the possible effects on our young people of consuming large amounts of a weak carcinogen."

In *The New England Journal of Medicine*, Dr. Hoover advised against any use of artificial sweeteners by nondiabetic children or pregnant women, against heavy use by women in childbearing years, against excessive use by anyone.

AIRSICK AFTER LANDING: EAR PROBLEM

An attack of nausea and dizziness strikes two hours after alighting from an airplane and you probably think it's flu or food poisoning. Instead, the cause of delayed vertigo could be perilymph fistula, a leak of fluid from the inner ear into the middle ear through an abnormal opening.

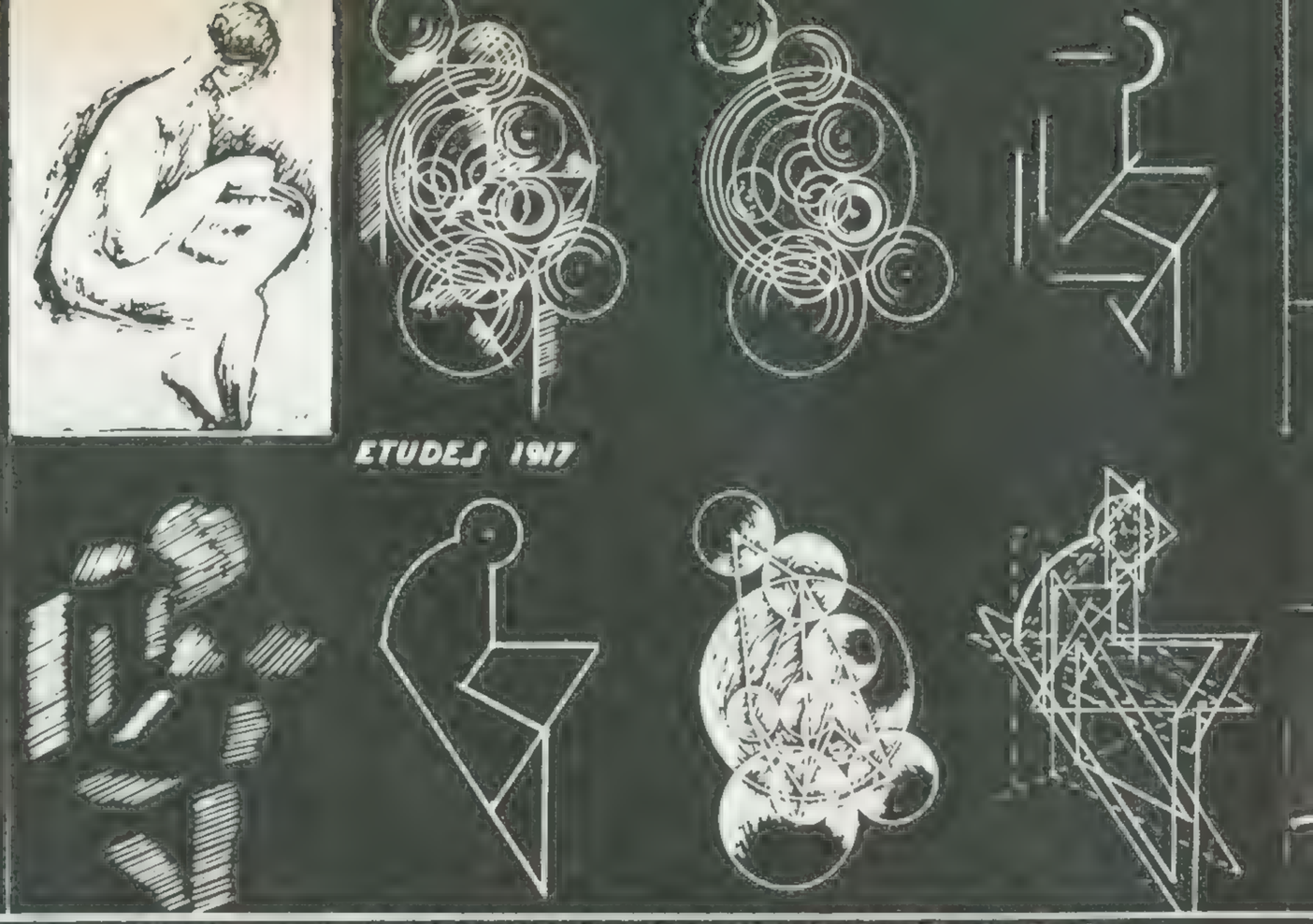
Burton Jaffe, M.D., surgeon in otolaryngology at Boston's Beth Israel Hospital, tracked down events leading to a woman patient's delayed airsickness, which resisted diagnosis. She had a mild cold infection, but no distress during flight. Partial blocking of the eustachian (air-pressure regulating) tube had set off a severe pressure imbalance during flight descent, sucking fluid into the middle ear. A rent in the membrane at the foot of the stapes ossicle—one of the tiny sounding bones of the middle ear—had permitted the leakage. It was corrected surgically.

Many air passengers occasionally fly with mild respiratory infections that could make them susceptible to ear damage. Dr. Jaffe believes physicians and patients should suspect perilymph fistula when the sympton is delayed vertigo.

Talking about... Art

By Barbara Rose

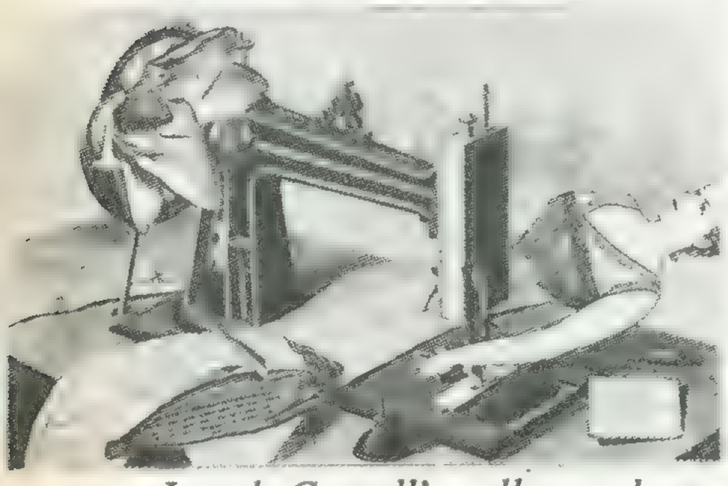
Washington museum watch: photos from high places, influential Belgian ...art-scene annals that tell all



Georges Vantongerloo's white ink drawing "Study for Etude Series No. 1" . . . among works to be rediscovered in Washington DC

Two new art-sites from gallery magnate

In both "Off the Wall" and "POPism" (books noted, below right) dealer Leo Castelli plays a central role in putting across new art in the 'sixties. After over twenty years, Castelli is still the most energetic force in the art world. Not content with his huge West Broadway gallery in SoHo, this year Castelli opened not one but two new galleries. The larger one, at Greene Street in SoHo, houses oversized works by artists Serra, Stella, Rauschenberg, and Lichtenstein. Castelli's uptown space at 1020 Madison Avenue, shared with Richard Feigen and James Corcoran, and impeccably designed by Yann Weymouth and Peter Coan, is the perfect setting for collages and boxes by Joseph Cornell.



Joseph Cornell's collage, above; and right, Warhol in his studio

Although a number of distinguished shows have been held there, for a long time Washington DC's venerable Corcoran Gallery of Art seemed to lack an identity. The museum's art school was among the oldest and most academic in the nation; the building's striking neo-classic columns and atrium design seemed to reinforce the nineteenth-century emphasis of its collection. Recently, however, associate director of the museum Jane Livingston has given focus to the institution, using her considerable energy and imagination. Two shows, one of art done in Washington DC—a special Corcoran concern—and another of works by the Constructivist Georges Vantongerloo, make the Corcoran well worth a visit this month.

Photographs by Rosalind Solomon, who spent several years as an insider in the DC political world, are stark black-and-white studies of the corridors of power she visited when her husband, Jay Solomon, was the head of the General Services Administration. (Another insider has said that much of the fine quality of the painting and sculpture commissioned for G.S.A. buildings in the late 'seventies depended on the Solomons' informed taste.) At the museum through June 29.

Also at the Corcoran through June 17, the first retrospective of a Belgian painter, sculptor, and architect, *Georges Vantongerloo*, introduces a modernist who deserves to be known better. Among the founders of both the Dutch de Stijl and the Paris-based Abstraction-Creation groups, Vantongerloo withdrew more and more from the art world after 1930; when he died in 1965, his work was almost totally forgotten, except by such artists as Ellsworth Kelly and Swiss sculptor Max Bill, who were influenced by his pure art. Max Bill organized the current show, which travels from Washington DC to Dallas, Los Angeles, then returns to Brussels and Zurich. Works from the artist's estate that indicate a strong relationship to recent American minimal styles as well as to conceptual art are featured. Many viewers will be reminded of Mondrian, but Vantongerloo was a sensitive and inventive artist whose work deserves to be judged on its own merit.

"White House," interior by Solomon

Tomkins dissects/Warhol confesses

Off the Wall (Doubleday), is the apt title of Calvin Tomkins' latest dissection of art-world shenanigans. Tomkins has covered the art scene for twenty years with affection—recently in *The New Yorker*—keeping it all in perspective.

Although it is not really a biography, *Off the Wall* records the recent history of American art through the eyes of Robert Rauschenberg. Tracing Rauschenberg's career from art-gallery janitor to Venice Biennale prizewinner, Tomkins gives a lively, funny, and factual account of how the art world turned into the art business.

This is also the major theme of *POPism: The Warhol '60s* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). Warhol continues his confessions; this time the style of co-author Pat Hackett is more straightforward than Warhol's own cunning *faux naïf* fragments. For all its bitchiness, the book is an accurate account of how Warhol erased the line between commercial and fine art, with a little help from his friends.

FACTORY FOTO

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There has never been a 100's cigarette with less tar than today's Now.

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The spirit of the Czar lives on.

It was the time of "War and Peace." "The Nutcracker Suite." Of Tolstoy and Dostoevsky.

Yet in this age when legends lived, the Czar stood like a giant among men.

He could bend an iron bar on his bare knee. Crush a silver ruble with his fist. He had a thirst for life like no other man alive.

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Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka. The spirit of the Czar lives on.

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Vogue's view on beauty books BEAUTY NOW

The exercise on the right comes from *The Pilates Way to Total Fitness*, a book that begins with some hefty promises: more energy, less stress, improved sleep and sex. Fact or fiction?

MIND OVER MATTER What separates good exercise books from bad ones is the impetus they offer to get you moving and keep you moving correctly. *The Pilates Way to Total Fitness*, by Phillip Friedman and Gail Eisen (Doubleday & Company), begins with the list of inducements mentioned above, so it's hard to start reading without some cynicism . . . (promise her anything, but give her the book!). Many of the best-looking bodies around (Lauren Bacall, Candice Bergen, and many dance pros) have always believed in Joe Pilates' technique, which offers more than just movement—it could be called body development through mind control. This is why, perhaps, the promises made upfront are superfluous—because this is a book that makes you *want* to exercise the moment you close the covers. And that is what separates good exercise books from bad.

BEYOND HUNGER

Fat or thin, we all "binge"; sometimes over-eating is normal! We all do it, but most of us cope sensibly with food intake, knowing when to cut off or cut back and return to sensible eating. Those who can't regulate food intake become fat, miserable, and spend their lives yo-yoing up and down on diets. Why does it happen to some and not to others? Jonathan Wise, M.D. (Harvard and Yale), and Susan Kierr Wise, a dance therapist, discuss just that in *The Overeaters* (Human Sciences Press), suggesting that eating is closely linked to our emotional cores (upsets in our upbringing get reflected later when we start to eat—unwisely). It's an interesting hypothesis that the authors develop in an entertaining way, showing us the many reasons why we overeat . . . then how to re-educate ourselves to eat less and be healthier.

BESIDE SOMEONE

Dieting is a lonely business, full of pitfalls. Many bariatric experts will tell you one of the most curious phenomena is the unhelpful attitude of close friends and/or relations just when real progress begins to show. Their "undermining" campaign goes something like this: "Losing all that weight has affected your face . . ." "Don't overdo it; I preferred you with a little shape . . ." and so on. It isn't jealousy, say the experts. It's fear of change, of a fat loved one's turning into a thin stranger. Perhaps one way to preclude this is psychologist Kelly Brownell's book, *The Partnership Diet Program* (Rawson, Wade Publishers), where a strategy is mapped out for dieters to "share" a diet. Brownell says "sharing" has meant that patients have lost nearly three times as much weight as dieting solo. Both "partners" keep diet diaries that provide a number of checks and balances, each helping to support the resolve of the other. Menus, recipes, calorie charts, behavior modification techniques—they're all there, too, for the two of you.

LOOK YOUNGER, STAY YOUNGER: IS THERE A DIFFERENCE?

If you read "Janet Sartin on Beautiful Skin (Doubleday) and then Adrien Arpel's "How to Look Ten Years Younger" (Rawson, Wade), you won't have a double whammy. You'll have confusion. "Soap," says Janet. "No soap," says Adrien. "Sloughing," says Adrien. "No sloughing," says Janet adamantly on page 31. The fact is although both ladies know the skin business well—Adrien Arpel has four hundred salons all over the place to prove it, and Janet Sartin is known as New York's "high priestess of beautiful skin" with a raft of documented beauties singing her praises on the jacket—they believe in totally different things. Janet single-mindedly works to keep skin "young" with preventive methods. Adrien, as she states in her opening chapter, has been "performing beauty sleight of hand . . ." for years and, using a number of clever tricks, is a master of "retrieval."

'Dorothy Gray Better-Off Cream Depilatory has a better way to keep my legs smoother.'

'No more nicks and cuts for me. Now my legs stay smoother, longer. And because Dorothy Gray's Better-Off has its own applicator, I never find myself in a mess.'

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Hair Now

Esmé's "in-between" problem

It isn't only model Esmé, left, who's "growing out" her hair, going from short to long. David Canyon, one of Elizabeth Arden's experts, says this is the time of year when many clients feel the urge either to grow or to cut their hair. For the "grow" group, he has devised some rules to make the transition period as pretty as possible. The most important point, he says, is to keep hair trimmed constantly but lightly, "like filing your nails." This prevents ends' splitting, which makes hair look "spiky." Proportion is key, so the longer length should never be too distant from the shorter (top) hair, which takes about six months to "catch up".... Then, it's approximately another six months to chin length, two years to the shoulder (see pp. 204–211).

A MODEL'S HAIR: *Very much a part of her livelihood*

SHOULD JERRY HALL CUT HER HAIR? *(When is long too long?)*

The answer has to be when too much hair gets in the way of your clothes, cluttering up necklines—such as those seen in the fall collections, which direct attention to the face. Long, long hair *can* look pretty when it falls on bare skin. But as part of fashion, it must work with it, not against it . . . which is why we give Jerry the chance here *(left)* to see how she'd look with a shorter hair style.

Hairfast Rules for Packed Calendars

THERE'S NOTHING HIT-OR-MISS ABOUT THE WAY WOMEN IN THE PUBLIC EYE LOOK, AND THAT INCLUDES THEIR HAIR. HERE, PERSONAL RULES THAT WORK FOR EVERYONE.

MARY McFADDEN: A HAIRCUT EVERY ELEVEN DAYS

The length of Mary McFadden's hair is predicated by her cheekbones.... "Hair length concerns bone structure above all," she says, and she's certain hers should be exactly one and one-half inches below her cheekbones, which means a trim every eleven days, either by herself—if she's traveling—or by Gregory at Kenneth, who is as meticulous about measurement as she is. After shampooing every day, Mary combs a light Pantene spray through her hair before sitting under the dryer in order to achieve the greatest degree of straightness. Another rule: a turban cover-up to protect her uniformly dark color against sunlight whenever needed.

ISABELLE LEEDS: A COMB-OUT EVERY OTHER DAY

As special assistant to Governor Carey on international and U.N. affairs, Isabelle Leeds spends a great deal of time welcoming heads of state to New York State, and unless her hair is "right," she feels under par. A comb-out every other day is one way she copes, because, once there's a "shape," she can style her hair with five hot rollers from a traveling set—given to her by Bess Myerson as a "must" possession for women on the move.

HÉLÈNE ROCHAS: AN INDISPENSABLE PORTABLE HAIR TOOL

Hélène Rochas goes to the hairdresser only for a haircut or before big parties these days, and ironically the reason she can now do her own hair so well is a hair tool given to her by Jean-Pierre at Deluga Langue, the stylist she most admires in Paris. A slim wand, studded through with prongs, whips new life into her short wavy hair in seconds, so she is now never without it. (Editor's note: An electric version of Hélène's wand is now available here, the Body and Curl Curling Wand by Gillette.) In summer, Hélène's at sea on her yacht, uses a conditioning gel "hair mask" every A.M., to fight damage from the elements—sun, wind, seawater.

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Photo Steve Landis Clothes Riding High

I just tried Breck again. And wow!

Who knew the light conditioning in today's Breck® Shampoo would give me stop'n stare hair. Light conditioning's just right! Now there's not a flyaway or greasy hair in sight.

For extra conditioning try new, improved Breck Conditioner. With a richer, thicker deep-penetrating formula.

HAIR NOW

Continued

. . . HOT-WEATHER HAIR COOLERS

From Paris, a low-maintenance approach to short hair—Jean Louis David's razor cut, above right, which fringes the ends for more volume and "aerates" style. Its versatility? Slicked back wet or with gel (as it's done here)—either way, cool for summer. . . . Speaking of summer, this season's "must" is: protection for hair and skin. "Symbol" of that—the brimmed hat our model wears above (by Valentino), in straw—so scalp can "breathe." . . . One more—a new answer to the question of how to cope with hair after exercising, when you can't shampoo. To the rescue: Sport Treatment de Pantene helps to remove perspiration.

. . . TWIST AND WRAP

For the beach, at home . . . easy, do-it-yourself way to curl hair (wet or dry), from Peter at Louis-Guy D in NYC.

EASY WAY TO HIGHLIGHT . . . NATURALLY!

Easygoing summer way to highlight hair from hair pro Clive Summers in the Olympic Towers, NYC. Ingredients: sun, straw hat, rattail comb (or crochet hook), grapefruit juice diluted with mild conditioner or shampoo. Place hat on head. Use comb or needle gently to pull hair strands through spaces in hat. Saturate strands with diluted juice. Leave for an hour in sun while hair "bleaches naturally," hat protects the rest. . . . Another idea: "I change clients' hair tones every season—to compensate for changes in complexion and fashion," says Edward Moore, color director of Vidal Sassoon, NYC. Think about it.

. . . PIN AND WAVE

In the air for summer: asymmetric hair looks, one side straight, the other side curly (or wavy) à la the look, left, from the Vidal Sassoon salon. You can pin back the straight side, too—great-looking this season with a pair of drop earrings!

Large photo, *above*: binoculars by Nikon.

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You've got Dazey!
Enjoy long-lasting curls.
Curl Mist® has twenty tangle-free rollers. Gentle mist. Ready dot.
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Super Beauty Curl™ heats up fast. Removable combs. Dual voltage.
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WINES

Beaujolais: easy to love—friendly, uncomplicated . . . affordable

By Frank J. Prial

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Frank Prial, whose "Wine Talk" ran for eight years in The New York Times, is now living in Paris and working for the Times bureau there. He also lectures on wine at the Académie du Vin.*

The rue Villedo is one of those tiny, block-long Parisian streets, right in the heart of the city, that most people who live there never have seen. It runs off the noisy rue Richelieu, a few blocks from the Place de l'Opéra, and it is noted for absolutely nothing but one of the better Beaujolais restaurants in the city, namely, Chez Pauline.

Most restaurants in Paris offer Beaujolais wine but only a handful specialize in it, and Chez Pauline is one. I go there every so often when I want to remind myself how good Beaujolais can be, and I mention it now because French wines are in trouble in the United States—Burgundy and Bordeaux are pricing themselves right out of the market—and Beaujolais may be just the answer to this problem.

Paris is a Beaujolais lovers' city, but the first city of Beaujolais is Lyon. There is an old saying that three rivers flow into Lyon: the Rhône, the Saône, and the Beaujolais; there was a time when Beaujolais wine rarely went anywhere else. Hardly anyone even bothered to bottle it—it went from cask to pitcher to glass and it was consumed almost as soon as it was made.

The cafés of Lyon used to sell a pitcher of Beaujolais for fifteen cents, a glass for a few pennies. No longer. The world discovered Beaujolais in the 1950s and it became a big business. But there is so much of it made—one hundred fifty million bottles in a good year—that the price remains relatively low.

Beaujolais comes from a forty-five mile stretch of France, just north of Lyon and a four-hour drive south of Paris. It is the most beautiful of all wine regions. The countryside is a tumultuous jumble of small hills, twisting narrow roads, and tiny villages. On higher slopes, the forest comes down to meet the vines and, on clear days, you can glimpse the distant majesty of Mont Blanc.

If you drive these charming back roads, you will inevitably get lost, but nothing is easier than stopping at the nearest farmhouse for directions. With luck, you may also be offered a glass of the man's own wine—Beaujolais of course. There are more than nine thousand small growers in the region. Many sell their grapes but many still make their own wine and are proud to show it off. Though their fame has spread everywhere, the Beaujolais people remain open, friendly, and uncomplicated—in fact, just like the wine they make.

The secret of Beaujolais wine is freshness and the freshest of all Beaujolais is Beaujolais Nouveau. This is the young, sprightly *vin de l'année* which is bottled and sold about two months after the harvest. November 14 is a day of great excitement in Villefranche, a main wine-shipping center. By law, no Nouveau may be sold before midnight; but before dark the trucks are gathering and being loaded. At midnight they rush off to Paris, Geneva, and London where the next day signs everywhere joyously proclaim "*Nouveau Beaujolais est arrivé.*"

"A magnificent bouquet of freshness"

While other wine regions of France have been having bad harvests or small harvests—1977 and 1978 in Bordeaux and 1976, 1977, and 1978 in Burgundy—Beaujolais has been enjoying record years: 1976, 1978, and now, 1979. Big crops all, and all of them good wine, too.

Consequently, it is still eminently possible to buy good Beaujolais here in Paris for around three dollars a bottle, $3.99 and up in New York and the rest of the U.S. Beaujolais-Villages, from that part of the Beaujolais region where the soil is better and the sun a bit stronger, costs a little more. And the "growths" are higher still (more on them later). But the wine doesn't last very long (a point to remember when someone tries to sell you an old one) and when it runs out after a short crop, prices will climb. For a time, a few years ago, it looked as if the Beaujolais were going to follow Bordeaux and Burgundy up the price scale. It happened in 1977 for a while because the 1976s were so good and the 1977s so poor. Then, with the arrival of the huge—and very good—1978 crop, a lot of the 1977 went unsold. The overly excited growers and wine shippers cooled off, prices dropped, and they have remained fairly stable since. But only for Beaujolais and Beaujolais-Villages.

Also within the Beaujolais region are nine little towns—Saint-Amour, Juliénas, Chénas, Moulin-à-Vent, Fleurie, Chiroubles, Morgon, Brouilly, and Côtes de Brouilly (really not a town at all but an area on the edge of Brouilly)—that produce particularly good Beaujolais and are allowed to give the wine their names. Much has been written about how these nine "growths" are fruitier, richer, fuller, darker, more tannic, more delicious than the lesser Beaujolais. And in fact they are. Each has its own characteristics, too, but only someone who has spent his or her life tasting Beaujolais can accurately differentiate among them. Suffice it to say that they are more intense wines with, at their peak, a magnificent bouquet of freshness and flowers and a deep lingering taste. I have my favorites: among the 1976s, I liked the Morgons best for their intensity of flavor and fullness; among the 1978s, the Chiroubles for their great fruity quality.

Alas for the poor consumer, a funny thing happened to those wines on the way to the wine shop. It seems that under French law these nine—and only the nine—can be sold as Bourgogne Rouge. The Burgundy region, an hour's drive north of Beaujolais, has been battling a chronic wine shortage—thanks to increased demand and rotten weather—for at least five years. The Burgundians are willing to pay a lot of money for the better Beaujolais and, of course, the Beaujolais shippers are happy to get it. As a result, we must pay Burgundy prices for the better Beaujolais. We also end up drinking Burgundy that really isn't Burgundy at all.

So, for the time being, it might be wise to avoid these wines except for an occasional treat. There is plenty of good Beaujolais and Beaujolais-Villages around from between 1978 and 1979. Depending on which expert you believe, the 1979s are either (a) better than 1978, (b) poorer than 1978—with exceptions, or (c) a combination of 1976, which had body, and 1978, which had fruit and softness. In fact, it appears to be a delightful wine in the best Beaujolais tradition, which is all anyone could ask for.

A couple of us tasted several 1979s at Chez Pauline the other day. We had the light Nouveau which was already beginning to show its age, and a rich, dark Chiroubles that was packed with flavor. There was also a 1976 Juliénas—named for Julius Caesar by the way—that was big and round and almost Burgundy-like in taste and bouquet, and extremely satisfying.

Perhaps only German industrialists and Swiss bankers can now afford those pricey treats such as Chambertin and Château Moutôn Rothschild; but, as long as there is good Beaujolais at a reasonable cost, the crowd at Chez Pauline will be happy, and there is no reason why American wine lovers can't be happy too.

Four Beaujolais

The following 1978 Beaujolais wines should be available nationally. Most of the 1979 Beaujolais are just coming in now—look for them.

Beaujolais, Wildman et Fils, 1978	$3.99
Beaujolais, B&G, 1978	$4.99
Beaujolais, Sichel et Fils, 1978	$3.99
Beaujolais, Cruse et Fils Frères, 1978	$3.99

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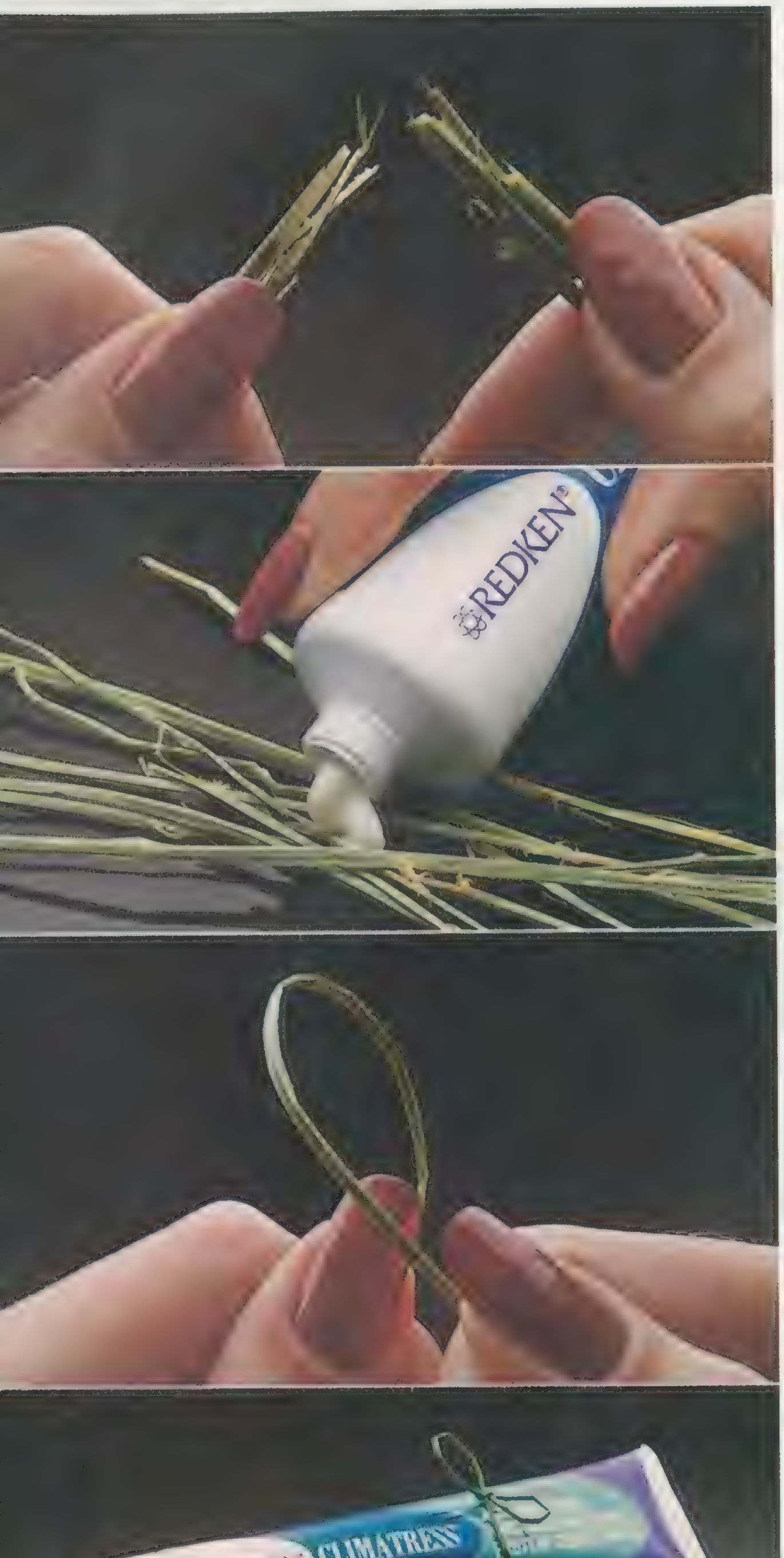

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Beauty Q & A

Contact lenses: when/where to wear them in summer...a doctor's guide to makeup...plus the newest "invention" for suncare

Q I am a recent convert to soft contact lenses and am also a very active person—swimming, water skiing, and sailing in summer. Is it safe to wear my lenses during these sports; and, if so, how can I protect my eyes from strong sunlight and glare? Advice, please.

A We took your question to Peter Laino, M.D., associate professor of ophthalmology, at The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, who says: "Swimmers and water-skiers should *never* wear lenses—soft or hard—in the water, because they will float off the eyes and end up on the bottom of a pool or lake. An additional problem soft-contact-lenses wearers encounter is that, because lenses are hydrophilic, they have a tendency to absorb chemicals, such as chlorine, or other irritants in the water, which can result in more eye problems later. The only way to wear contact lenses in the water: Protect eyes completely with water-tight rubber swim goggles (although you're still taking a chance some water might seep in)."

Dr. Laino suggests you try a pair of prescription glasses with tinted lenses at pool- or beach-side (the most effective lenses for blocking the sun are grey, green, or tan). If you're going to be "at sea" for long periods of time—sailing or fishing—be sure your lenses are polarized for maximum protection against reflected sunlight, which this type of lens blocks out entirely.

More advice from Dr. Laino, this time on makeup: "Because soft contact lenses are hydrophilic, I discourage the use of any makeup that may touch the lenses—such as rimming the eye's inner edges with eyeliner pencil. If possible, use fragrance-free, dermatologically tested, water-soluble products in case makeup gets in your eyes accidently. This type of cosmetic helps reduce the likelihood of redness and irritation. Be sure to remove makeup every night—incomplete cleansing can clog the tiny glands that surround the eyes; and, in some cases, may lead to the development of painful cysts."

Q As a businesswoman dealing constantly with the public, I am faced with the dilemma of appearing well-groomed, A.M. to P.M. Some women, particularly media personalities, seem to be able to pull that off so well. How do they do it?

A Most personalities constantly in the public eye have perfected their looks—through trial and error—over the years. Here are a few tried and tested "tips" from the stars:

Phyllis George, former Miss America, TV sportscaster, and now First Lady of Kentucky, married to Governor John Y. Brown, Jr.: Lining your lips makes the difference between a smile—and A SMILE! She also suggests using a contour cream around the jawline, one shade darker than your usual base, to preclude the "look" of a double chin.

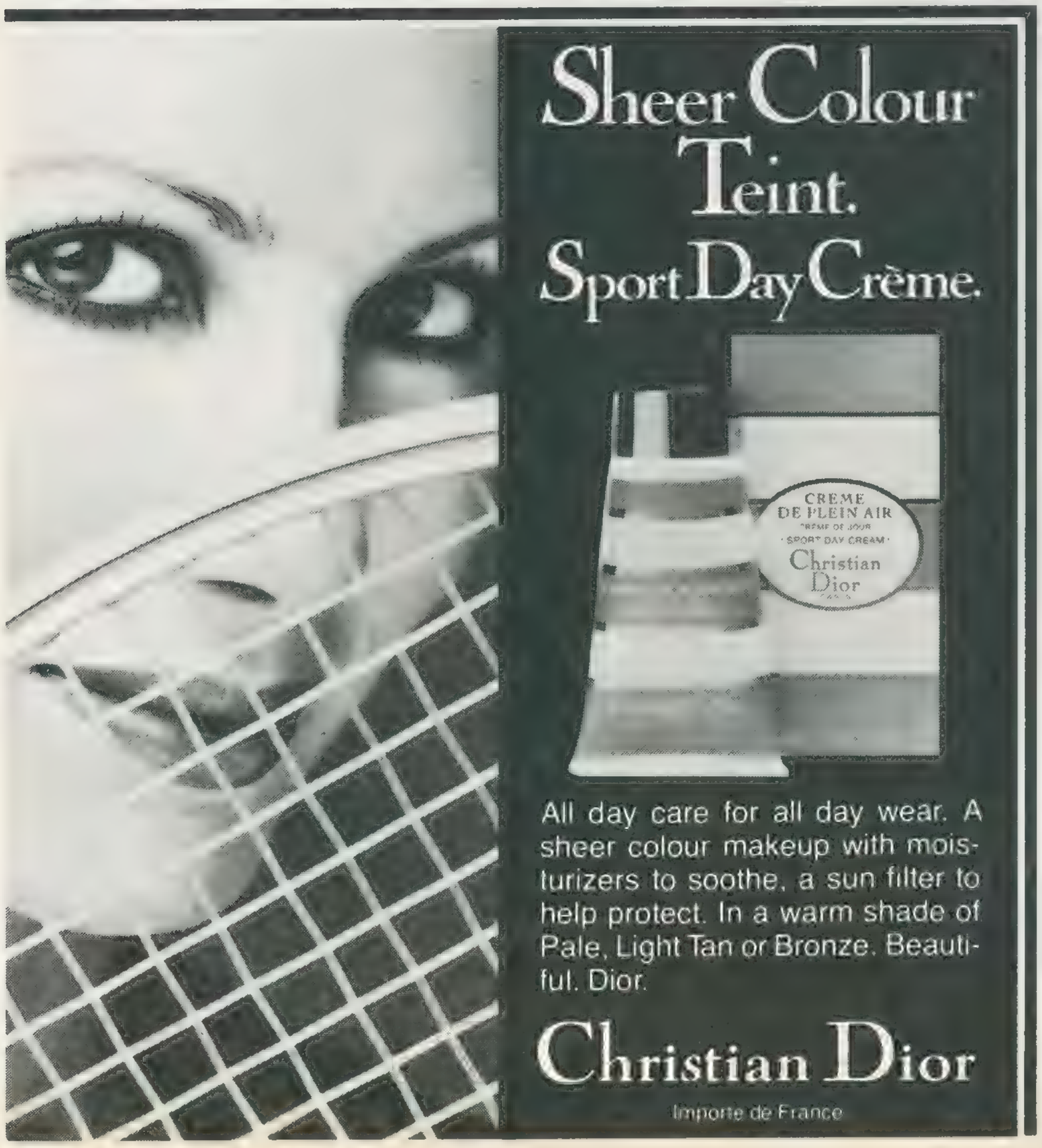
Cheryl Ladd of "Charlie's Angels": Cheryl has problem skin and finds the best way to keep oiliness under control is with Neutrogena soap followed with a cold-water splash and an astringent clean-up, twice a day.

Model Margaux Hemingway: Women who have naturally thick eyebrows should wear either eye shadow or mascara—but not both. Too little makeup makes your eyes disappear; too much, combined with thick eyebrows, distracts from the rest of your face. *For more tips,* read: *Body & Beauty Secrets of the Super Beauties* by Madeline DeVries and Eric Weber (G. Putnam's Sons).

Q This summer I will definitely be exposed to more sun than I'm used to. I know too much sun is unhealthy for the skin, but I am confused about which product to choose that will allow me to tan, without getting sunburned or skin damaged. Please explain what SPF labeling means on sunscreen products and which product would be effective for my pale skin?

A SPF—sun protection factor—is a rating system recommended by the Food and Drug Administration to indicate the degree of protection a sunscreen product offers. (An SPF 2, for example, indicates minimal sun protection, while the top rating, SPF 23, indicates total sun block.) Start with a high SPF product when you first go into the sun or if you're near the equator. The first few days limit the period of time you are out in the sun; *gradually* increase the time—but never *sunbathe.* You get all the sun you need just by being outdoors.

Another aid: 3M's new Tan Timer, a device that measures the amount of direct and reflected sunlight your skin is absorbing. Four "spots" in the Tan Timer react to the sun by changing color at different rates to let you know when you've had enough. The Tan Timer is available with any of 3M's new "Mmm! What a tan!" water-resistant sunscreen products; available at drugstores. ▽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BETWEEN US

(Continued from page 52)

band was unemployed and that her income as a nurse was the sole support of the family. She also told them that she didn't believe her husband would pay the note, and that she could not pay it herself.

Her objections were ignored. The loan officers informed her that her consent was, in fact, not necessary; and they made the loan to Selina's husband. When, months later, the Credit Union threatened foreclosure, Selina worked seven days of double shifts to make enough money to consult an attorney, who simply said that she would have to pay the second mortgage. Opening a book, he read the Louisiana law to her: "The husband has complete control over all community property which exists between him and his wife, including his wife's earnings."

"Haven't you heard of 'head and master'?" he asked.

She had not. She went home and thought about quitting work. "But I couldn't. It would never work." With no legal way out of her dilemma and very depressed, Selina took every pill in the house. Her sister found her, unconscious, and when Selina woke up in the hospital she decided she had something to do.

She attended some NOW meetings and saw more attorneys. One started to make a deal with the Credit Union for her. Selina put a stop to that, saying, "I won't pay one cent—I've got to fight this thing."

Then Selina met Dorothy Waldrup, who became her attorney. "By the time I reached her, my money was gone and I was in tears. We both sat down and cried together—and started working."

On the basis of their case, the Civil District Court of Louisiana declared the "head and master" rule unconstitutional. "We were really glad—for about seven days," Selina told the group. Then the State of Louisiana Attorney General's office appealed to the Louisiana State Supreme Court, which, in essence, decided against her.

Waldrup filed a petition to carry the case to the United States Supreme Court; simultaneously, the Louisiana State Legislature passed an Equal Management law which feminists in that state consider to have severe flaws. Possibly because of that law, in September 1978 the Supreme Court declined to hear Selina's case.

According to court papers, the house was threatened with a sheriff's auction during this period. Desperate to keep her home from going to the Credit Union, Selina tied sheets together, lined them around the walls of the house, poured on kerosene, called the media, and said, "This house is going up in flames; they're just not going to get it that easily," but she didn't light the match.

Finally, legal maneuvers and private financing enabled Selina to sell the house and pay off the debt (it was a $5000 note; with interest and attorneys' fees, it came to $12,000).

"I just thought that if everybody knew what was happening," Selina concluded, "they'd say, 'Oh, well, that's got to be wrong.' But it wasn't that way."

The audience gave her a standing ovation.

Today, Selina Kidd Martin has a new husband, a new life; but ERA is still not ratified.

—JANE HEIL

READER LETTERS

(Continued from page 20)

Sounding off on Black music

As far as arrogance goes, your February "Recordings" article was a masterpiece. Mr. Sargent's theme seemed to be: If a Black musical group cannot "appeal" to a white audience, it might as well cease to exist.

He seems to think it is immensely important that Parliament-Funkadelic "hasn't so far proven very popular outside the Black audience." All the same, that group has made millions of dollars and has hundreds of thousands of Black fans.

Black audiences of Black musical groups do not care whether the music "appeals" to whites. And if Black people wasted time worrying about white people's musical likes and dislikes, Ragtime, Blues, Jazz, Gospel, Reggae, and all other forms of Black music wouldn't even exist.

L. Lewis
Lisle IL

David Sargent replies: *My point in the article was that the country has become more racially polarized since the 1960s, when Black musicians routinely appealed to all America—Black, white, or purple. I also lamented the failure of some Black artists to achieve the commercial success of the white artists who re-recorded their songs. Of course Black music owes at least some of its strengths to its isolation—chosen or enforced—from the white mainstream. Some Black listeners may not care if their favorites appeal to whites, but I can assure you Black artists do: George Clinton and Parliament-Funkadelic, and other Black artists, would be delighted to appeal to everyone.*

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—Priscilla Presley

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WELLA®

Woman mechanic: new auto ally

Try a lady repair pro, or be your own

BY LILLIAN BORGESON

They're bright, cool, and articulate. They're females, successful in a field where women have traditionally been rarer than Edsels: only fatherhood has been more exclusively "male." They're skilled and confident auto mechanics . . . and if you've ever felt victimized by a lack of auto knowledge or a male mechanic's condescending tone, then you might consider taking your car to one of their mechanic shops that are turning up all over.

One pair of women mechanics to know about is Susan Nestor and Toni Gallucci, co-owners of The Women's Garage in Canoga Park, California. Toni, now thirty-seven, first felt the need to understand automotive innards several years ago, when her own car needed more work than she could afford to pay for. Susan, thirty-one, got the urge when pranksters ruined a trip to the beach by undoing a few simple but essential connections in her car. Both enrolled in classes, became certified mechanics, then went on to teach others the basic automotive skills. That's when they met and decided to go into business. After two years, they're busy enough to employ three other mechanics, all women. Clearly, helplessness isn't their thing.

Even if you don't know a crankcase from a carburetor, helplessness shouldn't be your thing either. Says Susan: "A lot of our customers come to us because they believe some other shop hasn't done right by them. They'll say something like, 'The minute I walked into that place and talked to the manager, I knew I shouldn't trust him.' But in spite of their doubts, they went ahead with the transaction anyhow, because they felt helpless. Well, that's no way to feel."

As a potential customer for service or repairs, say the women of The Women's Garage, *you* have the power to make the go or no-go decision, and *you* hold all the cards. All you have to do is play them right:

● Before you decide on a mechanic, talk to friends and neighbors. Good mechanics usually develop a local reputation; so do bad ones. You can also check with the nearest office of the Better Business Bureau; they can't tell you who's good, but they will let you know if any complaints have been filed against a shop you're considering. "It's also worthwhile to call several garages and ask them to tell you their shop labor rate," says Toni. A rate that's considerably higher than average for your area means higher-than-average bills; one considerably lower suggests that the shop may employ less-than-expert mechanics. A rate that's about average is the best bet.

● Look around the shop. Do the repaired cars look clean and ready to go? Do toolboxes and test equipment look up to snuff and in order? Today, many good mechanics take voluntary competency tests; and, when they pass, they usually display their certificates somewhere in the shop or office. Look for those, too.

● Be wary if the mechanic or manager offers an instant diagnosis of your car's troubles, and don't offer a diagnosis yourself. But do give the mechanic a *specific* description of the symptoms. Just saying that there's a funny vibration isn't enough; it's like telling your doctor you have "a pain." Says Susan: "Notice and communicate everything you can about the circumstances and conditions, about car behavior, noises, smells. Every detail can make a lot of difference."

● Don't insist on getting a firm price on a car-repair job before the mechanic has had a chance to check the situation thoroughly and make a diagnosis. Do expect to get a price-range estimate up front, and a firm price after the diagnosis. When you pick up your car, you have the right to an item-by-item explanation of all the *(Continued on page 90)*

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WOMAN MECHANIC

(Continued from page 88)

charges. Ask to see any old parts that were replaced, and if you doubt that they were truly defective, take them with you and show them to another mechanic. In general, be firm but not unreasonable. Don't force the shop to cut corners by bargaining for the lowest possible price.

● When you find a mechanic and shop you trust, stay with them and make full use of their expertise. For example: When you bring the car in for routine service, mention any irregularities you've noticed and ask them to check the car out thoroughly; it costs you less in the long run. If you're planning to buy a used car, ask your mechanic to look it over before you make the final decision. It's smart to talk to your mechanic before you decide on a new car, too. Today's models are simultaneously getting smaller and more complex, Susan and Toni explain. "In some cars, the engine compartments are so tight that a routine service job—changing spark plugs, for example—can turn into a huge and costly undertaking." Your mechanic can tell you which new cars are likely to be unnecessarily expensive to service and maintain.

And finally, don't underestimate your own ability to take care of your car. Today, when service at most service stations is shrinking from "full" to "mini" to zero, it's essential for drivers to know how to check oil and the other crucial fluids, to recognize signs of wear in tires and hoses, batteries and belts. (For more information on how you can learn these tricks, see the box below.) For too many years, too many women have accepted the notion that what's easy for any fifteen-year-old boy is somehow beyond their understanding. Don't believe it. The women at The Women's Garage—and their customers—*know* it's not true.

More women-owned or -operated garages:

● **Amazon Amoco**—Lincoln NB (402) 474-9965. Kim Van Meveren and Terri Palmer took over from Amazon's previous women managers in December 1979. The shop has three hoists and you can rent space to repair-it-yourself.

● **San Francisco Auto Repair Center**—San Francisco CA (415) 285-8588. Owner Jerry Lewis employs three women mechanics full-time, offers lessons in auto repairs.

● **Labyris Auto Repair**—San Francisco CA (415) 861-8668. The garage is owned and operated by two women—Lynn McLeod and Nancy Rupprecht—who have worked on cars for about seven years, opened the garage about two years ago.

● **Country Volkswagen**—Eugene OR (503) 683-3780. The shop began approximately eight years ago, became strictly a women's garage in February 1980 employing six female mechanics.

● **Bayside Garage**—Berkeley CA (415) 548-7646. Owned by Ramey Fair, the garage will be two years old in August. Ms. Fair usually employs two female mechanics-in-training. She decided to go into the car-repair business after many years as a graphic artist. "Women feel they get a more thorough explanation here," says Ms. Fair. "I call it an assumption of honesty." About 95 percent of her customers are women and she spends about two hours each day just talking with clients about their car's repairs, explaining the work that's been done.

For today's woman, helplessness is out. If you long to be able to open your car's hood fearlessly and to peer inside knowledgeably, Car Care Clinics for Women—sponsored by Goodyear, across America—can help. Developed by woman drag race-car driver Shirley Muldowney, these clinics give participants three hours of personal instruction in automobile basics with no Goodyear hard sell. Avuncular instructors/mechanics from Goodyear travel the country teaching women—no men allowed—how to check oil, transmission fluid, master cylinder (for brake-fluid loss); how to identify the radiator, fan belts, generator, and other vital auto organs.

The instructors encourage questions of all kinds, get you involved checking tire pressure, water levels, fuel filters (they supply jackets to protect your clothes). They advise vehemently that you take an interest in your car's repairs: when your mechanic finds a problem, ask to be shown where it is; ask also that the worn parts be returned to you to insure that they really did need replacements.

These clinics can be the first step toward courage where your car is concerned. Ask your local Goodyear Service Store for details; then, when you go back to your mechanic, show him or her the official "diploma" you received from Goodyear after attending the clinic. He or she may take you—and your car—just a bit more seriously in the future.—G.M.

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Horoscope

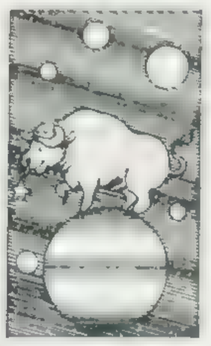
By Maria Elise Crummere **June**

Aries: Buckle down and win. **Taurus:** Time to go public. **Gemini:** New friend, new life. **Cancer:** Accept that offer. **Leo:** The tide turns. **Virgo:** Harmony through Jupiter. **Libra:** Options galore. **Scorpio:** Late-month solutions. **Sagittarius:** Social payoff. **Capricorn:** Risk it! **Aquarius:** Instant success. **Pisces:** Freedom—at last

MONICA INCISA

Aries
MARCH 20–APRIL 19

You can make considerable progress towards your goals this month, if you buckle down and take advantage of the help offered you: your ruler, Mars, in Virgo, brightens your job picture and friendly Jupiter nourishes you with confidence and luck. Keep the momentum going and your direction steady from the 19th to the 24th—because the 25th brings a disappointment that weakens your gains. But don't worry! With Jupiter on your side, the triumph ultimately will be yours.



Taurus
APRIL 20–MAY 20

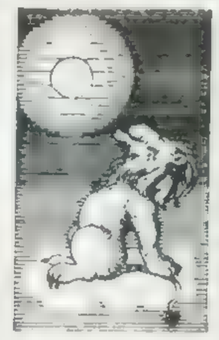
This is your month to go public. Your ruler, Venus, in clever Gemini, makes this the ideal time to write, lecture, or advertise. The pace will be rigorous—Mars in Virgo is testing you—but persevere. Finances may also trouble you this month: be firm and collect that money due you. An unexpected event on the 17th or 18th leads you to sever an emotional bond that has frustrated you for a long time.

Gemini
MAY 21–JUNE 20

Your ruler, Mercury, in sympathetic Cancer, encourages you to help others this month. But this could be a vulnerable time for you as well: be careful in your choice of partners for any new project. Jupiter provides you with the support you need for several urgent decisions you must make. The 12th to the 15th is a rewarding period, but the mood changes sharply on the 16th when a previous debt comes due. On the 19th and 20th, a new friend includes you in a stimulating group worth cultivating.

Cancer
JUNE 21–JULY 22

Starting on the 5th, vibrant Mercury pulls you through a difficult time full of crucial decisions, possible new paths. On the 10th, you finally close the book on a situation that should have ended long ago. An exciting opportunity on the 16th warrants close consideration. Wrap up loose ends in preparation for a solid offer that must be accepted on the 17th. Take a holiday the weekend of the 27th—you deserve it.



Leo
JULY 23–AUGUST 22

A dramatic event on the 10th significantly affects your finances, social position, and love life. Decide how to handle this serious situation on the 11th. The 12th presents you with a disappointment. The 15th brings a change of heart regarding someone you love. But, on the 21st, the tide starts to turn in your favor. The 26th is your best day as you begin to understand all that has happened to you. Seek out a reassuring old friend on the 27th, but spend the 29th alone to gain fresh perspective.

Virgo
AUGUST 23–SEPTEMBER 22

Two powerful planets are competing for your attention—and your energy. Benevolent Jupiter aids your efforts, but aggressive Mars stirs up conflicts and creates distractions. Mars prevails on the 10th and 11th, causing your business and love lives to clash. But you take command of the situation on the 19th and 20th with solid and constructive ideas. Jupiter comes forward at the end of the month to restore the harmony that will assure success.

Libra
SEPTEMBER 23–OCTOBER 22

This month brings a rush of ideas and options as well as a public receptive to anything you present. All you have to do is to choose which path to take. Fortunately, Jupiter in Virgo provides you with the flawless judgment you need the first week of the month. If you make your decision on the 11th or 12th, the power of the new moon will combine with your genius for organization to give your plan added impact. Be sure, however, to set aside time to rest near the end of the month to prepare for your next effort.

(Continued on page 94)

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HOROSCOPE

(Continued from page 92)

Scorpio
OCTOBER 23–NOVEMBER 23

Power-loving Scorpians may feel restless and restricted this month since they are under the limiting influence of Virgo. But you can benefit from this trying period if you tackle the more demanding of two offers that come your way at new moon on the 12th. The momentum and pressure of this period peaks on the 24th and 25th; let it be—you have done all you can at this point. Exciting news on the 30th promises solutions.

Sagittarius
NOVEMBER 24–DECEMBER 21

If you use the first half of the month to reach out to your public, financial success will be yours. Although you may feel restricted with your Jupiter held in check by Virgo, pleasure-giving Venus and knowledgeable Mercury help you to profit from your social contacts or writing and communicative skills. But be realistic: make sure your move is in keeping with your career plans and your life style. After new moon on the 12th, coast on the gains you have made.

Capricorn
DECEMBER 22–JANUARY 20

Because your ruler, Saturn, is still transiting Virgo, you may feel restricted, frustrated. But at new moon on the 12th, the arrival of generous Jupiter in Virgo pushes you to take some bold risks. As the moon comes to full, the glowing partnership of Uranus and Saturn brings pleasant surprises—and the promise of a new life.

Aquarius
JANUARY 21–FEBRUARY 19

This month is rich with potential for you and any idea you introduce now is destined to succeed. The promise of this remarkable time peaks on the 22nd. Be certain that you are prepared to take full advantage of the many benefits it offers: organize your life and discard any outworn ideas so that you will be ready to accept the wondrous future in store for you.

Pisces
FEBRUARY 20–MARCH 19

You may be confused by the mixed signals you receive as long as your ruler, Neptune, remains retrograde in Sagittarius. But be persistent: stick to what you started at new moon on the 12th. You emerge the winner at the end of this history-making month as Uranus provides unexpected advantages that grant you your freedom.

*"For one brief shining moment that was known as Camelot."**

The Romance of Camelot

PORCELAIN BELL COLLECTION

Twelve beautiful collector's bells in fine bone china, decorated with 24kt gold . . . a captivating adornment for any room in your home.

A Limited Edition.
Advance deadline: June 30, 1980.

CAMELOT . . . what visions the name alone conjures up! Of chivalrous knights and lovely ladies. Thrilling adventures and gallant quests. Of royal banners, magic swords and shields of honor. Of opulent feasts at the Round Table. Of secret love potions. Of King Arthur and his Guinevere, Lancelot and Elaine, Sir Galahad, Merlin the magician, and the mysterious Lady of the Lake.

The legends of Camelot have been told and retold over the years in works of art, music and literature. But never so brilliantly as in Alfred Lord Tennyson's romantic poem, *Idylls of the King*. And now—a century after it was written—this masterpiece has inspired the creation of a new work in a treasured collecting tradition: *The Romance of Camelot Porcelain Bell Collection*.

To create the original works of art for these collector's bells, Franklin Porcelain has commissioned the eminent European artist Giani Benvenuti. He is a master of design—able to create within a small space an extraordinary profusion of intricate detail. And his colors have a jewel-like brilliance that brings to mind the precious illuminated manuscripts of medieval times.

Richly detailed . . . illuminated with color . . . finely crafted in bone china

The works Benvenuti has created portray the most enchanting moments from the stories of Camelot. The Lady of the Lake presenting the bejeweled sword Excalibur to young Arthur . . . the vision of the Holy Grail appearing to Sir Galahad at the Round Table . . . Gareth gallantly fighting the blue knight Morning Star . . . the mortally wounded King Arthur sailing away from Camelot on a barge attended by three queens . . . Twelve unforgettable episodes—twelve magnificent porcelain bells.

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To subscribe, please mail the application below to Franklin Porcelain, Franklin Center, Pennsylvania, by the advance deadline of June 30, 1980.

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Haute cuisine: can you have too much of a good thing?

One woman's answer, plus recipes for a not-to-be-missed dinner

BY JUDITH ARONSON

EDITOR'S NOTE: *What do you do when your husband hires a master chef for his corporation and you end up eating those exquisite, calorie-laden meals in your own dining room? This is the delicious dilemma that Judith Aronson writes about here—the chef is Jean Pierre Augé. Judith and her husband, Adam, live in St. Louis, where he is chairman of the Mark Twain Banks. Once a month they come to New York, where, Judith says, "I'm the only woman I know who diets on her vacation." A former college administrator, Judith is co-author of "Jordie's Present," a book for parents to read to children battling with cancer, to be published by the American Cancer Society this August. Following this article, recipes for dinner for eight, from Jean Pierre.*

When I was growing up in my middle-class, physician-headed family, meals were ample, nourishing, boring in their sameness of meat and potatoes, and, always, eaten on the run. After I married—to a man who is not a physician but eats as rapidly as if he were—I became more interested in cooking and in increasing the variety of foods I might serve my growing family. I wanted my children to taste, and possibly like, something besides hamburger, steak, and chicken. (Those things having been much cheaper then, had formed the staples of both my husband's and my childhood diets.) So I became a reasonably good cook. Though I never quite managed a ballotine of chicken, I could make a fine duck paté; and if I couldn't conquer a *croquembouche*, my *génoise* was passable.

I cooked my way through the childhoods of three lusty boys, dinner parties at regular intervals, and exquisite, perfectly balanced Saturday lunches for six. For more than twelve diners, I called my trusty caterer who was, over the years, delighted to have me do the research so he could use the recipes I supplied. My cocktail parties came to be known for the "different" food that was offered. Which meant only that it was different from what our friends served on such occasions.

Those were the years—the 1960s and '70s—when everyone was mad about cooking. Otherwise brilliant women spent hours browsing in kitchen shops as if the selection of the right ice tongs would finally yield the secret of the latest difficult recipe going the rounds. These same women would talk recipes endlessly with other equally gifted women, and taking cooking lessons became as chic as going to the Riviera. I was no more immune to the fad than most of my friends. Though I never succumbed to cooking classes, I did buy tons of cookbooks and spent more hours than I should have—given my professional responsibilities—browsing through them.

After a few years of this mania, I decided that I had gone as far as I wanted to in cooking. Henceforth, given the proliferation of pastry shops in St. Louis, I would never bake again; since I could pick a perfect Brie every time, I could hold my own in cooking conversations for the rest of my life and need not actually prove my prowess weekly. It was time to stop cooking.

Fortunately for my family, this decision neatly coincided with my sons' leaving home. Not only had I lost interest, some of the motivation for cooking at all was gone. My husband and I were delighted to share a poached chicken breast and a small salad on nights when we didn't head to a restaurant or a friend's dinner party. I was ready to give the china, the silver, everything to the child who married first. After all, the caterers brought everything with them when we did entertain. Life was looking good, and my kitchen always was spotless. Best of all, I didn't have to spend a day a week in the markets and specialty stores laying in provisions for the hungry brood or the guest who expected "different" foods from me. I determined that never again would I enter a grocery store except to get the barest necessities.

And then my husband put holes in the fabric of my life. Not content with his ordinary business strategies, which were so creative that his corporation had flourished beyond anyone's wildest dreams, the man decided that some extra flair was needed. And that was to be in the person of one of the finest French chefs in the country, who would cook lunch for selected, favored customers, thereby increasing business. The chef was hired. A kitchen, built to his specifications in gleaming stainless steel, boasting every imaginable gadget, was installed in the corporate offices. Table linens, china, all the appointments were purchased for the new dining room. The chef, Jean Pierre Augé, a delightful Frenchman from Limoges, was thrilled with the result and went happily to work turning out daily wonders for people, most of whom clearly didn't understand or appreciate the miracles being set before them. The newspaper coverage was extensive; corporate profits soared.

So far, so good. I was not unhappy. The new addition to staff had not affected me in any way. No tempting tidbits to enlarge my hips, no leftovers to clutter my icebox, no grease on my stove. Best of all, my husband, having eaten gargantuan lunches, was content with consommé or an apple for dinner and I still could stay out of the grocery store.

The next thing that happened did not bode as well for my future. People—some of whom I could swear I'd never seen before—began to ask when they would be invited to eat Jean Pierre's food. Luncheons could hardly accommodate the droves of people who obviously had never eaten a good meal and, by their own account, would shortly die if they were not favored with an invitation. My husband, being both good-hearted and a fine businessman, yearned to please all who asked. The logical solution was to expand the service to dinner, but of course not in the corporate dining room.

But why not at our home? I couldn't think of a reason why not. Who wouldn't love to give elegant dinner parties without lifting a finger? No marketing, no cooking, nothing. Just see that the table is properly set, get dressed, greet the guests, sit at the table, be charming, eat that damned delicious food and enjoy. And no more than once or twice a week. Not so terrible, my friends told me. In fact, I couldn't find a single soul who would sympathize with my plight.

> "... be charming, eat that damned delicious food and enjoy"

After a month of this routine, I was bored with dinner parties where no one talked of anything but the food. Otherwise fascinating people seemed mesmerized when they came to our table. No matter how expert they were on the world situation or the musical life of our city or painting in the Renaissance, when the food appeared they were as children. No other topic seemed appropriate. Only the food. I decided my husband and I should take a trip to get away from those delicious meals and boring conversations. My husband cried out, "But what will Jean Pierre do? He's an artist, a performer; if he can't cook he will become depressed." We didn't go; we ate more delicious meals.

And then came *le coup de grâce*. The venting system in the corporate kitchen broke down. The odors permeated every scrap of paper, every breath of air. The kitchen had to be shut down until air circulation could be restored to proper working order. No more cooking there for at least eight weeks. But the lunches? And again, what to do with Jean Pierre?

My husband, in his usual brilliance, conceived the perfect—and perfectly logical—solution. The kitchen *(Continued on page 100)*

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The Elancyl Beauty Treatment For Your Body.

1. THE ELANCYL MASSAGER.
First, there is the massager, with its specially designed rubber nodules underneath, and an easy-to-hold plastic handle on top.

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Now smooth on the Elancyl cream. Follow this regime, daily, after you shower or bathe, and in just one month your body will begin to look and feel more beautiful than before.

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Massage your body in the prescribed motion with the massager, which contains the Elancyl soap, and the Elancyl Method will have begun its work. Do this for five minutes. Pat your body dry.

The Elancyl Method is a simple regime. Everything is created to work together. One ingredient without the other just isn't the same. (Others have tried to imitate this original idea, but our ingredients are too unique to copy.) Our massager is specially designed. Our soap and cream are both made with an exclusive Ivy extract formulation. And Elancyl has been around for years and years. But one thing you must remember. There is one ingredient that can't be forgotten. That ingredient is you. You and your faithfulness to the Elancyl Method. It only takes five minutes a day.

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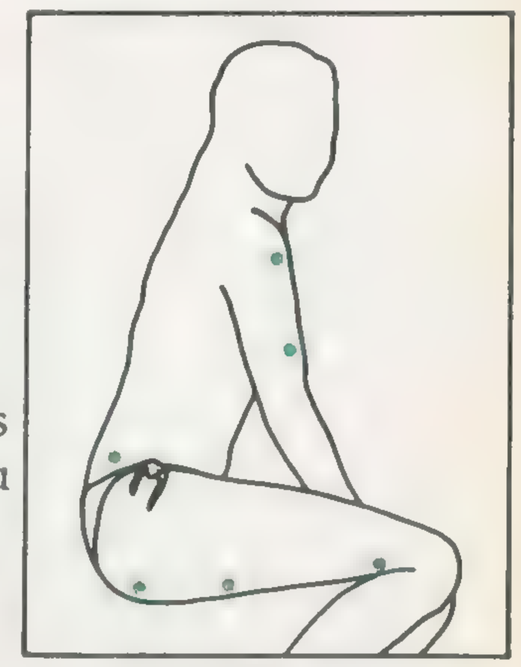

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HAUTE CUISINE

(Continued from page 96)

activities and the corporate lunches were simply moved to the house. And as long as there was lunch most days, why not dinner on those same days as well?

So, day after day Jean Pierre's cheery face appears at my back door at 11:00 A.M. With him come trays of delectable things that will constitute the day's simple lunch for the people invited. Nothing staggering, of course. For example, one day last week, lunch began with poached eggs in a cream sauce of such elusive and delicate flavoring as to be unidentifiable. This was followed by a gigantic red snapper stuffed with a combination of bread crumbs, duxelles, and whole mushrooms. Green beans, perfect, fresh, cut into julienne, went with this. Since it was a simple lunch, there was only one wine and dessert was a light (perfect) *tarte aux pommes.*

By 2:00 P.M., when luncheon is officially over, Jean Pierre will have disappeared back to his own kitchen to conjure more magic for the evening. At 5:00, he reappears with more trays, containing sauces, fishes, meats, pastry for the dinner for twelve that begins at 7:00. In the meantime, the dishes, silver, glassware all have to be washed, the table reset, the ovens cleaned. I, the hostess, revived from too much food and wine at lunch, must be redressed and at the door to greet the newest guests. And always reminding myself that the only thing I have to buy at the market these days is dishwasher detergent.

How long can it go on? My husband is in seventh heaven, doesn't mind the midday trip home, and thinks the relaxation that our dining room invokes is infinitely more conducive to large business deals than the corporate dining room had been. I keep hearing innuendoes—which I assiduously ignore—that even when the corporate kitchen is back in operation it might be nice to have some of the lunches at the house still.

My husband, of course, makes no decisions about menu, table settings, wines. Since he is otherwise occupied on decisions of greater magnitude, all is left in the capable hands of Jean Pierre and me. Far from having less to do because I don't need to market or cook, I am doing much more. Large blocks of my time are being used for organizing seating, turning on the dishwasher and the self-cleaning oven, scouting for new table linens, replacing broken crystal, and seeing that the ubiquitous pre-dinner champagne is always on ice. To say nothing of time spent in reviving from just too much food and wine.

Worst of all, I am getting fat. Who has enough character to resist delectable food constantly? Certainly not I. Even when I don't sit at the luncheon table, Jean Pierre always has a special morsel for me in the kitchen and is miffed if I don't come to sample. I tried leaving half of what is on my plate. But heaven knew (I didn't) that I wouldn't have enough discipline for that. Then I tried skipping a course or two. Nothing works. The food is too good. Finally, I have given it all up and decided I should eat. And so I do, day after day, growing fatter, more involved with food (when I swore I wouldn't be), and daily more intoxicated with the subtlety of flavors that Jean Pierre, true artist that he is, parades before us.

Ultimately, the corporate kitchen will be back in operation. The small staff Jean Pierre commands will take their leave, their pots, paring knives, and Cuisinarts and leave me to the solitude of my house and my work. My lunch will once again be a can of diet drink and dinner the consommé my husband should always eat on days he's had a Jean Pierre lunch.

I dream some dreams about that time. One is that I will get thinner again. Another—a nightmare—is that I will have to go back to the market on a weekly basis and for more than detergent. But above all, I dream that, eventually, I will be hungry enough to indulge my, by now, almost constant yearning for a McDonald's hamburger.

One of Judith Aronson's favorite dinners for eight, prepared by Jean Pierre Augé.

Crab charlotte
Paupiettes of beef
Lima beans in cream and garlic sauce
New potatoes in butter and parsley
Camembert cheese
Peaches Japonaise

Wines:
Burgess 1977 Chardonnay Sonoma
Château Lascombes, 1971

CRAB CHARLOTTE

Mold
10 crab joints, cooked, shelled and trimmed to yield 20 3-to-4-inch-long crab fingers; reserve trimmings
2 pounds shrimp, cooked, deveined, and halved
2 apples, cut in fine dice
½ cup mayonnaise
1 teaspoon dried tarragon
1 envelope unflavored gelatin
5 tablespoons fresh chives, blanched
5 tablespoons pimento in julienne strips
1 quart fish aspic, jellied to syrup consistency

Garnish
8 small fresh artichokes, bottoms cooked until firm, or 1 can artichoke bottoms
8 poached eggs, cooled, drained dry on a paper towel

Sauce Libérale
1½ cups mayonnaise
2 tablespoons tomato paste
1 tablespoon horseradish
4 tablespoons gin
½ cup whipped cream

Mix all ingredients. (Sauce is good with any seafood or fish.)

Fish Aspic
1 tablespoon crushed peppercorns
1 tablespoon dry tarragon
½ cup dry white wine
1 quart plus 1 cup fish stock
4 egg whites
3 envelopes unflavored gelatin
2 tablespoons dry sherry

Mix peppercorns, tarragon, and wine together in saucepan. Reduce until all liquid is gone and only a glaze remains at bottom of pan. Add fish stock, egg whites, and gelatin. Over medium heat, whisk together until mixture begins to boil. Aspic should be clear. Strain through a paper towel and add sherry. (*Note:* If liquid is not clear, add 2 more egg whites, whisk, and strain again.) Cool till syrupy.

To assemble charlotte: Place a 6-inch charlotte mold in bed of ice. With pastry brush, quickly paint bottom and sides of mold with fish aspic to depth of ½ inch. Aspic should jell almost instantly. Arrange crab fingers on bottom and sides of mold, red portion facing inward. Fingers should be in pattern of a spoked wheel. Refrigerate.

Combine shrimp, apple, diced trimmings from crab, mayonnaise (½ cup), 1 teaspoon tarragon, 1 teaspoon chives, gelatin.

Gently place mixture in center of charlotte mold and pat down lightly. Slowly pour some aspic over shrimp salad so that all air pockets are filled and thin layer of aspic covers top. Reserve remaining aspic. Refrigerate charlotte mold for two hours or until set.

Place artichoke bottoms around edge of round platter. In center of each place a poached egg. Add pimento and rest of chives to remaining aspic. Pour thin layer of aspic over artichoke bottoms and eggs. Repeat two or three times to produce high glaze and refrigerate. Chill any remaining aspic in thin layer in flat pan.

To serve: Unmold charlotte in center of round platter, surrounded by artichoke and egg garnish. Cut remaining aspic into small squares and sprinkle around platter. Serve cold with Sauce Libérale, crackers or thin toast.

PAUPIETTES OF BEEF

(Rolled beef stuffed with mushrooms and veal)

Duxelles
½ pound fresh mushrooms
1 shallot
1 tablespoon butter
Salt
Pepper

Veal mousse
1 pound veal cutlet, chilled
2 egg whites
Salt
Pepper
Pinch of cayenne
1 teaspoon paprika
1 cup cream

8 pieces beef filet or New York strip, about 5 ounces each
8 pieces of fresh bacon
4 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon oil
2 shallots
1 cup dry white wine

Optional: Beurre manié (1 tablespoon flour and one tablespoon butter rolled together)

Duxelles: Wash mushrooms. Remove and discard base of stems. With steel blade in food processor, chop mushrooms and one shallot finely. Empty bowl onto a kitchen towel, gather corners to form a bag and squeeze mushroom mixture to extract as much moisture as possible. In skillet, heat 1 tablespoon butter over moderate heat, add mushroom mixture. Cook, stirring, until mushrooms are lightly browned. Season lightly with salt and pepper. Remove from heat, set aside to cool.

(Continued on page 102)

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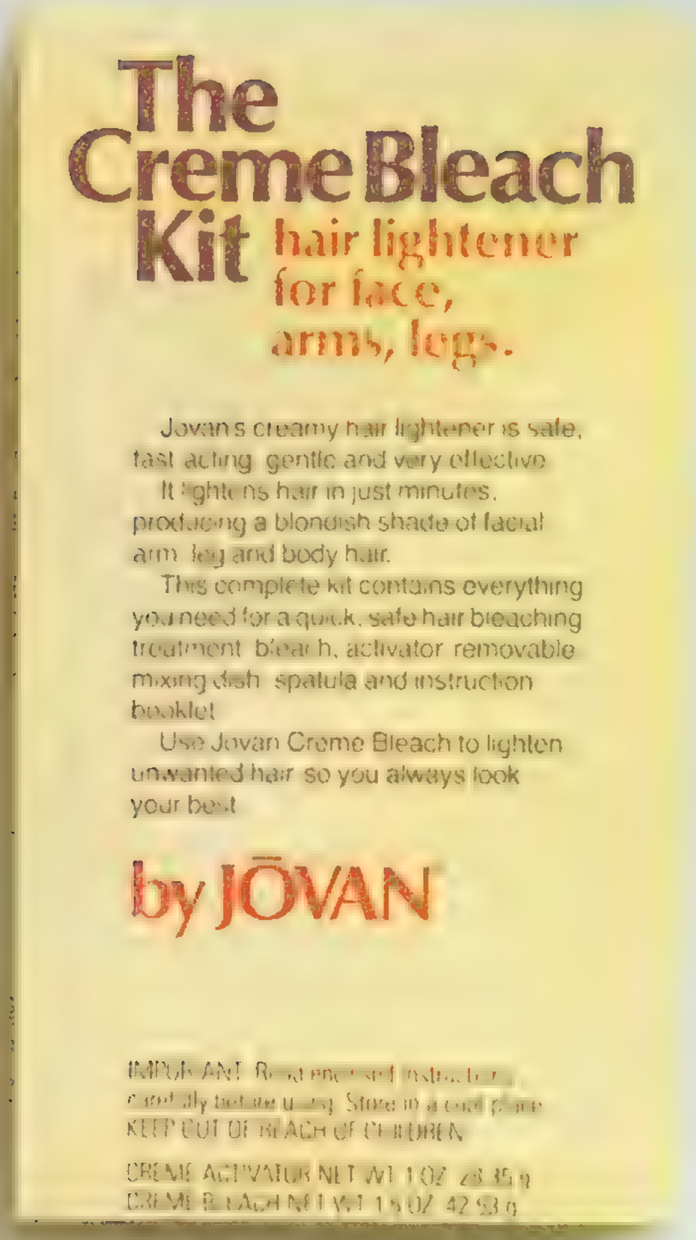
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HAUTE CUISINE

(Continued from page 100)

Veal Mousse: In processor bowl, place chilled veal, egg whites, salt, dash of pepper, cayenne, and paprika. Process until smooth by turning motor on and off. Refrigerate *in processor bowl* until very cold, otherwise cream will not blend. With processor running, slowly add cream through funnel. Add duxelles but *do not purée.*

To assemble: Pound beef filets flat as for scallopini. Spread each piece with a half inch of veal mousse. Roll each *paupiette* into tube shape and tuck corners in to form a secure envelope so mousse will not leak from corners. Wrap each *paupiette* with bacon strip and tie securely with string.

Heat 2 tablespoons butter and the oil in sauté pan (preferably Teflon-lined). Carefully place *paupiettes* in butter and oil and cook only until lightly browned, turning once.

Place in preheated 350° oven for 20 minutes, basting often. Before removing from oven check to be certain centers are hot by inserting a needle into a *paupiette.* If needle is hot when withdrawn, *paupiette* is ready. Remove to serving platter and keep hot.

Remove and strain fat in finest mesh strainer (*chinois*). In same pan, sauté two chopped shallots until golden. Add wine and reduce by half. Add strained juice from *paupiette.* Should be 1½ cups of sauce. If desired, adjust thickness with beurre manié, added by small pieces. Strain the sauce and, off heat, add two tablespoons butter.

To serve: Remove string and bacon from *paupiettes.* Pour sauce over meat. If desired, garnish platter with small braised hearts of celery, asparagus, and new potatoes dressed with butter and parsley.

LIMA BEANS IN CREAM AND GARLIC SAUCE

3 pieces of fresh, peeled garlic
4 tablespoons cream
1½ pounds baby lima beans

Cook garlic in ½ cup water. Drain. Purée with cream.

Parboil lima beans until they are firm, not mushy. Toss with garlic cream and serve immediately.

PEACHES JAPONAISE

2½ cups sugar
Zest of 2 oranges
Vanilla bean
1 baba, homemade or store-bought, prepared in the traditional way but cooked in a *génoise* mold or a layer-cake pan. (Sponge cake can be substituted for baba.)
1 cup rum
½ to ¾ cup apricot preserves
8 large ripe peaches peeled, halved, pitted
Tea ice cream (recipe follows)
½ cup crystallized ginger, chopped

Combine 10 cups water, 2 cups sugar, orange zest, and vanilla bean. Bring to boil. Reduce heat and simmer 10 minutes. Remove vanilla bean. Place baba on a round pastry rack suspended over a saucepan. Pour syrup over cake allowing excess to drop into pan. Invert a *heat-proof bowl* over cake and place pan and covered cake over heat so sauce can boil. Steam cake for five minutes. Cool. Remove cake to center of round platter. Cake should be moist and spongy. Sprinkle with 2 tablespoons rum and brush lightly with apricot preserves.

Soak, don't cook, peeled peaches in syrup of ½ cup rum, ½ cup sugar, and ½ cup water for 1 or 2 hours. Make large ball of tea ice cream and place between two halves of each peach. Place filled peaches on top of baba. Make a syrup of crystallized ginger, ½ cup apricot preserves (or ½ cup ginger preserves or guava jelly), and ⅓ cup rum. Dilute with water if too thick. At the last minute pour the syrup over the assembled cake. Serve at once.

Tea ice cream
3 cups milk
1 cup very strong tea made from several varieties of tea
10 egg yolks
1¼ cups sugar

Bring milk to boil. Meanwhile prepare the tea infusion using two or three varieties of tea to enhance flavor. Mix egg yolks and sugar and beat on high speed in the mixer for 5 minutes. Add boiling milk. Return mixture to saucepan, and poach gently until the cream coats a wooden spoon. DO NOT BOIL. Strain in finest mesh strainer (*chinois*) and cool. Add tea and cream. Freeze in ice-cream maker. Place in freezer when done. ▽

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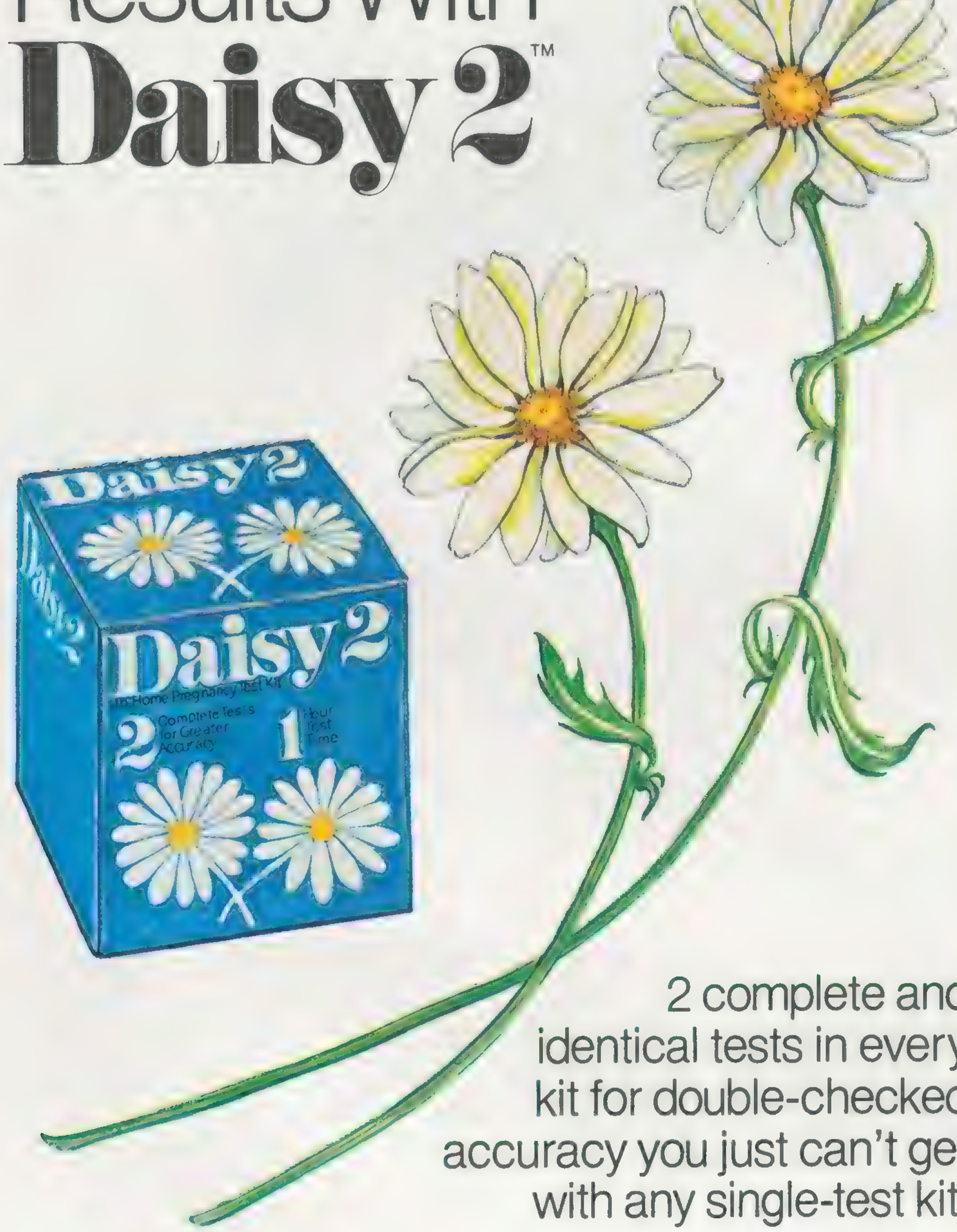

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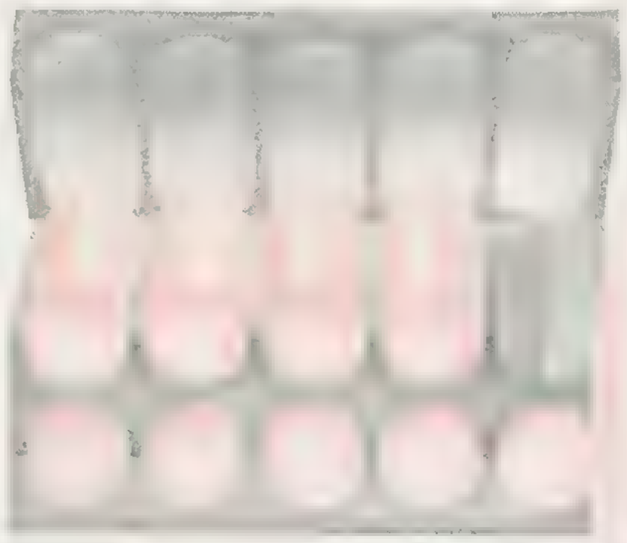

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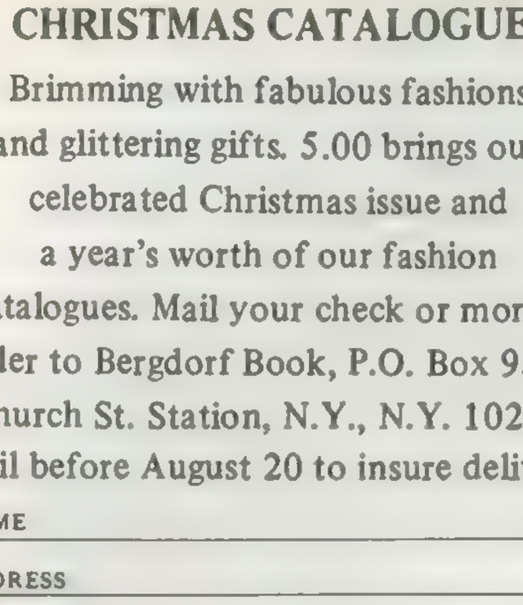

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New developments in electronics and communications will "revolutionize" the quality of our lives, according to Edward Cornish, editor of "The Futurist," who spoke at a symposium sponsored by the Fragrance Foundation. It's happening already, with a new video-cassette game plan for fitness: Mattel Electronics' Intellivision is a TV computer to use at home. First time, it asks your name and physical statistics, puts you through a fitness test to evaluate your condition, then devises an exercise regimen for you, revised daily—developed by Jack LaLanne, who paces your workout. Late this summer at Macy's, Marshall Field, The Broadway. More info: Mattel Electronics, 5150 Rosecrans Ave., Hawthorne CA 90250. . . . The other half of fitness: a sensible diet. Now there's a module to fit a Craig calculator for an instant "read" on any food's calorie content, nutritional value.

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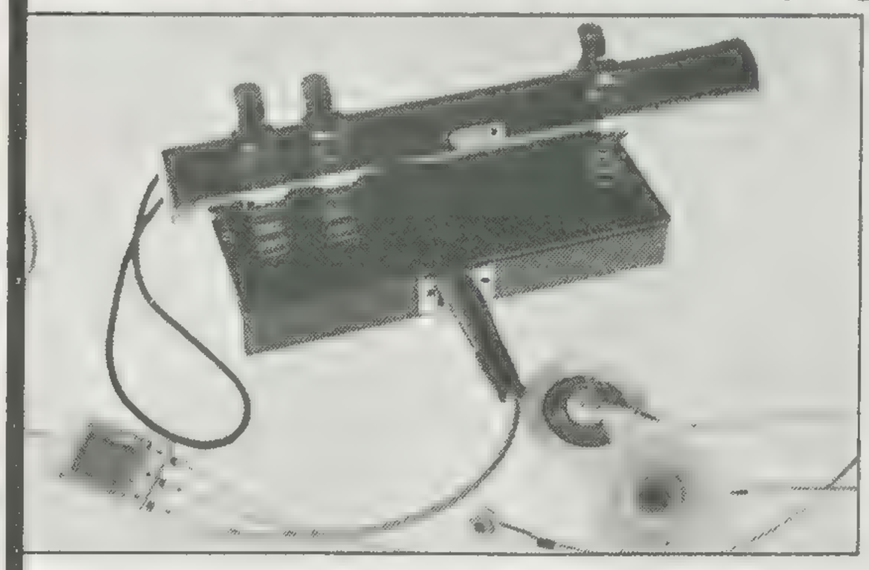

The most well-informed way to go about getting fit has to do with working within your limits. One reliable index of exertion is your heart rate. For precise measurement: Tunturi-Pulser—the size of a calculator, with electrodes that hook up to most exercise equipment (e.g., a stationary bike). . . . And the Insta Pulse heart-rate monitor—fast, accurate, gives you a beat-by-beat measure. To order, call: (800) 824-7888.

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If your only access to wide-open spaces is a wide-open window in a city apartment, you need a well-thought-out regimen that makes exercise as enjoyable indoors as it is outdoors. One formula: preprogrammed cassettes to put you through the same paces at home as those at an exercise class. This is the idea behind the Exercise Club, designed by Margo Reiniger, director of technique at the Nickolaus exercise studios in New York and Philadelphia, "for people who are doing all their exercise at home." The membership package: a book outlining the complete Nickolaus technique and three cassette tapes. Once you've mastered the basics with the book's help, you embark on Program 1, working to a cassette that "gives you the rhythm and guidance you need for a thorough fifteen-minute workout at an introductory level." Then on to Program 2, slightly longer and more rigorous; the third—thirty-five minutes of good all-over conditioning—spend two months or so at each level. $30.50 ppd. Nickolaus Exercise Dept. DM, 509 Fifth Ave., NYC 10017.

Above: Flexatard leotard from Body Design by Gilda.

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TAXES

Joint IRS filing: penalty or plus?

How to know if your marital status is working for you

BY JULIAN BLOCK

Can you keep more of your income out of the clutches of the IRS just by getting married or divorced? It all depends. For one-earner couples, marriage can provide their best tax shelter. But for two-earner couples, marriages can be a tax trap.

Strictly from a tax standpoint, marriage definitely pays off when a couple files jointly and one spouse reports considerably more than the other. Suppose, for instance, that you earn $22,000 and your mate has no income. Assuming you use the standard deduction, your tab as a married person is $3219—a hefty $1298 less than the $4517 that a single person has to pay on exactly the same income. Thanks to our progressive tax rates, the joint-filing break becomes more valuable as your earnings go up. For example, the savings jumps to $1937 if your earnings rise to $30,000.

It's another story, however, when both of you report similar earnings. Then, it can pay to stay single or to get divorced. Assume that you and your mate earn $22,000 apiece. As married persons, you have to reckon with a tax of $11,006—$1972 more than the $9034 due if you simply share quarters without being married.

Here, also, the marriage penalty escalates as the two of you advance up the pay scales. If you each earn $30,000, your tax goes up by an extra $3754 just because you have taken a trip to the altar.

The way the IRS reads the rules, you are married for all of this year even if you wed as late as December 31. Similarly, your status is single for the entire year even if you divorce or legally separate as late as December 31. Thus, December 31 is the deadline for marrying in order to take advantage of joint filing and for divorcing in order to avoid the marriage penalty.

Can a two-paycheck couple use the rates for single persons to lower their taxes if they divorce each December and then, to keep things proper, remarry the following January? Whether that maneuver will withstand an IRS challenge is now being tested in the courts. But in advance of any court decisions, the IRS warns that it will disregard a divorce obtained solely to save taxes and will require the couple to recalculate their taxes as if they stayed married for the entire year. ▽

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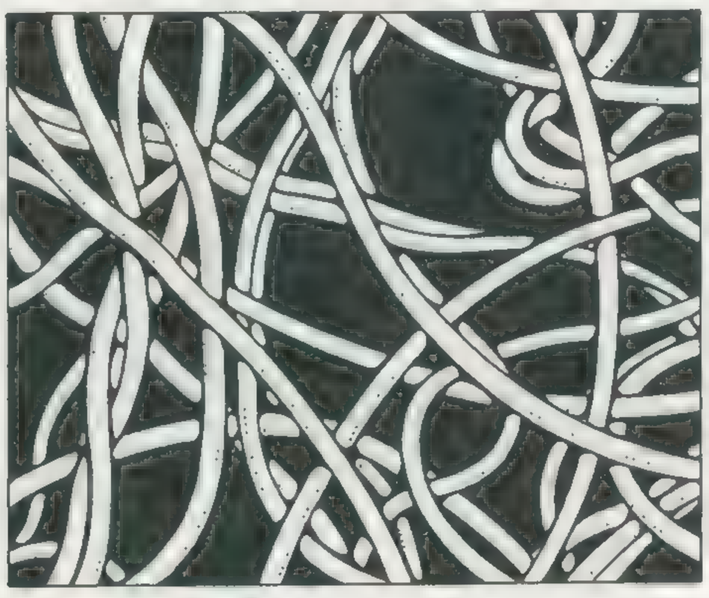

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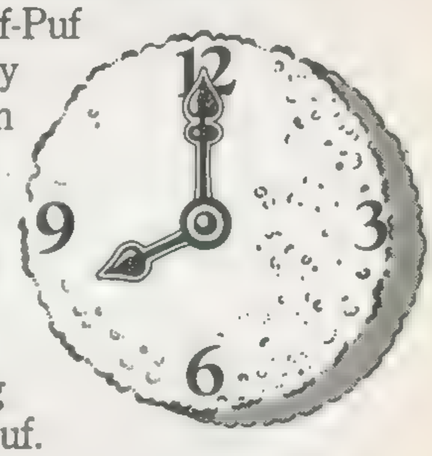

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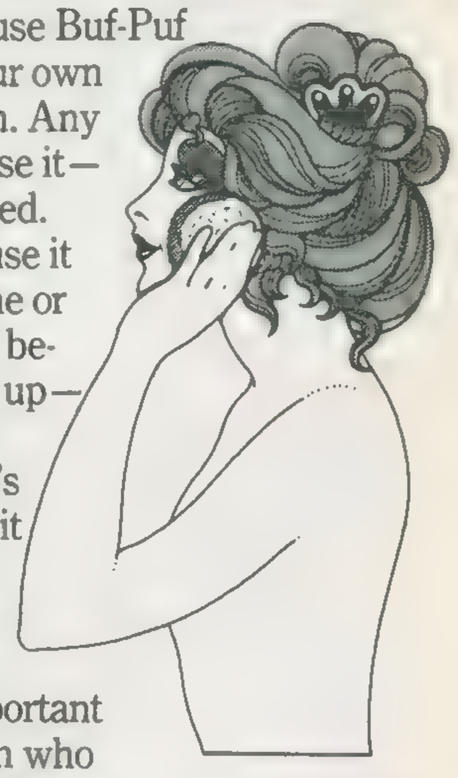

How you use Buf-Puf depends on your own beauty regimen. Any skin type *can* use it—dry, oily, or mixed. Some women use it when they bathe or shower. Others before they make up—and to remove makeup at day's end. Some use it when they're tired and want to feel fresh again. The important thing is: women who have used Buf-Puf wouldn't be without it. It's that effective. And that simple and easy.

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YOUR WELL-BEING

How to change a bad habit for a happier, stress-free life

Instead of frustrating friends, let them help you mend your ways

BY BARBARA LANG STERN

Are you a last-minute-sprint artist? When you have appointments or deadlines, is it normal for you to be rushing and behind schedule? Are you frequently late?

"People who tell me they have trouble being on time always expect me to nod and say solemnly, 'Well, let's see what we can do to change that,'" says Tom Rusk, M.D., associate clinical professor of psychiatry at the University of California, San Diego. "But changing yourself may *not* be the best approach for you." Dr. Rusk's comment is more unexpected if one knows that he and his colleague, Randy Read, M.D., are coauthors of a highly practicable and intimate how-to book called, *I Want To Change, but I Don't Know How* (Blue Pacific Books).

"You may be somebody who tries to cram too many projects in because it's more exciting and satisfying for you to live that way," explains Dr. Read, who is assistant clinical professor of psychiatry at the University. "You may need and thrive on stress; you may want to milk everything you possibly can out of the day, and not give up a thing. People like this tend to be very creative and get a lot done. If they force themselves into a different mold, they often find they're getting bored, resentful, and unhappy."

"There are also people who live so much in what they're doing at that particular moment that they get lost in it and forget to keep track of time," adds Dr. Rusk. "And some of us who are late unconsciously have a magical idea that we can dematerialize and rematerialize at another place. We totally forget things like traffic and think, 'It's only eight blocks, it won't take any time. My appointment isn't until ten, so I'll leave at nine fifty-nine.'

"The one thing you ought to realize is that you have to pay a price for keeping others waiting or living your own frenetic pace and upsetting their sense of calm and control," continues Dr. Rusk. "You have to go through a hell of a lot of extra effort in order to be a very special, valued person to these people because you're not taking care of them in the usual polite, thoughtful, accepted ways. You have to do special things—make the extra phone call, write the poem, buy the present, come up with the brilliant idea—to show them you're worth it and you care about them, because your behavior often convinces them that you don't give a damn. And part of the price you might have to pay is that sometimes you may feel a little lonely."

Suppose you do want to change, modify the stress you put yourself under, be late less often? Drs. Rusk and Read offer a few suggestions you can apply to any habit:

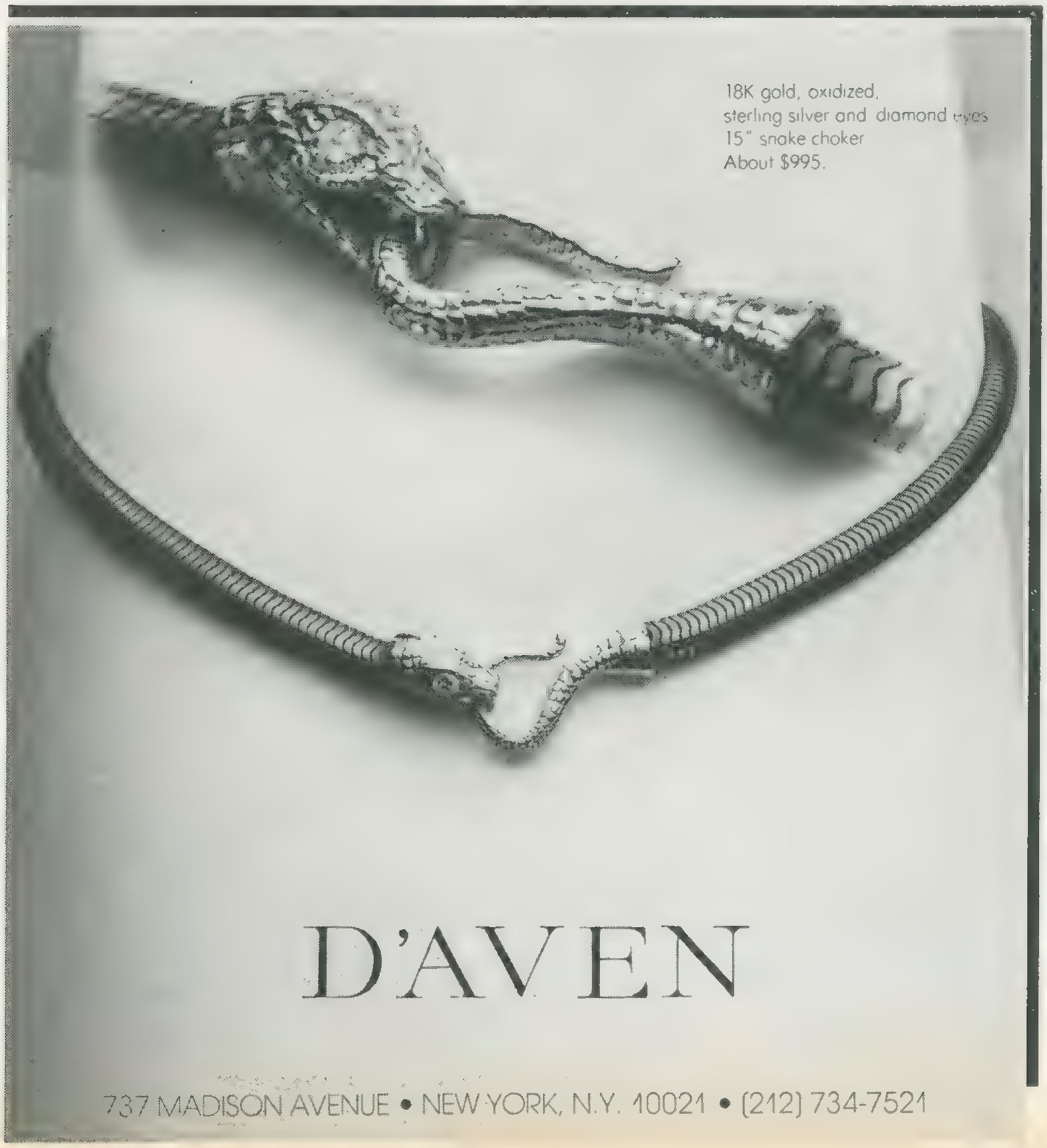
1. Stop putting yourself down for the way you've been and are. It just adds to your problem. For instance, if you get angry with yourself for being late, then you tend to resent the people who are waiting for you because they're the source of your self-criticism, so you unconsciously decide to fix them by being even later! Habits are hard to change. Assume you'll have many relapses and just think of them as wasted trials.

2. Consider how you're *benefiting* from the habit you want to get rid of. "Unless you recognize the benefits and replace them with some other gains, you will be defeated in your attempt to change," write Rusk and Read in their book. For instance, staying hurried and harried may be your way of not leaving time to become anxious or introspective. If you slow down, your gain might involve a decision to come to terms with some of your anxieties. Finally, when you're late for appointments, you don't have to wait for others, wonder whether they're coming, or resent them for keeping *you* waiting. If you stop being late, you'll avoid a lot of guilt and stress, and you won't have to appease those you've kept waiting. Furthermore, you *can* limit how long you choose to wait for others.

3. Face up to the *worst* possible consequence of your new behavior. For example, if you're calm and on time, people may not appreciate your efforts; they may think that whatever you're doing is easy. However, if *you* know it isn't easy, isn't your knowledgeable self-appreciation paramount?

4. Once you decide you want to make a change, start acting like the kind of person who is *always* on time. "The most efficient and powerful way to change is not through insight but through behaving the way you want to be," observe Drs. Rusk and Read. Thus, if you find yourself inevitably late, don't get into the game of frantically trying to catch up. Either cancel something and get back on schedule, or tell someone, "I'm going to be X amount of time late." And always overestimate how late you're going to be.

5. Whenever you even come close to the change you're striving for—when you're *less* late than usual—reward yourself not just verbally but by buying yourself a present. Make those who love you aware of what you're working on and get them to help by rewarding you, too. ▽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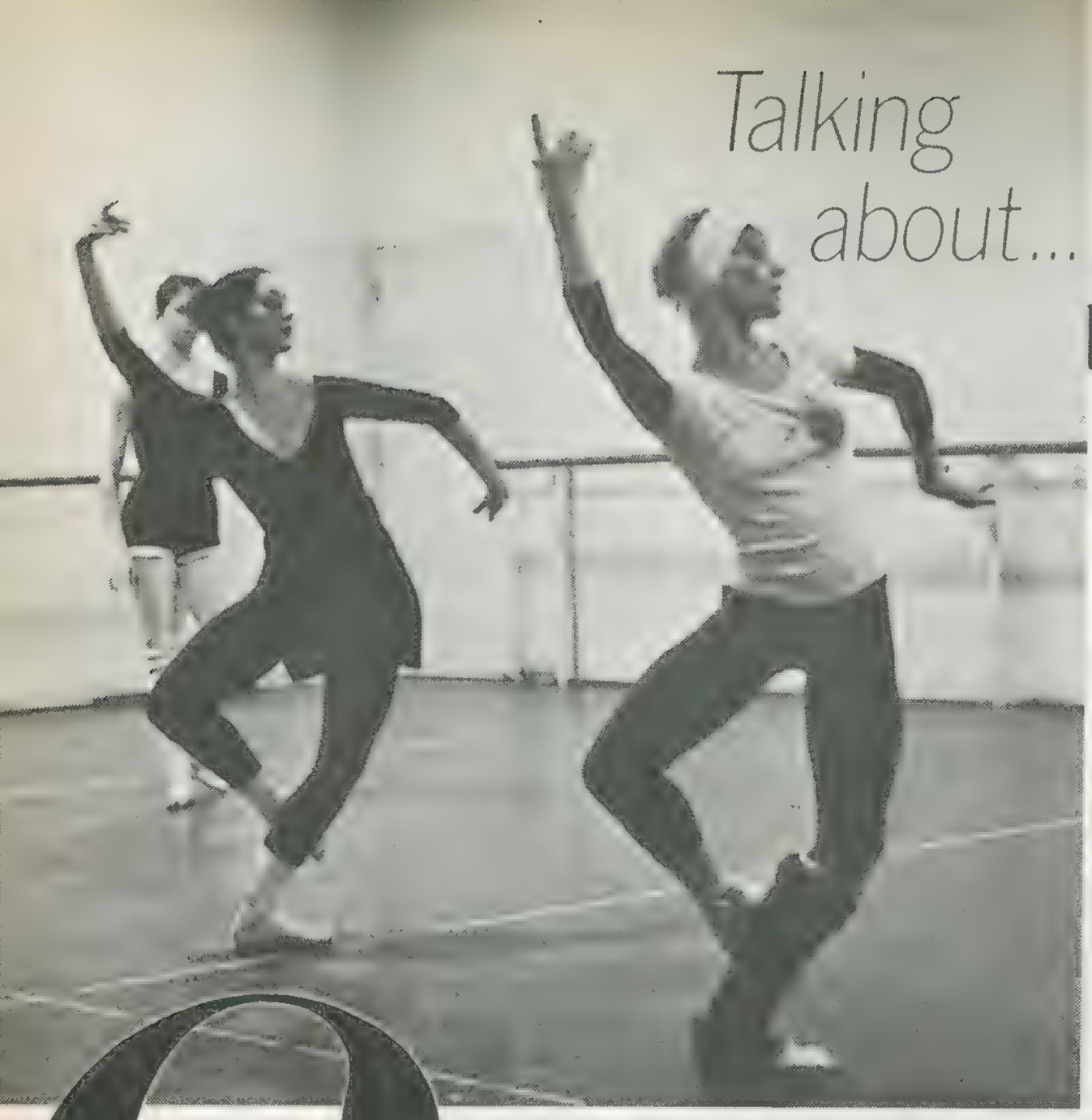
Talking about... Dance

A Russian classic comes for the first time to the West—Natalia Makarova's staging of "La Bayadère"



In rehearsal: Left, Makarova coaching Cynthia Harvey as Gamzatti. Right, dance of the bayadères in Act I

DINA MAKAROVA

.....By Holly Brubach.....

Controversies surrounding the American Ballet Theatre for the past year have proved so distracting as to shift our attention from the real business of dancing to offstage issues. What with the turnover in management (Mikhail Baryshnikov steps in as director this September), the two-month-long labor dispute last fall, and the on-again-off-again resignations of several principal dancers, the real challenge has been in keeping body and soul together. Finally, the ABT has returned to more artistic concerns with Natalia Makarova's staging of the full-length *La Bayadère* this season (through July 12 at New York City's Metropolitan Opera). But even this has not been without its share of contention. There are those American dancers who have outspokenly questioned the wisdom of mounting so costly a production, a nineteenth-century Russian classic, at the expense of new works commissioned from contemporary choreographers. Why invoke the past when the most urgent task at hand is to ensure that ballet as a vital art form has a future?

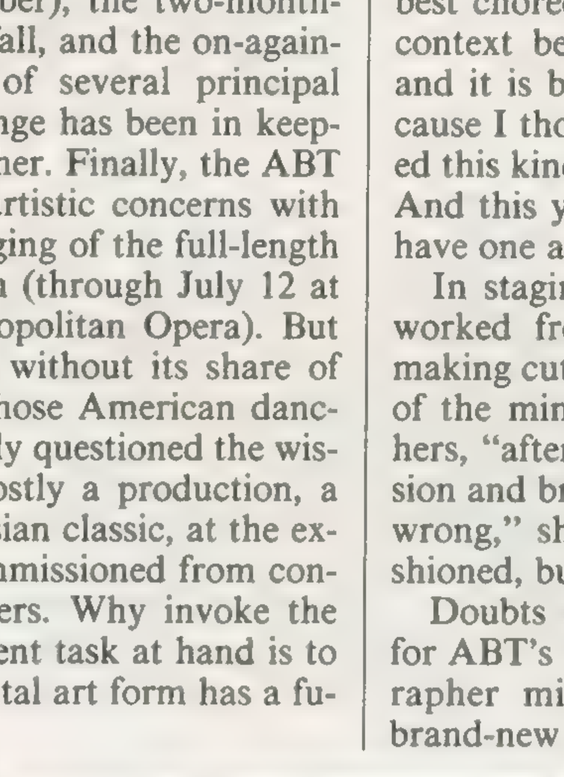
La Bayadère—with choreography by Marius Petipa (who is credited with the classical style which pervades *Swan Lake, The Sleeping Beauty*) and a score by Leon Minkus—was introduced in 1877 at St. Petersburg's Maryinsky Theatre. Since then it has been preserved in the Kirov repertory, but never taken on tour, presumably because the scenery is too big to travel.

"I have loved *La Bayadère* since my school days," Makarova recalls, "when we went all the time to the theater, sitting on the stairs in the gallery and watching the Kirov performances. I was always fascinated by the strong dramatic plot—the religious aspects, the love triangle, eternal problems."

The "white" act in the Kingdom of the Shades, traditionally the last, Makarova mounted on the ABT six years ago. "It is quite abstract, a good example of Petipa's best choreography—it could be taken out of context because it's pure classical dancing, and it is beauty. I staged it at that time because I thought that American dancers needed this kind of training—clean, very classical. And this year I thought, Well, if we already have one act. . . ."

In staging the complete ballet, Makarova worked from memory and a violin score, making cuts in the music and abridging many of the mime passages. The choreography is hers, "after" Petipa. "To take the Kirov version and bring it as it is to America would be wrong," she explains. "Not that it is old-fashioned, but it needs some selectivity."

Doubts as to *La Bayadère*'s worth today for ABT's dancers, when a working choreographer might have custom-made them a brand-new ballet instead, are at least in part based on the mistaken assumption that all ballets are classical and, therefore, that any new work furthers the tradition. The term "classical ballet"—the two words in tandem—has been somewhat indiscriminately applied to anything in pointe shoes, until classicism and ballet have come to many people to seem one and the same. But in dance, as in every other art, classicism is an attitude manifest in many different forms. By the same token, ballet is one of many ways of dancing—sometimes classical, sometimes not.



Costume, left, by Theoni V. Aldredge for bayadère Nikiya

One of the best definitions of classicism on record is surely the philosopher T.E. Hulme's essay in which he contrasts romanticism—with its superlatives, its aspirations to the infinite—with classical restraint, a constant awareness of man's limits—"perfectly human and never exaggerated." Though pointe technique may seem to some people too unnatural to qualify as "perfectly human," it is certainly within the range of a woman's physical capabilities. And even an image as striking as a woman on pointe can take on different meanings in different contexts: In most Romantic ballets—*Giselle* or *La Sylphide*, for example—the woman is poised, yearning, on the brink of flight; she is otherworldly, and pointe technique is her apotheosis. But in classical ballet there is dignity, a sense of decorum in the carriage, and the woman on pointe becomes not the exception to all womankind, but the rule—the universal.

"I have loved 'Bayadère' since my school days. . . ."

Romanticism self-destructs. Classicism is self-perpetuating. Progress is, by definition, a romantic notion. Surely in an era when we put our faith in fitness or success or sex—the way people in the 1920s must have put hopes in aviation—as the means to a better existence, we stand in need of a more level-headed view of life in art.

This new Bayadère, still very much a product of nineteenth-century Russia despite Makarova's revision for a contemporary American cast, is testimony to the classical way of dancing—the possibilities within limits. While both traditions endure, it is the classical, giving voice to reason and order, not the romantic's discontent and longing, that remains constant from one generation to the next. ▽

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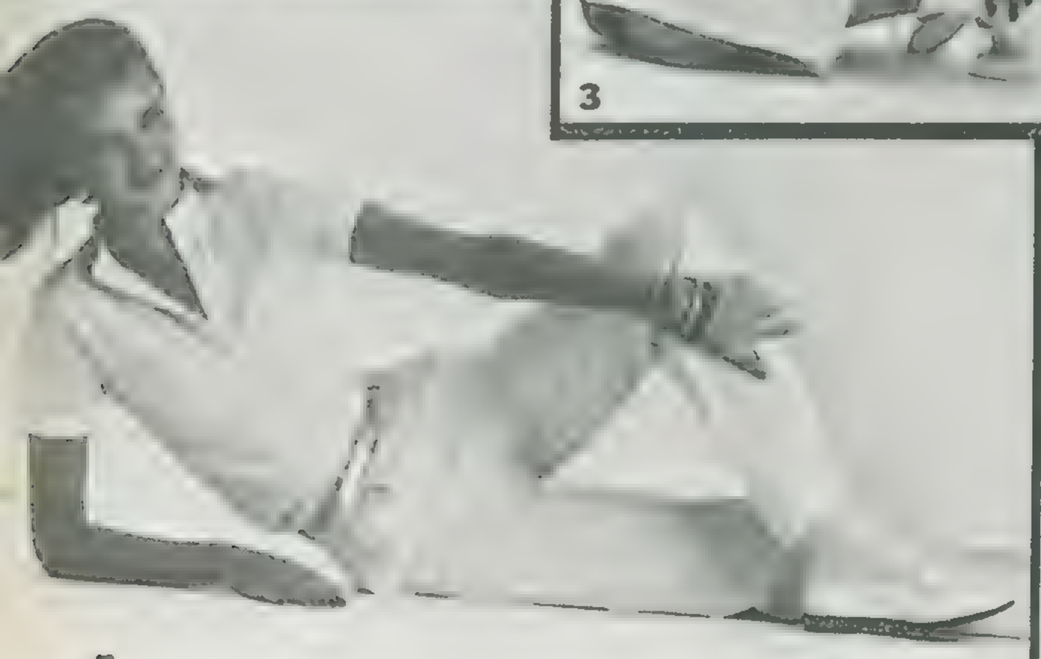
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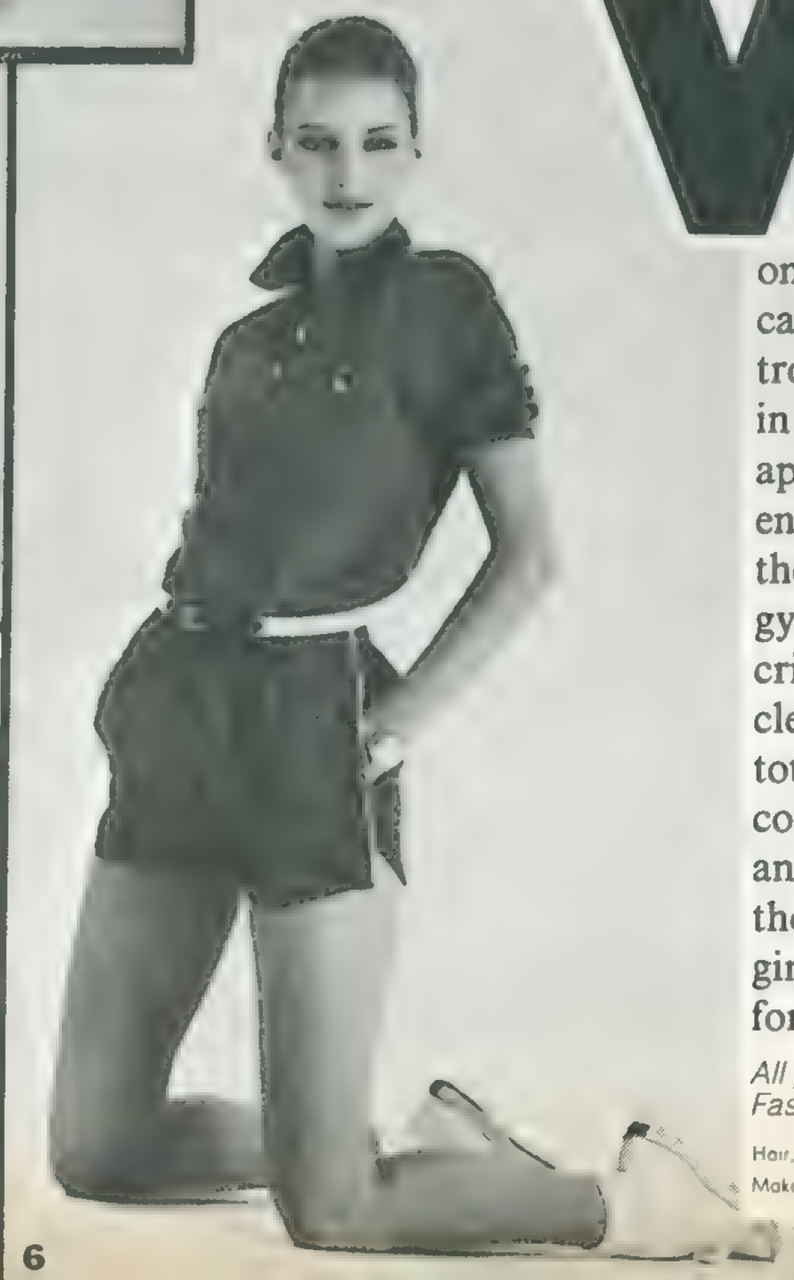
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New: clothes with the ease of active sportswear, "dressed" with great colors, pretty touches—to wear anywhere

Women have been buying up the smallest sizes of men's active-sports clothes for themselves for a long time. Now, one of the men's companies that has caught on—Merona Sport—is introducing their first line for women in boutiques across the country. The appeal: basic, traditional looks, softened with colors that range from the palest to brights with real energy. Touched here and there with crisp white piping . . . otherwise left clean, uncluttered, classic. The sum total: clothes with all the ease you could want for summer (including an easy price) . . . clothes that fill the gap between trousers and jogging pants, a blouse and a T-shirt—for the city as well as the country.

All prices approximate.
Fashion details and stores, next to last pages.

Hair, Alex Hilliard of Xavier
Makeup, Sophie Levy of the Pipino-Buccheri Salon

ANDREA ALBERTS

Merona Sport separates—all cotton, all available in dozens of wonderful colors. 1. "Running pants"—finished with piping ($33) . . . and a classic rugby shirt ($32). 2. A skirt eased with an elasticized waist ($32). 3. A Rugby shirt that grew . . . into the easiest dress ($50). 4. A sport "suit"—warm-up pants ($39) and pouch shirt ($39) with loopy texture. 5. A T-shirt—with Henley collar, the thinnest stripes ($31) . . . and pleated pants ($37). 6. Piped "running shorts" ($20) and a cool mesh polo shirt ($24).

Do people think your older sister looks younger than you do?

That's not an easy question for any woman to face. But it happens. Haven't you mistaken a younger sister for an older sister at least once or twice? Maybe you should take an honest look at your skin before someone else does. Do you look older than you really are?

You probably never thought you'd catch up to a woman who was a few years older than yourself. But unfortunately, maybe you have. Many women around the world share your concern, and many who do also share the secret of a mysterious beauty fluid that helps them look younger. Here in the United States, that secret is known as Oil of Olay®

Oil of Olay is unlike anything you've ever tried before. Because Oil of Olay is so similar to the natural fluids abundant in younger skin. That's one reason why your skin responds so naturally, so quickly. In fact, Oil of Olay starts penetrating instantly, quenching thirsty skin with its precious tropical oil and emollients.

Just smooth Oil of Olay onto your face and throat every morning, every night. This skin-cherishing fluid replaces dryness with smoothness and eases the lines that can tell too much. Soon, even those little laugh lines will be less evident.

Not only will your mirror tell you that the luster and radiance of your skin has returned, but friends and family are likely to notice it, too. They may not say anything right away, but they'll know that something about you looks "different."

And Oil of Olay isn't greasy, so it makes an ideal foundation under makeup. Actually helps keep the finish smooth and even-looking. Oil of Olay gives bare skin such a fresh look, you may want to wear it all alone for a soft, dewy glow.

No woman wants to feel she looks older than she really is. And that's why so many women cherish the secret of Oil of Olay. Why not discover the secret for yourself and start looking like the younger sister you really are.

Oil of Olay. It can help you look younger, too.

Beauty Hints:

To give yourself a silky facial, try this simple but luxurious beauty hint. Draw a hot bath and lavish Oil of Olay® beauty lotion onto your face and throat. The steam of the tub opens pores and makes your skin more receptive to the benefits of Oil of Olay. Soak for thirty minutes and then gently pat skin dry with a soft terry towel.

To prevent your neck and throat from becoming slack and tired, use this simple toning method. Soak a cottonball in lemon juice and briskly smooth it on neck and throat using upward, outward strokes, stimulating the circulation until any sallowness is corrected. Follow with a gentle massage of Oil of Olay.

TravelNow

A Victorian weekend... Spanish art-hop...great days at the races

By Richard Alleman

Belmont Park racetrack—site, on June 7, of the "Belmont Stakes," the prestigious final leg of U.S. racing's Triple Crown—also marks its seventy-fifth birthday this season. To help celebrate: "That Belmont Look," a major visual-arts exhibition devoted to Thoroughbred racing is now at the New-York Historical Society, in Manhattan, through August 31. This loving look at the glamorous and behind-the-stables sides of the New York race scene includes paintings, lithographs, celebrity photos, antiques. The exhibit also documents the "Belmont Stakes" race through posters, programs, photographs, and trophies of past runnings. (Seen *above left*: Affirmed and Alydar neck and neck in 1978 "Belmont."). . . . *More horse-race news:* For the first time, the Executive Boxes at Belmont and Aqueduct can be booked for private race-day luncheons. These Club House-topping, glass-fronted suites were previously reserved only for New York Racing Association officers and their guests. Fee (including limousine to the track, open bar, sitdown meal): $1800 for parties of up to twenty-two persons at Belmont, or of up to thirty at Aqueduct. Contact: Tenth House Enterprises at (212) 737–7536. . . . Meanwhile, in these inflation-soaring times, the excitement of Thoroughbred racing costs less than ever: minimum wagers on every kind of bet at Belmont, Aqueduct, and Saratoga have been lowered to $1!

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY LIVES . . . in Cape May—New Jersey's shore resort boasting the largest concentration of Victorian buildings in America. A good place to experience the city's charms: its oldest hotel, The Chalfonte, *left*, built in 1876. Extra special: The Chalfonte's Victorian Weekend (July 11–13)—with lectures, city tours, seven-course gala dinner. Rates—including most meals—from $125 per person sharing a double room without bath. Call: (609) 884-8409.

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In Hong Kong: nine brand-new Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow II's, *right*, await guests at The Peninsula hotel. Worth over $1 million (the largest R-R order ever placed!), these Brewster-green beauties stand ready for airport-hotel hops, shop tours, high-glamor nights on the town.

Palace pleasures *Vienna bound? Don't miss one of the intimate concerts there at Auersperg Palace, July 2–August 30. On Wednesdays at 7:00 P.M., the music's in the royal gardens—where the audience dines on charcuterie and wine. Price: $19. On Saturdays, Rosenkavalier Hall is the scene of afternoon concerts . . . plus a traditional Viennese "jause" of coffee and pastries; $12.50. Tickets are available from Vienna ticket and travel agencies.*

LIKE NIGHTLIFE? **"Steppin' Out," a new guide to New York City's live music scene, boite-hops Manhattan from the Upper East Side's Café Carlyle (where tuxedoed Bobby Short coos Cole Porter) to Tribeca's funky-punky Mudd Club (where New Wavers sometimes hurl tomatoes at acts they don't dig). By Susanne Weil and Barry Singer, "Steppin' Out" also compiles—150 clubs in all—piano bars, Country/Western joints, cabarets, and more. $6.95, from East Woods Press.**

For enthusiasts of art and architecture: a unique tour of Spain focusing on the country's diverse artistic heritage. Organized by the Aldrich Museum of Art in Connecticut, this nineteen-day visual feast—departing September 22—will take in classic and little-known sights in Madrid, Toledo, Barcelona, Cuenca, Granada, Cordoba, Seville (Seville's Gothic Cathedral, *left*). Price $2103—includes air fare from New York, top hotels, knowing guides, many meals, visits to private collections. Call: (203) 438-4519.

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TRAVEL

San Blas Islands: South-Seas pleasures in the Caribbean

Off Panama: an extraordinary world . . . where coconuts are cash

BY CARLA HUNT

Whoever says that money doesn't grow on trees has not been to the San Blas Islands. This Caribbean domain—just off the coast of Panama—is the exclusive territory of the Cuna Indians, and their currency is coconuts—tons and tons of them harvested from groves of towering palms and traded on the local exchange for sugar, flour, tools, cloth.

San Blas beach scene: thatched Cuna Indian huts, coconut palms, dugout canoes for inter-island shuttling

It is the Cuna people who make visiting the San Blas an extraordinary experience, and it is the ladies of the clan who steal the show. Although the origins of the tribe are vague, its ancient culture—including female control of social and commercial affairs—has remained remarkably intact. The women, dressed in dazzling, colorful costumes, also dominate the landscapes of these tiny islands as they move through the tropical foliage like flocks of bright-feathered birds.

Physically, the San Blas Islands—only some forty out of four hundred are as large as a city block—are near nirvana for anyone looking for a South Seas setting right in our own hemisphere. Washed by blue-to-green-to-turquoise waters, the Islands are also protected by coral reefs that are the dreams of serious scuba divers and snorkelers. And while San Blas beaches have been described as uncrowded, they are really *deserted*.

Island weather is as fresh and balmy as the Panamanian mainland can be hot and muggy—although Panama City is just a half-hour away on a small plane. No San Blas Island is large enough to require a car—or even a road—and what traffic there is moves between Islands on a mass-transit system of *cayucos*—dugout canoes.

Not surprisingly, these island pockets of paradise offer limited accommodations. While part of Panama, the San Blas territory is under the jurisdiction of the Cuna nation, and so far, development of visitor facilities does not seem to be a tribal priority. There are presently just four hotels in the whole archipelago.

If classified on a local scale, deluxe-category stars would go to Moody's Village on Pidertupo Island. The proprietors are an American couple and their idyllic inn is booked months in advance. $100-a-day rates include meals served in the main lodge; boat trips for inter-island sightseeing, fishing, and diving; and transfers to and from a close-by airstrip on the mainland. Moody's Village is the only island hotel providing its guests (never more than fourteen at any one time) with on-the-beach bungalows with private baths and electricity.

On the larger San Blas Island of Porvenir, the more modest Hotel El Porvenir has electricity, some running water, a few private baths, an open-air dining room overlooking the water and main pier, and a small aviary where local birds come to visit those in captivity. On Wichub Wala Island—a half-hour away by dugout—the Posada Anai offers the same two-star amenities as the El Porvenir. Both hotels run around $45 a day with meals.

By dropping to one star, you will find accommodations closer to the local life style at the Hotel San Blas on Nalunega Island. Here, guests stay in native huts, called *bohios*, recently furnished with double beds rather than hammocks, although the latter are also available. Night lighting is by lantern or candle; the outdoor bath is two water containers and a dipper; and the bathroom is at the end of the pier. With meals, the daily rate is $15.

(Continued on page 120)

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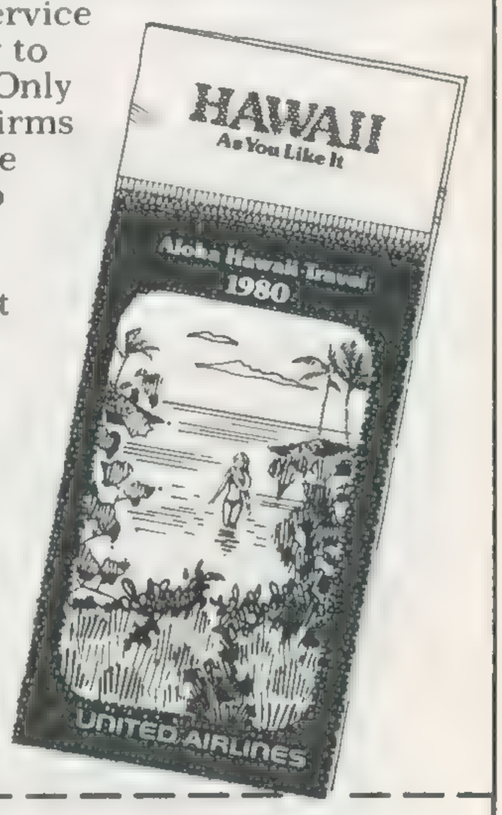

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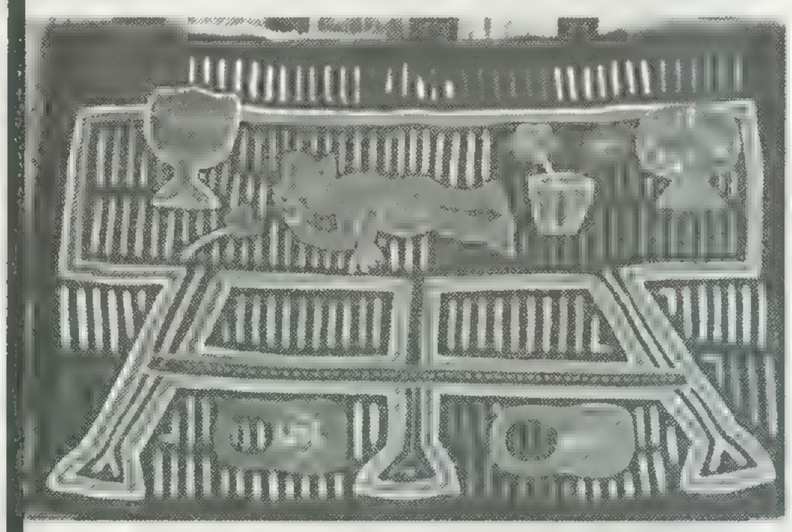
SAN BLAS ISLANDS

(Continued from page 119)

The food at the Hotel San Blas, as at the other Island hotels, is as delicious as only exotic fruits and freshly caught fish can be. On my first night at the Hotel San Blas, one of the guests—an American graduate student studying Cuna reed-pipe music—contributed two lobsters to our dinner from his day of diving. A young Colombian woman with a Ph.D. in American Literature from the University of Minnesota made rum cocktails from fresh coconut juice.

Other diversions at the Hotel San Blas? Owner Luis Burgos will chauffeur guests—and any islanders going his way—in one of his motorized dugouts to exquisite reef-bound lagoons, to sites of sunken shipwrecks, and to villages known for their fine handicrafts. But the San Blas guide of guides is John Mann, an American *hombre* who has



Island art: reverse-appliqué mola cloth, embroidered by Cuna women in the San Blas

lived on this coast for twenty years and who is respected by the Cunas and respectful of their ways of living.

John doesn't have much to say about how a man from Iowa came to be given an island by a people who traditionally have not welcomed foreign settlers. His modest answer is that the tribe permits him to live here because his *tupo* (island) is the only one in the whole archipelago that has any bothersome insects. And this is true. However, nothing bites in John's treetop home, which is fitted with radio equipment for mainland communication, as well as with a compressor supplying air for scientific research teams who often drop up for talk and diving-tank refills.

John's passenger launch, the *Siabibi* (Little Cousin), is built for ferrying day-trip visitors to and around some of the most interesting San Blas Islands. A day on John's launch is a day crammed full of history and folklore. It's also an ideal way to experience firsthand the customs of the Cuna Indians who neither welcome you warmly nor ignore you completely as you wander through their settlements and along their beaches.

And the islands are legally *theirs* under a treaty permitting them home rule through their chiefs and local councils. Theoretically citizens of Panama, the Cunas consider themselves tribal people first, Panamanians second. Every sizable village has a congress hall where daily town meetings are held to resolve local disputes immediately. The people are governed by no body of law, just constant peer pressure. Crimes are not punished, the offender is simply ostracized—a most serious judgment among people to whom belonging to the group is everything.

(Continued on page 121)

VOGUE'S TRAVELOG

Aboard our Christmas/New Year West Indies/Rio cruise sailing roundtrip from Ft. Lauderdale Dec. 13. To Barbados, Devil's Island, Recife and Salvador, Brazil, Antigua, St. Thomas. And Rio in its happiest holiday mood. For all of the merry details, write to: Royal Viking Line, Dept J-78, One Embarcadero Center, San Francisco, California 94111.

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SAN BLAS ISLANDS

(Continued from page 120)

The Cuna clans are held together through the female line. Not only do brides choose their grooms, couples live with *her* parents—often her grandparents, as well—in one big *bohio*. These thatched-roof homes with walls of bamboo poles are also centers for the Cunas' famous cottage industry: *mola* making—a wonderfully decorative textile craft that blends primitive designs and sophisticated reverse-appliqué embroidery techniques.

As you approach any large Cuna village compound, dozens of *molas* are rushed out and hastily tacked all over the fronts of huts, creating an instant arcade of cotton-cloth fantasy. But you see samples of *mola* art everywhere in the San Blas, moving about on the front and back panels of the women's everyday dresses. You soon find that the women's faces—with similar flat features, makeup markings, and gold nose rings, all framed by straight, black, blunt-cut hair—become the accessory, while their *mola* blouses are their primary identity.

What elevates the craft of *mola* making to an art are the intricate designs that the Cunas produce, their subjects both fanciful and bizarre, their symbolism often incomprehensible. Stylized birds, fish, and beasts romp on common ground with devils and angels; pagan images carry Christian crosses; labels and advertising trademarks turn into exotic logos.

It takes about two days in the San Blas to learn to separate the good *molas* from the mediocre; and, if you stay a week, you'll quickly recognize the great ones. However, a Cuna woman who spends at least fifty hours sewing a fine *mola* square also knows its worth. You'll probably get lots of advice from other foreigners about how to bargain with the Cuna women . . . and here's more: don't bother. Just know what you want to pay, not how you would like to negotiate.

My prize from a recent San Blas trip is a blouse with the front panel picturing delegates Hay of the United States and Bunau-Varilla of Panama signing the original Canal Treaty in 1903. Looking on from around the border are many frowning Panamanian faces. On the back panel, a ballot box is pictured stuffed with "yes" votes for the recent treaty to return the Canal and happy voters are seen going to the polls. I joyfully paid $50 (prices are ascertained by finger count) for this folk-art masterpiece.

Most Cuna women have between five and thirty *mola* blouses in their wardrobes. These can be seen hanging, neatly folded and turned inside out, on the rafters of their houses. Like their heavy necklaces of gold, in particular, and their silver and beads as well, elaborate *molas* are a sign of wealth. *Mola* making is also a point of fashion competition among women, especially in the design, color, and workmanship of garments to be worn on ceremonial occasions. These ceremonial blouses will never be for sale, although it is often hard to guess which *molas* are for everyday wear and which are for dress-up.

The dominant *mola* motifs of the San Blas people are the flora, fauna, and sea life of their natural world—a world they believe to be a replica of the heaven to which every tribes-person is guaranteed entry. God, of course, is a Cuna Indian living on his own San Blas Island in the sky. ▽

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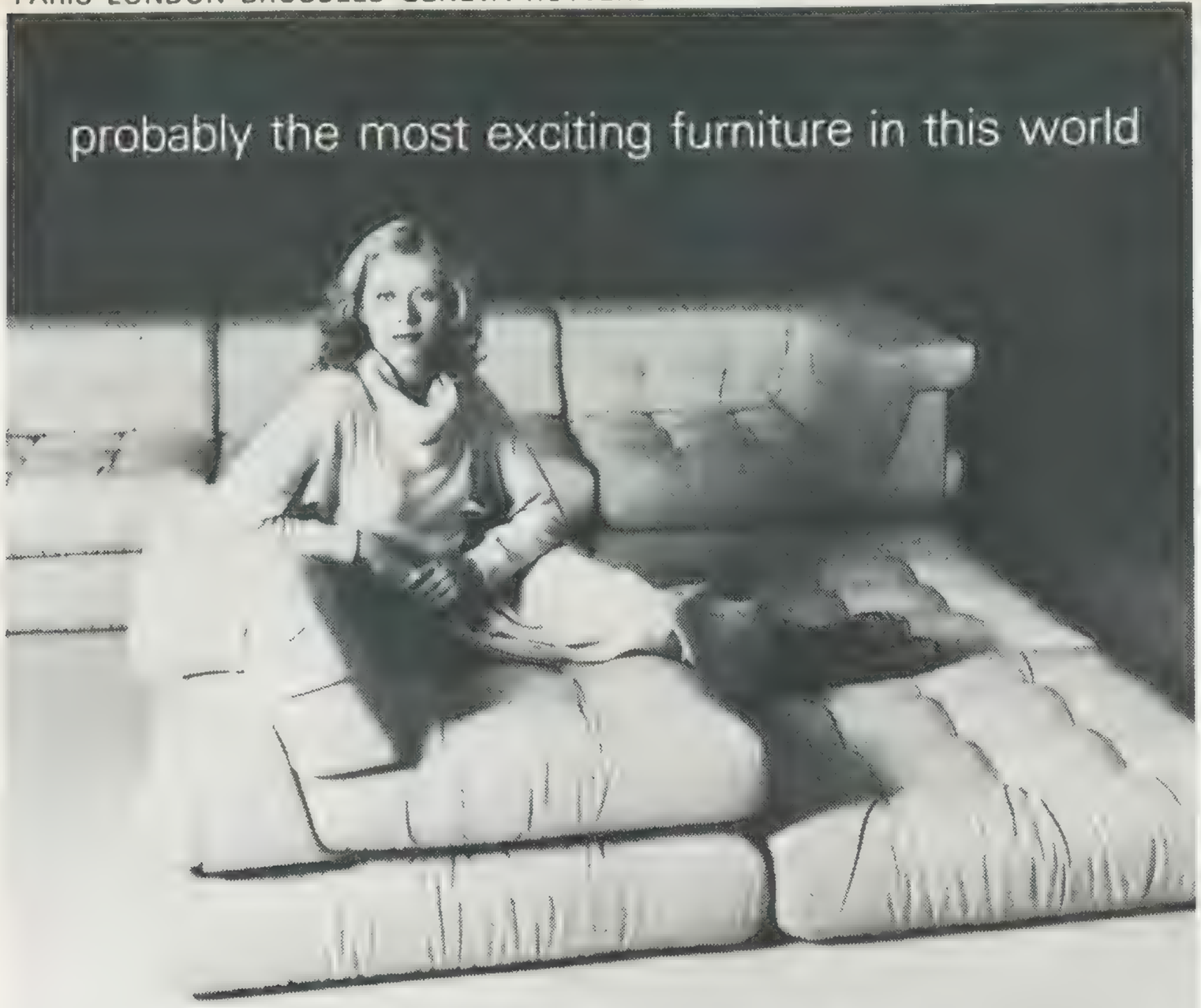

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TRAVEL

Living adventurously

At sea, climbing, racing fast cars

BY LETICIA KENT

Why do adventurers confront risks? How do they do it? What compels certain intrepid women, in particular, to take chances?

The women risk-takers I've studied—Irene Miller and Margi Rusmore, members of the first expedition of Americans ever to reach the peak of Annapurna I, Clare Francis, British solo sailor who set a women's record for singlehanded transatlantic racing, and Janet Guthrie, racing-car driver—tended to be evasive about both the hazards to themselves and the deaths of their fellow adventurers, but sure that life without adventure (and risk) would be unacceptable to them. Perhaps physical courage necessitates a certain suspension of the imagination as to danger if one is not to become immobilized, but this apparent detachment is disconcerting to an observer.

"Most of us didn't deal with it," Irene

"Life without risk: unacceptably grey"

Miller admitted, when queried about the deaths of two of her climbing companions.

"I think that driving is probably as dangerous as climbing," Margi Rusmore said. "I've had friends killed climbing and I've had friends killed in car accidents. The latter is harder to accept because it seems so senseless. I can more readily understand a climbing death. When you're trying to extend your limits, you can fail."

Clare Francis takes a more romantic view of the risks "from collision with a ship, an iceberg, or some large jetsam, from illness or accidents, from falling overboard, or from excessively bad weather. . . . An adventure is no adventure without risk," she wrote. "It is that element of uncertainty that provides the extra something—fright when at sea, but a lovely feeling of relief on arrival." For Clare Francis, a life without risk "would be unacceptably grey."

"Racing has a very acceptable level of risk for the return that I get from it," insists Janet Guthrie. "I know of nothing else as challenging or as demanding as racing. No other aspect of civilized life *(Continued on page 127)*

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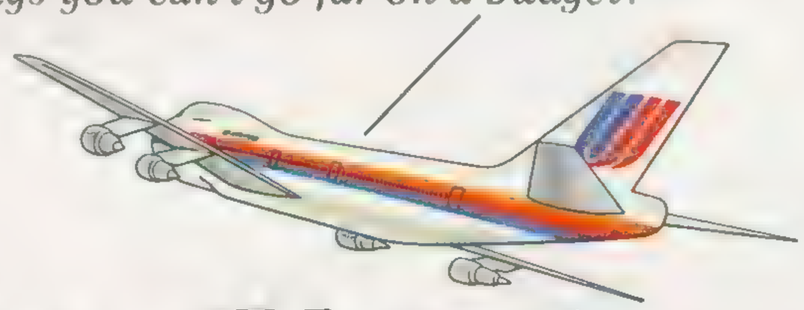

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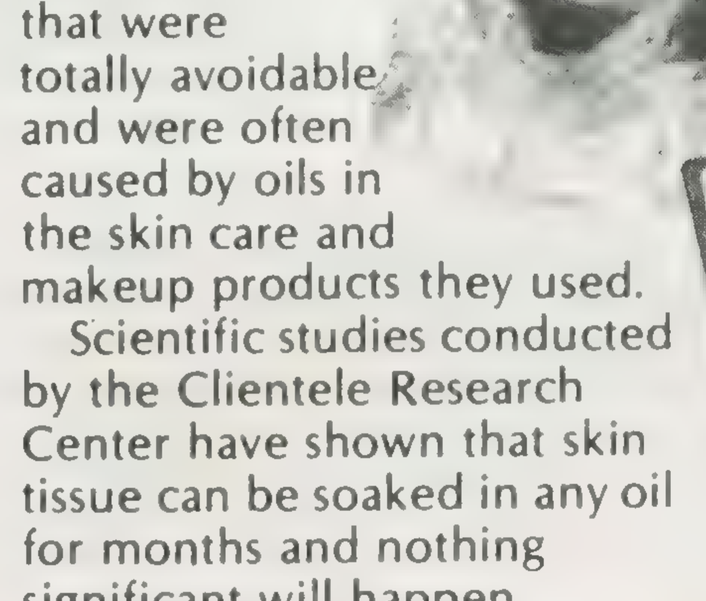

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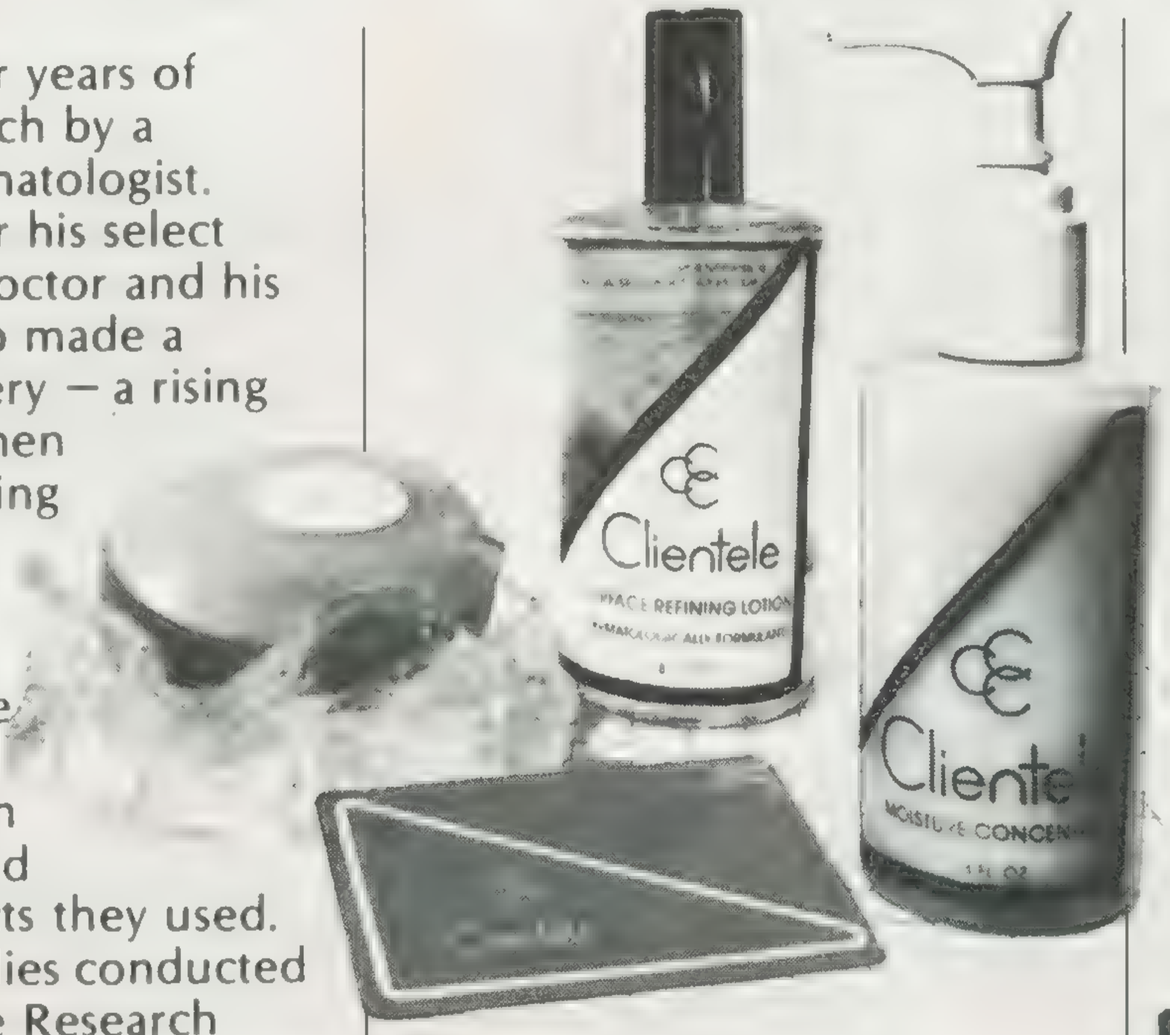

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Queen Elizabeth 2

For once in your life, live.

(Continued from page 122)

even begins to approach it. I'm not simply talking of speed, because speed *per se* does not make racing a sport. Anyone can press down a gas pedal. But not everyone can take a certain car through a certain turn, turn after turn, as fast as that car will go, passing other cars in the process, never letting up for five hundred miles. It takes everything you've got, all of yourself—intellectually, emotionally, physically—and then 10 or 15 percent more, which you somehow have to reach for and find within yourself. Anything that demands that much focus is life-enhancing. It leads to a heightened sense of experience in everything else in life."

And what of the physical pain that often is

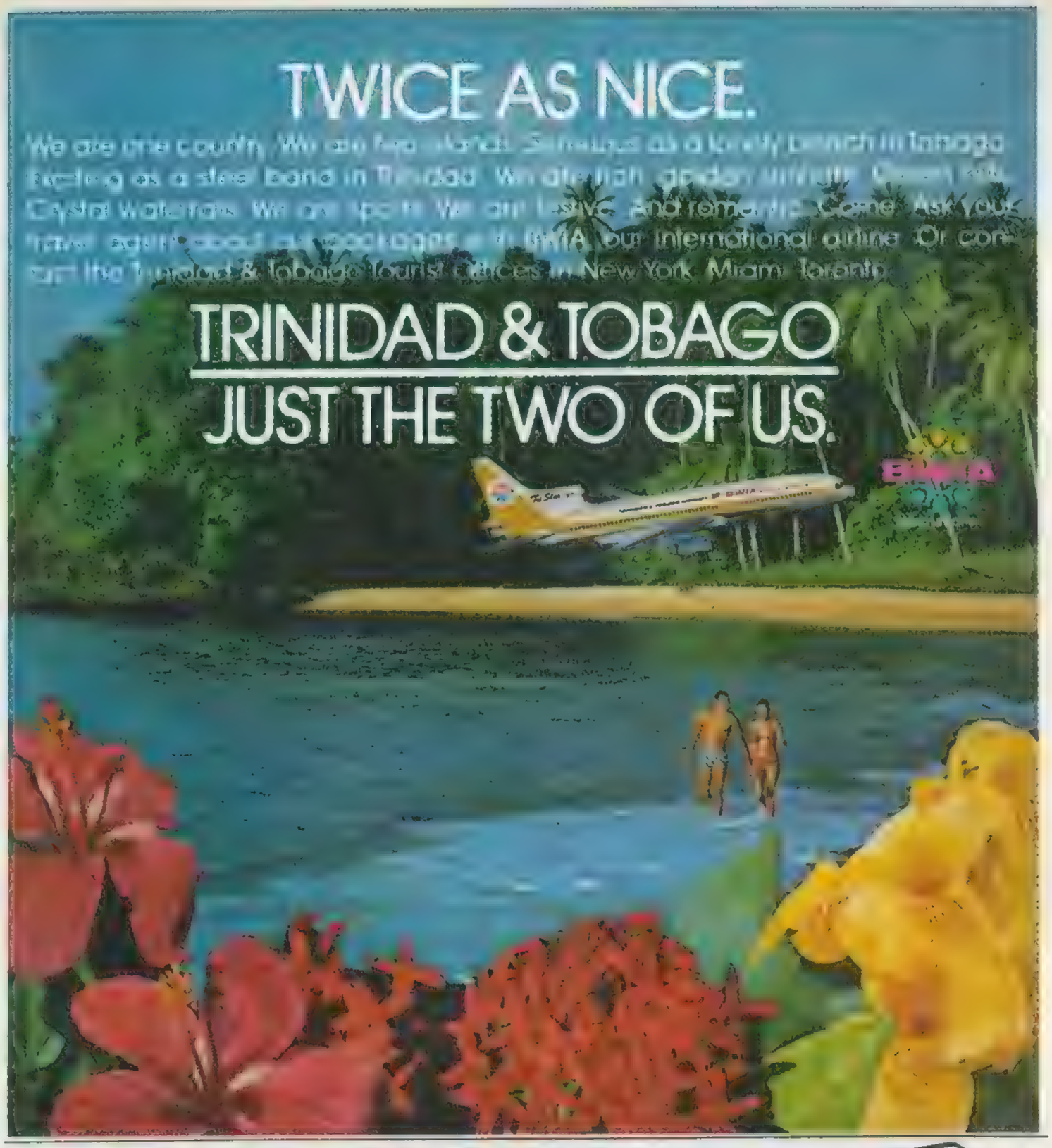
"Believing they have the same options as men"

companion to adventure? What of the sheer misery of, say, Clare Francis' tiredness or Margi Rusmore's frostbite ("it felt as if all the skin on my feet had been smashed by a manhole cover") or Irene Miller's efforts to breathe in the final summit push ("I could feel my brains going")? Margi Rusmore tries to explain the uses of pain. She quotes Bill Koch, a U.S. Olympic medalist in cross-country skiing. "If you're not hurting," Koch had said, "you're not going fast enough."

As it happens, three of the four adventurers are physical scientists, but that seems more accidental than significant. What the four have in common are families who brought them up believing they had the same options as men. "I never had the feeling that I couldn't be this or that because I was a girl," said Janet Guthrie. "I was never pressured toward the idea that the only thing was to marry and raise children, that there was no other option. I was allowed to believe I could do . . . anything."

Is there relevance for all women in the exploits of these four? As Luree Miller wrote in *On Top of the World* (Paddington) her book about five dauntless Victorian women adventurers: "It was news in Victorian times, and it still is today, that women have the same range of psychological abilities to cope with dangers and difficulties that men do; that a number of them have impressive physical endurance; that some experience exhilaration testing their limits; and, most unorthodox of all, that women, like men, can simply have fun being adventurers and explorers—self-reliant and sometimes alone."

"High adventure," said Janet Guthrie, "is living. It's aggressive instead of passive living. You don't 'lie back and let it happen' *to* you, *you* exert some influence over your life. And, in so doing, you become more fully human." ▽



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VOGUE'S

View

JUNE '80

Hot weather dressing... how to entertain in style...a collecting couple

Edited by June Weir

coral: the new direction for summer

It's the new neutral. It's the new body color for summer. Women also realize coral is wonderful around the face. It's the color of the season for lingerie, makeup

Suddenly! One of the most flattering colors emerging for summer is coral. It's the news in Rome's jewelry shops on the Via Condotti. It's a flattering color for summer makeup. Lingerie designers see it as the most feminine color with a suntan. **Jean Muir** has her London salon painted coral. **Roberta di Camerino** likes to wear two strands of coral beads.

Here are ways other experts see the coral wave: **Tiffany's jewelry designer Angela Cummings** says, "Some stones are night stones, such as rubies. Others are day stones. That's coral. Sunshine does something very beautiful to coral." **Interior designer Mario Buatta** believes, "Coral is a happy color, especially in grey cities. It makes everything glow." **Makeup expert George Newell** thinks, "Coral is modern. It mixes well with suntans and sun colors. It's really beautiful for blonds." **Mädderlake,** one of New York's best flower shops, finds, "People love coral flowers—tulips, Gerbera daisies, lilies, amaryllis. It's a color that looks good in homes."

("View" continued on page 131)

ANDREA BLANCH

SEAN EAGER

ANGELA CUMMINGS OF TIFFANY FINDS THE BEST CORAL TODAY COMES FROM TAIWAN. ABOVE: HER CORAL JEWELRY IN VARIOUS SIZES AND TEXTURES. LEFT: SEA SPARKLE CORAL COLORS BY CLINIQUE—MAKEUP EXPERT GEORGE NEWELL'S WAY OF SHOWING-OFF LIPS AND NAILS. BELOW: A SUMMER TABLE SETTING WITH CORAL LINENS, A VARIETY OF CORAL FLOWERS.

KAREN RADKAI

JADE ALBERT

DELICATE LACE-TRIMMED CORAL BRA AND BIKINI FROM MAIDENFORM, ABOVE. LEFT: A CIRCULAR STAIRCASE ACCENTS THE CORAL ENTRANCE OF MARIO BUATTA'S NEW YORK HOME.

ESTHER LARSEN

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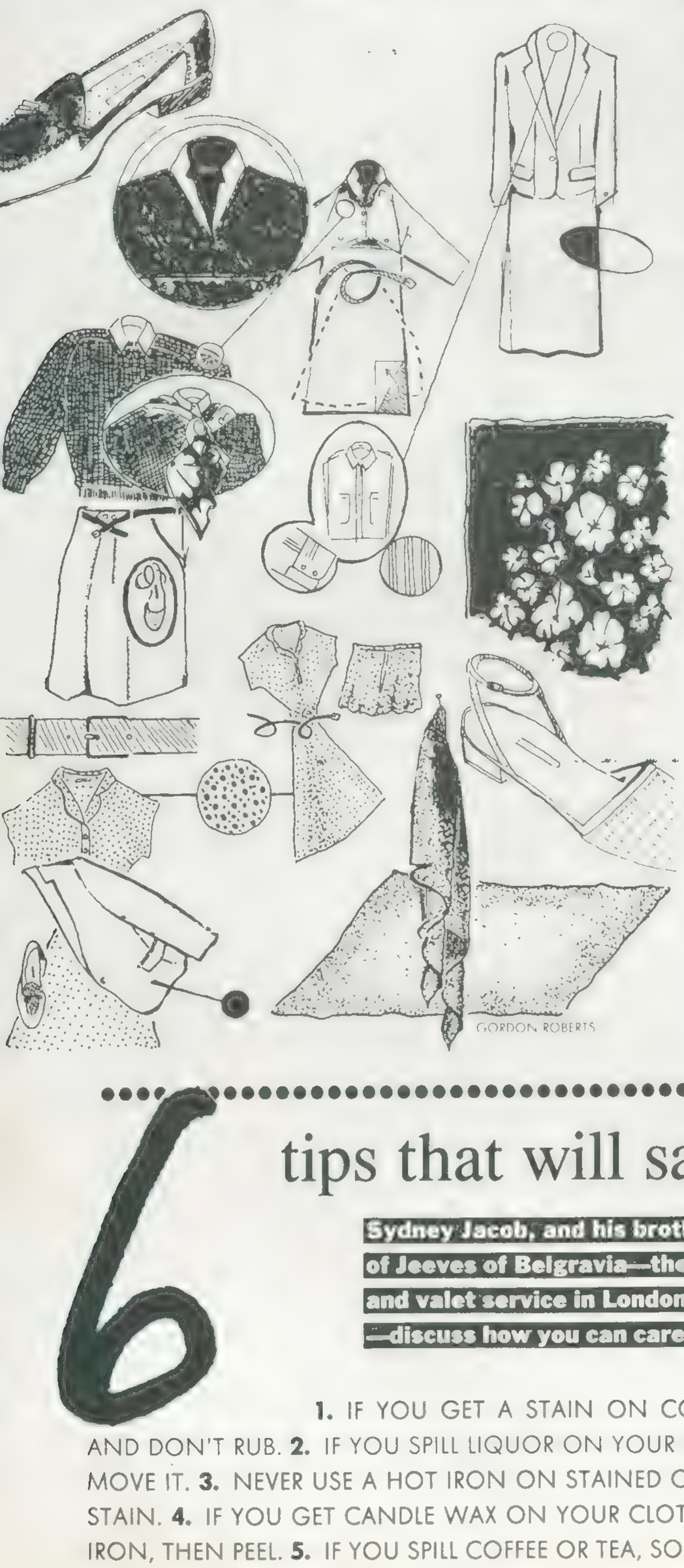
VOGUE'S

View

Continued

Checklist: summer essentials

Madison Avenue's Piero De Monzi believes classic clothes never go out of style—here's his summer checklist



Classical De Monzi, a thirty-six-year-old Roman—whose shops in London and New York have Lauren Bacall, Lee Radziwill, and Candice Bergen as customers—plans a summer wardrobe starting with five easy pieces in navy and white. The basics: a one-button linen suit, a cotton tent dress, a pair of linen shorts, a V-neckline sweater, and a printed silk dress. The key: keep everything in two colors. De Monzi picks navy and white for his summer classics. He adds updated accessories. His theory: "The classic look can last forever, provided it is worn with the right accessories, which look today."

Instant updates—the accessories to go with the five-piece navy-and-white summer wardrobe. On your feet: easy-to-wear navy-and-white moccasins and white low-heeled sandals. Two big scarves—one dotted chiffon, the other flower-printed cotton-voile—great cover-ups. White cotton-voile shirt and tailored navy belt. The print dress comes with matching shorts and the one-button jacket looks great over each separate piece.

6 tips that will save you money

Sydney Jacob, and his brother Ronald, executives of Jeeves of Belgravia—the hand-finished dry cleaning and valet service in London and New York—discuss how you can care for your clothes

1. IF YOU GET A STAIN ON COTTON, NEVER USE HOT WATER AND DON'T RUB. **2.** IF YOU SPILL LIQUOR ON YOUR CLOTHES, USE CLUB SODA TO REMOVE IT. **3.** NEVER USE A HOT IRON ON STAINED CLOTHES—THE HEAT WILL SET THE STAIN. **4.** IF YOU GET CANDLE WAX ON YOUR CLOTHES, PUT BROWN PAPER OVER IT, IRON, THEN PEEL. **5.** IF YOU SPILL COFFEE OR TEA, SOAK THE CLOTHES IN COLD WATER BEFORE WASHING. **6.** WHEN YOU CLEAN A TWO-PIECE OUTFIT, ALWAYS DO THE TWO PIECES AT THE SAME TIME—OTHERWISE, YOU'LL GET A DIFFERENT COLORING.

("View" continued on page 132)

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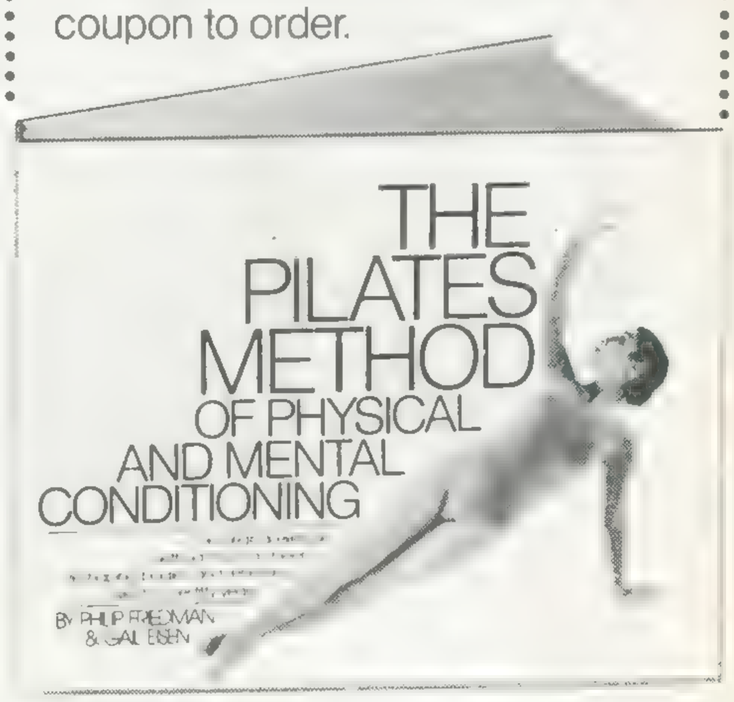

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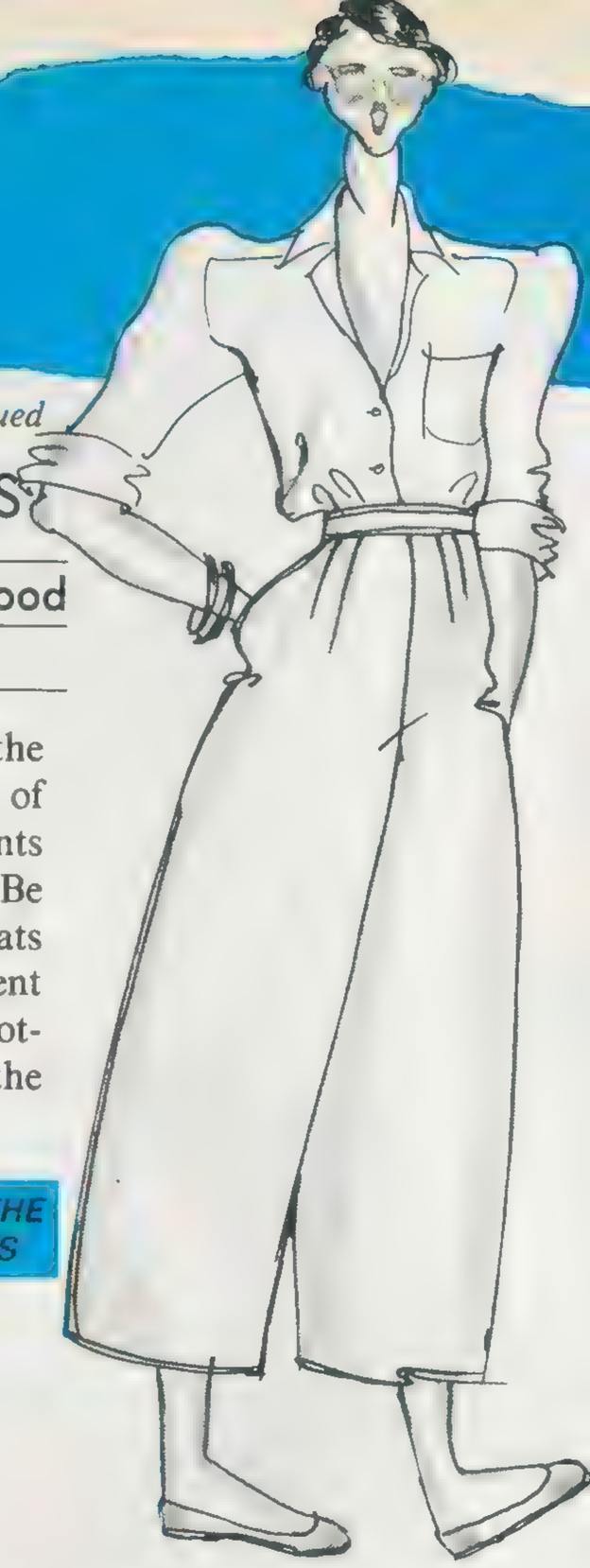
VOGUE'S *View*

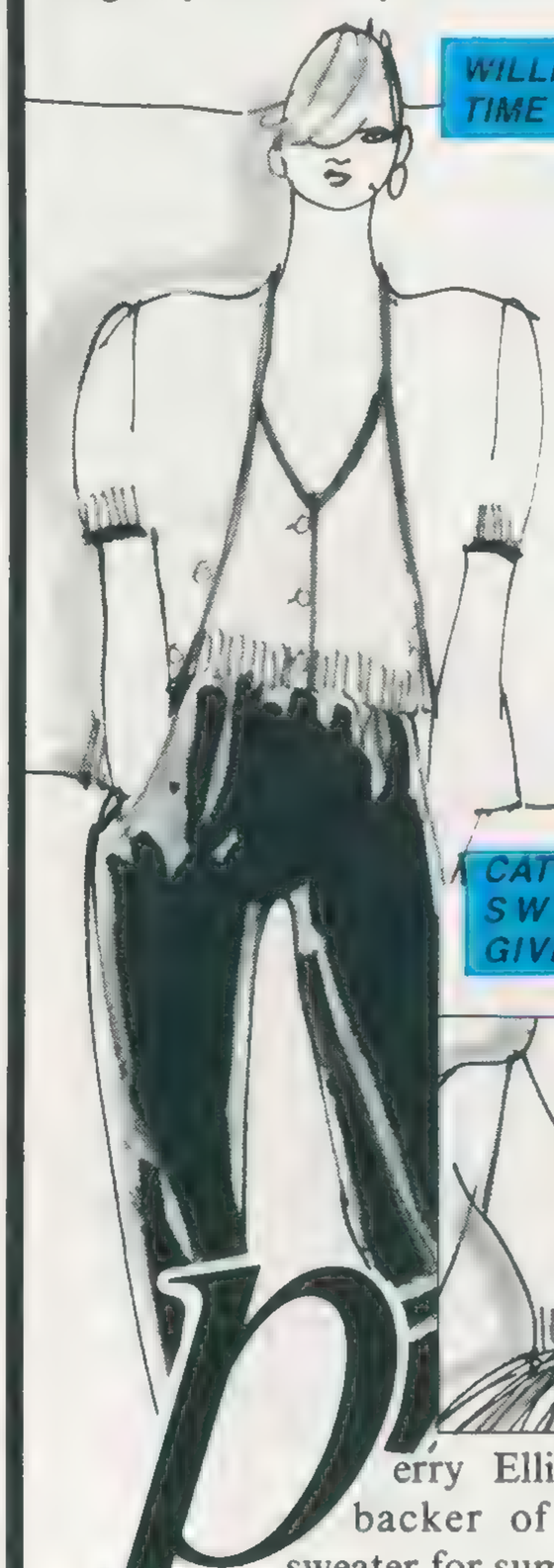


Continued

Great summer finds

Hot-weather dressing—when the mood of the moment is sporty and softer

Summer is the time for a woman to try the above-the-ankle pants," says Willi Smith of Willi Wear. He's talking about wider-cut pants that end an inch or two above the ankle. Be sure to team these pants with closed-toe flats or ballet slippers. As Willi sees it, "Experiment with the new length in summer—when you pay less for cotton broadcloth pants. (His are $40.) Then, if you like the length, you can buy a similar style in wool for fall."



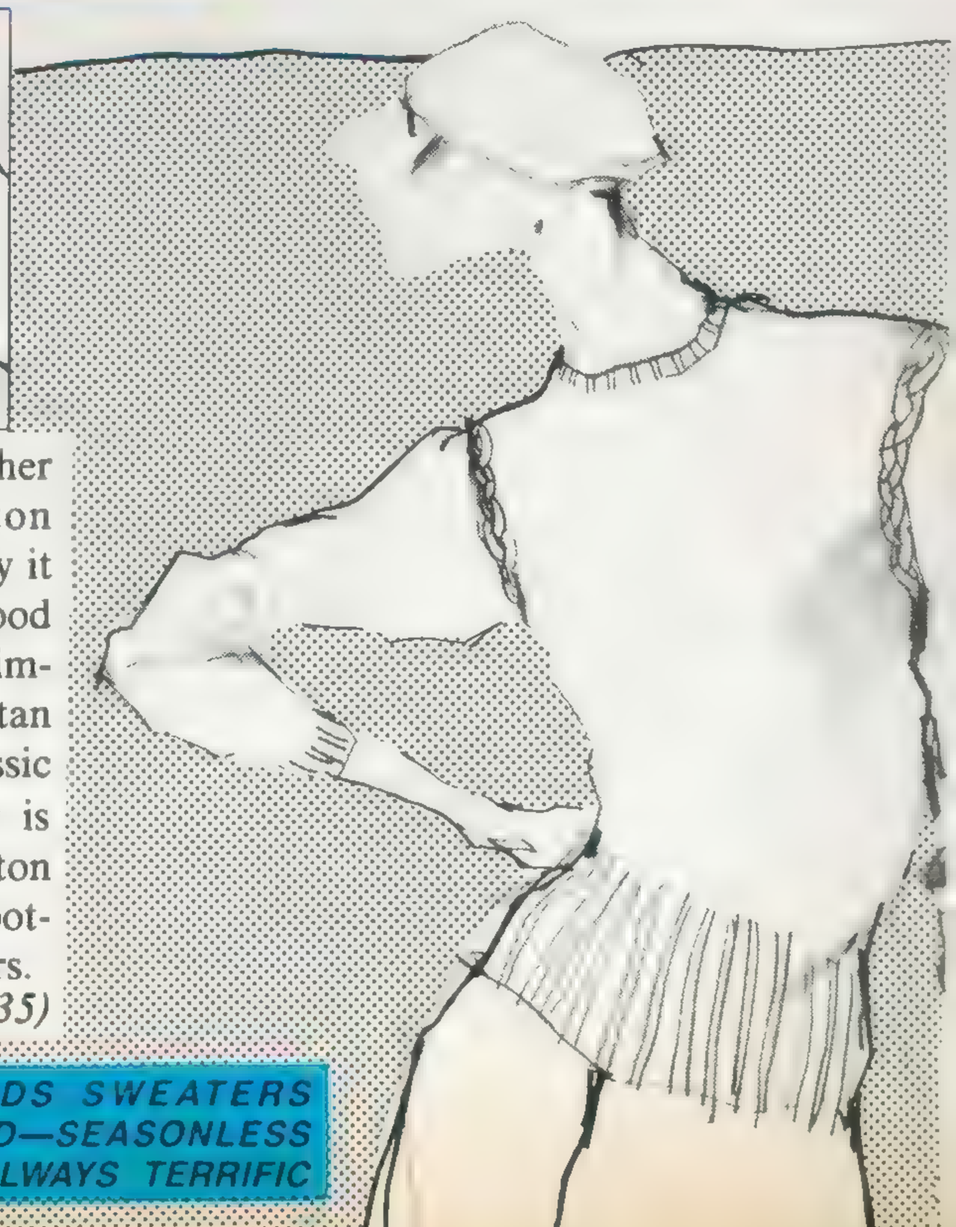
WILLI SMITH THINKS SUMMER IS THE TIME TO TRY NEW PANTS LENGTHS

Twin sweaters in shiny cotton are Cathy Hardwick's way of giving value for your fashion dollar. "Buy a white short-sleeved cardigan trimmed in black ($44). Wear it over a matching V-neckline sleeveless sweater, piped in black with front buttoning ($32). You can wear each sweater separately or together with pants or skirts in black and white."

CATHY HARDWICK FEELS SWEATER DRESSING GIVES YOU VERSATILITY

Perry Ellis is another backer of the cotton sweater for summer. "Buy it in white and it will look good year-round. It makes a big impact in summer, when you have a suntan and you wear it with trim and classic skirts or pants." The sweater Perry is talking about is his hand-knit cotton pullover ($110) with a wide-ribbed bottom and cable stitches at the shoulders.

("View" continued on page 135)



PERRY ELLIS FINDS SWEATERS WORK YEAR-ROUND—SEASONLESS DRESSING THAT'S ALWAYS TERRIFIC

ALL DRAWINGS SKETCHED BY DESIGNERS

Both of these women are equally protected from sunburn.

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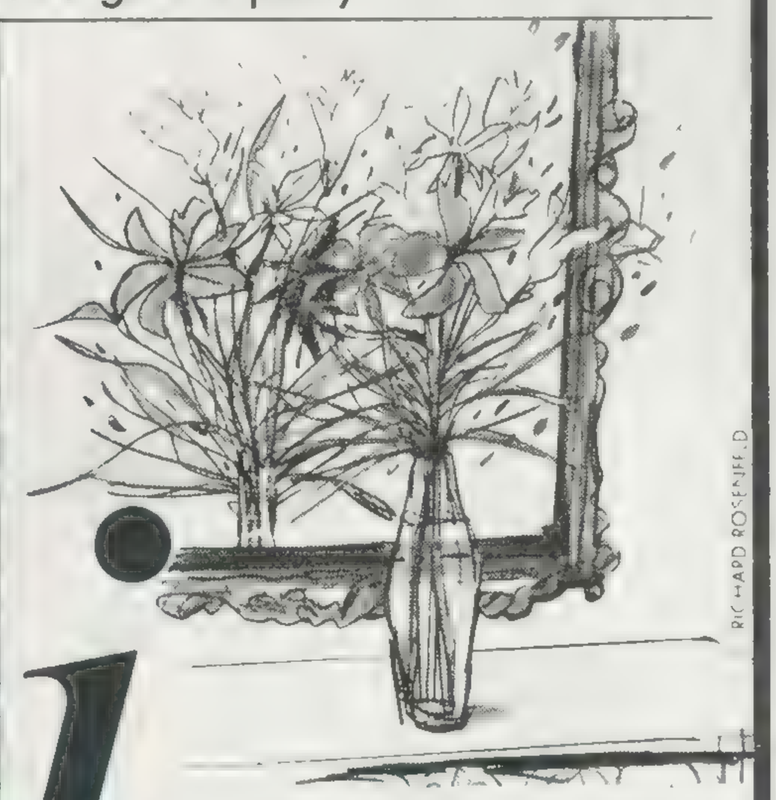
Continued

Entertaining with style

Mollie Parnis, one of New York's best hostesses, talks about how to be a good guest, easy ways to give a party

S. KAREN EPSTEIN CAMERA 5

BEFORE A SIT-DOWN DINNER AT HER PARK AVENUE DUPLEX, MOLLIE CHECKS HER TABLE AND ADVISES, "KEEP YOUR FLOWERS LOW, YOUR PLATES HOT, THE ROOM COOL."



RICHARD ROSENFELD

"It's as much a responsibility to be a good guest as it is to be a good hostess," believes Mollie Parnis, whose guest lists include such notables as Mike Wallace, Henry Kissinger, and former First Lady Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson.

Mollie's guest tips: "If you're asked for a drink, don't name a brand. If you must drink only one type—bring your own! . . . Take a gift to your hostess that can be used. Food is great. . . If you go to a party and are not introduced, go up to others and say, 'My name is.' I find the more important the people, the more willing they are to introduce themselves."

Mollie's hostess tips: "I don't care how beautiful your guests are—keep your lights low, use only candles on your table . . . Round tables are best for conversation . . . It's better to have more people at a small table than to be too spread out at a big one . . . The most important element of a good party is the mix of people. Mix ages. . . You can save money by putting plants or flowers in front of a mirror. They look much more lavish."

ESTHER LARSON

A HAND-PAINTED SILK T-SHIRT WORN WITH SILK PANTS OR A SOFT SKIRT IS A WONDERFUL WAY FOR A HOSTESS TO DRESS. HERE: OSCAR DE LA RENTA'S VERSION

Great hostess looks for hot-weather entertaining

As more and more Americans are entertaining at home, *View* asks Pauline Trigère and Diane Von Furstenberg how they dress at home as hostesses. Trigère: "I love long, thin cotton caftans in bright floral prints. I wear them in the country for at-home entertaining." Von Furstenberg: "For small city dinners I like tight stretch pants and a silk shirt, or a little dress in pink or black. But I like to show my legs!" *("View" continued on page 136)*

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Victoria's Secret

Continued

An aware young couple on the go

James and Maisie Houghton: active community movers, enthusiastic art collectors

This month's reopening of the Corning Museum of Glass is a triumph in which Jamie and Maisie Houghton take particular pride. The original museum building was devastated by flood waters in 1972, and the Houghtons played an instrumental role in its reconstruction. Jamie helped organize hundreds of volunteers who salvaged mud-covered art objects, manuscripts, and photographs; and he was active in the planning of a new museum building.

Community spirit comes naturally to the Houghtons. Jamie is vice chairman of Corning Glass Works (his great-great-grandfather brought the glass works to Corning N.Y., in 1868) and a trustee of the museum.

Collecting is also very much a way of life for the young couple. The Houghtons' personal acquisitions are a delightful, eclectic mix—ranging from Impressionist paintings to abstract art to hand-crafted ceramics and weavings. Collecting is so much a part of family life that sixteen-year-old son James has already filled a cabinet with lead soldiers and covered a wall with military hats and flags. *("View" continued on page 138)*

JAMES AND MAISIE HOUGHTON, TOP, LIKE WHITE WALLS, NATURAL LIGHT, DECORATION THAT DOESN'T COMPETE WITH THEIR ART COLLECTION. ABOVE: SIMPLE, FUNCTIONAL FURNITURE IN THE LIVING ROOM. ABOVE LEFT: MAISIE AND DAUGHTER NINA NEAR A CALDER GOUACHE. JAMIE AND MAISIE, LEFT, BESIDE ONE OF THE HOUSE'S FOUR FIREPLACES. "I ENJOY GIVING LUNCHEONS FOR SIX," SAYS MAISIE, RIGHT, AS SHE SERVES A TOMATO SOUP SHE PREPARED.

JADE ALBERT

FAR RIGHT: NEW CORNING MUSEUM OF GLASS, DESIGNED BY GUNNAR BIRKERTS TO HOUSE THE WORLD'S LARGEST COLLECTION OF GLASS. (CORNING GLASS, THE MUSEUM'S MAIN CONTRIBUTOR, MAKES NOT ONLY CORNING WARE BUT STEUBEN GLASS, PYREX, AND CORELLE DINNERWARE.) AMONG THE 19,177 MUSEUM OBJECTS: COVERED JAR BY NORA ORTLIEB, NEAR RIGHT, C. 1952; AND, INSET, AN EARLY GLASS SCULPTURE OF A PHAROAH, C. 1400 B.C.

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VOGUE'S

View

PEOPLE IN **FASHION** ARE TALKING ABOUT **WHAT'S COMING...**

The success story of the year: knits...at home—in the stores...simple classics—to take you further

The fashion name game? Apparently the push, these days, is not just for designer products but for star products. Witness: "starry" eyewear—lines of eyeglasses and sunglasses—stamped, now, with names such as that of Sophia Loren, Suzy Chaffee, footballer Bob Griese, or skate-star Dorothy Hamill.

The year's fashion success? People are banking on knits: they're everywhere in the industry—New York and Paris. Last winter, all eyes were on sweaters . . . women loved them; now, for fall, there's the option of knit everything: everything from short scarves to skirt-or-pants tunics, to "joggers," to great sweaters grown to knee-length dresses. Best knits? They're made narrow and never weighty—as Karl Lagerfeld has done them for fall: simple skirts, light coats, V-necked dresses . . . all paired with his most beautiful white blouses. For Lagerfeld, knits gave the key to a whole collection, took him a long way from "retro." That's the strength of knits now . . . modern ease. They're being done —well—at about all prices: they're cozy, uncluttered —who could torture a sweater?

Art Deco: As an antique "collectibles" style, its latter-day success seems endless; as a way of seeing, working, Art Deco has never gone out of style—for Erté, legendary fashion illustrator, designer and artist. At age eighty-seven, still creating, Erté—with, this spring, original costume and set designs in the works for a July *Der Rosenkavalier* production at Glyndebourne; with three exhibitions of his work in the U.S.—has just come up with a new line of signed, numbered, limited-edition jewelry—gold or silver and jeweled drop earrings, rings, pendants, all with an Art Deco appeal—to be sold through galleries in the U.S. Erté's view of fashion, now? Anti-jeans, for one thing. "When fashion becomes uniform," allows Erté, "it's over." . . . Individual style? It's the way designer Laura Eastman was dressed recently: in men's black silk pants from India—the pants knotted, at the ankle, to make them narrow. Her brother-in-law, she claims, saw it done in Jamaica. Her brother-in-law? Paul McCartney.

In this summer of blacks-and-whites and game-board fabrics, the neatest checkerboards seen? In Paris, at Agnes B.: T-shirts, done in checkerboard designs but colored black and a great blue. . . . Fashion occasion: Mattel's Barbie, the quintessential clothes-horse doll, turns twenty-one this year. And just to prove she's current: Barbie's got, in her wardrobe now, a broad-shouldered suit, jumpsuit, disco outfit, and jogging suit. Her "younger sister" doll, Skipper, gets the skateboard and knee pads. . . . Against fall clothes filling stores in June? One woman, who's given in, says she's learned what women with time and money know: buy something when you see it . . . and if you're making an investment (as you are this year), get the longest return from money. Don't wait for your clothes: you could be wearing them, first thing in the season.

Real action: You find it in the lingerie market, where our evolving lives, our use of free time are changing the clothes we need; women, today, want exercise clothes, at-home clothes, "leisure" clothes—not just nightgowns. Swirl, a major loungewear manufacturer (Geoffrey Beene, Albert Nipon, Bill Tice, Betsy Bloomingdale all do lines for them), thinks the industry should show more of these changes. Their notion: For starters, for store lingerie departments to be designed more like homes—with living/entertaining areas, bed, bath, patio. Lingerie and at-home options could then be shown where a woman would think to wear them.

"The appeal of knits: modern ease.

Who could torture a sweater?"

Best of the classics? This summer, it could be a pair of khaki pants: simple, straightforward trousers; but they give you more than a pair of jeans does. These earth-colored cottons (at one time, khaki was literally that—white cotton colored yellow-brown by Asian dirt) are turning up—beautifully cut, not army surplus—as a top pants choice: done, strictly traditional, by new company British Khaki; the khaki pant—a best-seller, this year, at unclassic Perry Ellis; the perfect khaki pull-on, with a small side-stripe, at Merona Sport. . . . There's more than one way to work a classic: Look at the shoe market, now. You see the truest, most traditional oxfords and loafers looking sensational—simply by quality leather and workmanship; you find classics—moccasins, ties—taken to something more, to fashion—with a revved-up white or hot color. On Paris streets, this summer's hit is the white tasseled loafer. The most beautiful flat there? You hear votes for a classic that's been taken one step further: Sacha's version of an Indian beaded moccasin, done in silver. Its "beads" are rhinestone jewels. . . . Silver moccasins? Where would you wear them? Said a fashion-lover, who fell for them: with blue jeans, culottes, velvet pants, flannels, satin. "Where I'm not going to wear them is simpler: Nowhere near rain."

—KATHLEEN MADDEN

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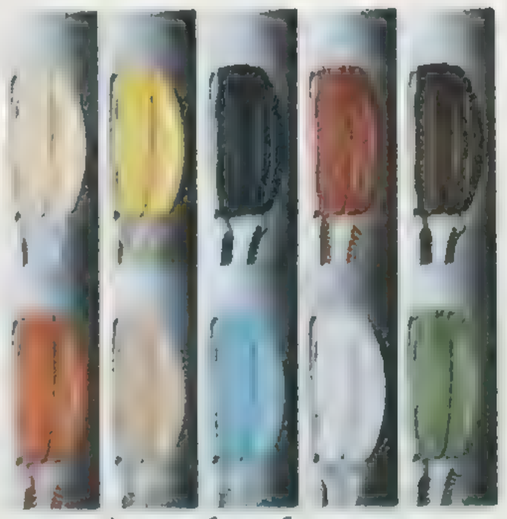

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SUMMER, AMERICAN STYLE...

is having enough of the clothes you really need—really love—and enjoying them in new, unexpected ways

Summer is . . . first of all, a chance to see American style at its best. Style reflected in a more individual way of dressing . . . in the elements you bring to this season's finds and delights (all of which are on the pages ahead) to make them your own . . . by adding an unexpected new accessory or adding an "old favorite." Summer is . . . giving a personal feeling, a unique look to the most classic of clothes. The differences—the charm—in summer dressing are the differences you make. What follows, a guide to making it easier . . .

Summer is . . . starting smart by collecting the easiest, prettiest clothes to live in at home, at night, anytime your time is your own. For this way of dressing, all the things you want—pants, shorts, breezy skirts. The news: in the way all of them have been influenced, changed by active-sports/exercise/warm-up dressing. But forget what you know about "gear"—these clothes couldn't be more charming. Everything exists in cotton, with elasticized waists like boxers' trunks. And everything exists in the most irresistible colors, with thin white side-piping, and with perfect small-fitting tops.

What's particularly appealing: the way the ease—the whole gesture—of pulling on warm-up or running pants has been translated and refined without losing any of its original spirit. You even see it now in wonderful pants to wear out at night—silk or gabardine, or pants in gold lamé you just pull on and tie.

As for the traditional warm-up, it looks newest and best in un-traditional colors—taxi yellow, raspberry, violet. Leave the greys and dark colors at the gym . . . and leave your running shoes in the same place. The new, different way to wear a warm-up or anything like it—with a soft, flat white moccasin, or a narrow loafer in white . . . to give it just enough of a turn. The turn for evening: a silk or charmeuse warm-up . . . fast, low-key glamour with a high-heeled metallic sandal!

Summer is . . . the look of a perfect shirt and perfectly-cut cotton pants—and there's nothing more attractive, more versatile. This summer, matching-color shirts and pants . . . in periwinkle, amethyst, rose. And always when you're dealing with one color, you not only have a different (racier!) line, but a different presence: this is pants dressing that moves from an office Friday to a country Friday night without missing a beat . . . dressing that's at-home in the country anytime.

Summer is . . . relying on good-looking, cool cotton pants as a jeans alternative. Basic warm-weather pants now in thin painter's cloth, cotton twill, or cotton sheeting—softer, lighter in weight than jeans, but they have all that raciness.

Or, it's finding slightly heavier-weight khaki "military-cloth" trousers—well cut, sharp, almost like a man's chinos. Pants that are a natural with every summer top. And . . . pants that become the base for an unexpected, modern look at night, when you add a romantic white lace blouse, ribbon metallic belt, and bare sandals. This change in the putting-together—the unexpected combination of hard and soft—is a good example of what happens when you add a special "edge" to classic summer dressing.

Summer is . . . a season of sweaters! Cotton knits in all colors, in crunchy hand-woven textures, in shapes that range from the simplest crewneck to the barest cut-in-on-the-shoulder tank top. And there are cashmere sweaters—soft, cable-stitched pullovers that are year-round classics in beguiling colors. How they work in summer: a lilac cashmere pullover for a chilly morning . . . with white cotton pants . . . with the surprise of a metallic evening scarf. Or, the same sweater slipped on over a bikini—a knockout look on any beach, and another way to take a classic one step further.

Summer is . . . not a time to abandon T-shirt dressing, but a time to find T-shirts with a new level of sophistication. A cotton T that's been refined, perfected, with a neckline that sits cleanly on the collarbone. Or a bias-cut cotton T-shirt, in white, to wear with white pants and a silver-buckled belt. The T-shirt moves into evening dressing in silk crêpe de Chine, in charmeuse as the top of a pyjama. But, any hour, the T-shirt to put your money on now is no longer a simple, "throwaway" top.

Summer is . . . polo-shirt dressing that covers a lot of territory. The strongest, most classic look—the polo shirt in black or navy. You can wear it classic—with narrow white pants or khaki shorts. Or you can give the whole look an unexpected twist: by adding an ice-blue metallic belt to the white pants, a strand of pearls at the neckline. Another change: by going for a polo shirt in a paler, pretty color and for pants that match. It's a freewheeling, "younger" approach to one-color pants dressing . . . and a very engaging one.

Summer is . . . going to town with the most inventive accessories in years. Accessories with transparency—clear belts edged in colored leather; transparent Oxfords (summer-shower-proof shoes!) in candy colors; a bold-color see-through shoulderbag. Any of them, all of them, work with a bathing suit, work with beach clothes, but they do more . . . more for every kind of hot-weather dressing.

Then there's pure color . . . in a wide, brilliantly lacquered cuff with geometric cut-outs . . . in silk threads wrapping a bangle of shiny black . . . in a small patchwork snakeskin bag. Each, a single, standout accessory to add to neutrals or all-one-color dressing. The fastest color "accessory": lipstick—in pinks and corals; in orange, if you want something a bit more daring.

Summer is . . . when you really do something (at last!) to make your hair work for you. It starts with having the cut, the length that's best for your particular hair texture and type. And the kind of treatment it takes to keep it healthy. With those as a base, all you need—and what you'll find in this issue—are a few simple "tricks" to change its style from day to day, from day to night.

Summer is . . . the obvious time to take a good, hard look at the shape of your body and its overall condition. You're forced into it—on the most superficial level—by the constant exposure of summer clothes. But if you're smart, you'll use that revealing as a springboard to get interested on a deeper level. And you'll start taking care of yourself—with an intelligent diet, with exercise, with proper skin care. Every one of these should be a year-round concerns (this fall's knits "show" as much as summer's bare maillots), but they're only a beginning. The real point: what you can do for yourself day in, day out to make a lasting difference in your health and total well-being. And what you need to know in order to do that is in our special health symposium.

Concerns with fashion, with health and beauty are part of a larger picture. **Today, American style stands for more . . .** it stands for a certain confidence and vitality, for an informed intelligence, for an unwillingness to be bound by no-longer-valid definitions, and for a constant search for what *is* valid. American style is a style of thinking, a style of living . . . and it's the whole subject of this special issue.

more of a Woman

Today, American women want more. And we're willing to give more. More of ourselves

There's something about starting a new decade that brings the soothsayers forth: The future-gazers, prognosticators, know-it-alls who all talk in grand terms about the '80s. Women of the '80s. The Future for Women (could we be obsolete?). What most of us Women (us people) would rather talk about is *this* moment: Our lives now, our concerns now—our bodies, our families, our jobs. We're not amused by self-fixation but we're all seeking solutions...and we need more than catchall words and easy stances. We want more honesty: honest value in what we buy, honest intelligence from the people we look up to. We want more facts: so we can choose our own investments, so we can take charge of our own health. Wanting more, we know, demands more—more from us, all sides of us. In 1980, we're ready to give it. That's the great strength of American women now.

MERYL STREEP

She gives more: more intelligence as an actress, more strength in her characters, more breadth in a woman—be it a rebelling *Kramer vs. Kramer* wife or Shakespeare's tamed shrew. In life, she's a working woman, a proud mother, a young wife. No one image can be foisted on Meryl Streep. Maybe that's why she's the actress everyone's looking at, now. She's reflecting us all. (More Meryl Streep, next pages.)

Earrings and necklace, Elsa Peretti of Tiffany.
Fashion details, stores, next to last pages.
Hair, Garren at The Plaza; makeup, Vincent Nasso.

Annie Leibovitz

more than a star

By Joan Juliet Buck

Meryl Streep, we are told, is a star for the 'eighties. A star for the 'eighties: These words deserve definition. Star. 'Eighties. Meryl. Streep. What do they mean?

Star: Icon, idol, radiant body of talent that illuminates every project it touches; focus of love, attention, adulation, curiosity, devotion. One whose face and whose mannerisms influence a generation.

'Eighties: A decade born in worry, beset by financial anxiety, the germs of war fever; a time heavy with doubt and the hangover of twenty years of waste. Not, as many would have it, an Orwellian decade but one when plain ambition and sheer concentrated climbing once more dominate the thinking of young people. Marriage, family, home, thrift return to the fore. The arts? A return perhaps to classical values, moral fiction, figurative painting.

Meryl: A contraction of Mary Louise, good basic names distilled into an aldehydic compound that could identify a sweet smelling but unsettling artificial scent.

Streep: The cry of a bird; a steep street heading upwards, encountered by a Puritan on his travels; a refined manner of painting expensive study walls, halfway between stipple and streak; an astronomical phenomenon; the female version of a quark; a name that at any other time would have been abandoned in favor of something less thin and sharp.

To each decade, its icons: Bacall and her voice to the 'forties, Clara Bow and "It" to the 'twenties, Jean Harlow and her bias-cut satins to the 'thirties, Marilyn Monroe and her tragic lips to the 'fifties; to the 'sixties, its legion bimbos with here and there an angular and fashionable Faye Dunaway; to the 'seventies, its working women, prostitutes, waitresses, and journalists (the worryingly prevalent incarnation) embodied by Jane Fonda, Glenda Jackson, Jane Fonda, Jane Fonda, Jane Fonda.

Meryl Streep—the way she likes to dress: in overalls, at her New York loft (above, left); in cowboy boots, jacket, and shades (right). She can still do the splits of a high-school cheerleader . . . a few months after son Henry's birth

MERYL STREEP Continued

To the 'eighties, the Lady: Meryl Streep and her pearl earrings, which were for her a simple choice made in high school "where everybody wore them, especially if you were born in June, which I am." On screen they are the mark of a character who holds on to what she's got, exhibits cautious taste, and has breeding. She didn't have to go out into the woods and scream for them, or be schooled by Elinor Glyn, or be told what to wear, or be made to pout by Milton Greene, or starve herself on grapefruit, or become politicized to earn her identifying mark. She got it in high school: indicative of a conformity that we are beginning to think of as healthy.

Even more, the lucky accident of birth (and notice she says June, not giving an astrological sign). Had she been born in a month when rubies are the birthstone, and had she worn rubies in her ears, she would have been labeled, despite her face, as loose, fast, flashy. Or she would have dispensed with them altogether; one cannot take her word for it that the only reason the docile Pennsylvania girl friend in *The Deer Hunter* wears pearl earrings is that the actress neglected to remove them before going on the set. It is no accident that at a time when clothes are "preppy" and the spirit of the land is retreating into something called "the new conservatism," the hottest actress is a thirty-year-old woman with an austere face and pearl earrings. She is at present playing *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, a role all dark beauties thought of as theirs, and is a contender for the role of Sophie in the film of William Styron's *Sophie's Choice*. Her name comes up at meetings, suggested for every possible part: after all, this girl can *act*. It may be an imperfect world, but it is all hers.

To each decade, its movie icons. To the '80s, the Lady: Meryl Streep and her pearl earrings

The face is not new to those who frequent museums; the same profile appears in Piero della Francesca's portrait of Battista Sforza, on view in the Uffizi; an even closer likeness can be seen at London's National Gallery, in Alesso Baldovinetti's "Lady in Yellow," which has faded to a Lady in Beige, but never mind. Flemish art, too, is full of those smooth oval faces with high cheekbones and rounded lower eyelids; Cranach knew her younger self, and Holbein her future one: Add pounds and years, and her face is that of various Augsburg wives, clear-eyed women in closed societies.

"I know," she says with an embarrassed giggle. "There's a lot of them that looked like me then."

Meryl's first big role before the national audience was as the devoted Aryan wife in *Holocaust*; she was tragic and moving, and her looks, slightly alien, *(Continued)*

Makeup, Ariella

Annie Leibovitz

MERYL STREEP Continued

were perfect for the role. In *The Deer Hunter*, she looked as Russian as she had formerly looked German, and the extraordinary performance she gave, contained yet brave and moving, was all the more startling for her being still a newcomer, an exotic. In *Manhattan*, her oddness was used to great effect; the flashing hair and high windy voice gave the character—Woody Allen's ex-wife, converted to homosexuality and self-discovery—definition as a stormy, shrill woman. But it was with her performance as the sly, educated, rich Southern lawyer in *The Seduction of Joe Tynan* that she began to establish herself in the mainstream of American Women, here as the rattlesnake of a Southern belle for whom we rooted because she was vulnerable, too. And in *Kramer vs. Kramer*, the vulnerability took over, in a part where no other actress could hope to be sympathetic, as the wife who abandons the most appealing film-child in years.

The sensitivity of Dustin Hoffman's performance and that of Justin Henry as the boy in *Kramer* are such that when the wife character comes back and demands equal time for her own sensitivity, the audience is ready to throw something at her, so surfeited are they with empathy; yet Meryl Streep in tears produces tears from the audience with lines that she wrote herself. In that role, she proved she could do anything: make you root for Cruella De Vil, cheer on Lizzie Borden, identify with Medea. For the truth of it, and Meryl Streep's greatest asset, is that she is a thoroughly skilled, hugely talented actress. She's also—holy mackerel!—an Oscar-winning actress.

She was born in New Jersey, where her father worked for a drug company. In school, she was, she says, unpopular, with harlequin glasses and permed hair. Meryl says her childhood was content: "I didn't want anything, didn't have any big ambitions or goals or dreams, only that the kids on the block would like me. I was dreadful looking and bossy. I would push my little brothers around, that's what they were there for," she says in her high girlish voice, which rises into a confidential and seemingly uncontrollable giggle. *(Continued on page 226)*

In *Kramer vs. Kramer*, Meryl proved she could do anything: make you cheer on Lizzie Borden or identify with Medea

Fashion details, stores, next to last pages
Hair, Harry King, Garren at The Plaza; makeup, Ariella

Meryl Streep, without fuss: At home, off-screen, she wears very little makeup (left), is more of a clown (far left and right) than movies have shown us yet

Annie Leibovitz

Shelley said she felt very much at ease in these clothes. With good reason: they approximate her own way of dressing—"casual, but eclectic." Too, we asked her to supply a few standbys from her own closet. That's her own fishing hat, right, and pullover with Ralph Lauren's cotton polo (a full view, on page 153). Opposite, Shelley in two of summer's best finds: Hanro of Switzerland's small, just-this-side-of-sheer cotton camisole ($24), Merona Sports' cotton pull-on running shorts. Camisole at Bergdorf Goodman; Connolly's, Tulsa OK; Subrosa, Mill Valley CA; Bullock's. Elsa Peretti of Tiffany necklace. Beauty Note: Shelley's lip color—Chapstick's Lip Quencher Lipstick in Honeyhaze Pink. Hair, all these pages, Didier Malige for Jean Louis David; makeup, George Newell.

More from the Classics®

SHELLEY SMITH...

making the transition from top model to actress (starring in ABC-TV's *The Associates)* ... a classic American beauty ... with something more. It's the extra dimension she brings to everything she tackles — the element of clear-headed, clear-seeing intelligence, perhaps, that sets her apart. The way it comes across here: her distinct sense of personal style ... the charm of mixing old and new ... of wearing something in a different — unexpected — way. On these pages, Shelley in the best of this summer's essentials — her classic American good looks, and classic American style at its best.

Stan Malinowski

More from the Classics

Shelley's --everyone's favorite: white with white. Cool, clean— it works more ways, goes more places. The extras: a gutsy leather belt (like a man's), a smallish earring . . . in silver. . . . This page, Halston's long-sleeved bias-cut cotton top ($50) and box-pleated cotton trousers ($108). Halston Sportswear. Saks Fifth Avenue, Maas Brothers, Tampa, Ballet's, Lou Lattimore, Frost Bros., all Halston Boutiques. Silver-buckled belt, Barry Kieselstein-Cord. Earrings, Elsa Peretti of Tiffany. Opposite, To collect in colors --a perfect pullover (it should look good—feel good— even over bareness). This one, a cable'd crew neck in pale-blue cashmere . . . if you owned it, you'd wear it all year, all ways, over anything . . . even a bikini! The way Shelley wears it: with the sleeves pushed "way up so it looks like it's worn." Drumohr for John Mendez, about $195. Late June at Burberrys, New York and San Francisco; Sims Ltd., Minneapolis. Accessories, next to last pages

More from the Classics

Jeans and a great T-shirt: the stuff everyone lives in—or wants to—in summer. This page, Shelley in jeans that fit the way jeans should (her own), a T-shirt that's really a short-sleeved sweatshirt . . . and as a change from sneakers or a flat sandal—Indian moccasins. Fruit of the Loom top, distributed by Serome, about $23. California Clothing, NYC; Ahead of Time, FL. Rolex watch, Tiffany. Opposite: For the most casual, easiest days—for hacking around—Ralph Lauren's black cotton polo top, and cotton khaki bush shorts, by Reminiscence ("practical—anytime!"). Polo, about $31. Lord & Taylor; The Polo Store by Ralph Lauren. Coconut

MORE THAN A CLASSIC BEAUTY

Talking with people who've worked with Shelley Smith, one only hears accolades: "A total professional." "Believable." "Cooperative." It's that reputation—along with other more obvious assets—that, in 1978, helped boost her to the position of the industry's top-earning model (her femme fatale "Wet Your Whistle" Lip Quencher commercial is still on view). And it can serve her in good stead, now that she's making her TV series debut in the ABC-TV comedy *The Associates*, playing what the show's producers like to call "TV's first smart blond."

The part represents what has traditionally been termed "the big breakthrough"—although it might appear that Shelley has hardly struggled along the way. Indeed, she seems to have been blessed with an extraordinary—enviable—sense of timing: the gift of being in the right place at the right time. It was that gift that had her working at age sixteen, part-time in a department store, only to be discovered by then Vogue Editor Diana Vreeland. Following graduation from Connecticut College, Shelley joined the Peace Corps. On a stopover in Paris (en route to Africa to teach English), she was waylayed—this time permanently—by *Elle* magazine. And it was timing that had her reject a score of short-lived "jiggle shows" . . . instead, she landed the part of a sophisticated young lawyer in a show put together by the team responsible for ABC's hit *Taxi*—a part that has her trading lines with such veteran actors as Wilfrid Hyde-White. Of her *Associates* character, Sara James, Shelley says, "Sara's spoiled, but she's not bitchy. And she's bright, competitive—very capable as a lawyer. Her major flaw is that she can't understand that everyone else hasn't had her advantages . . . and that her looks—and her concern over them—get in her way" (an early episode finds Sara reassuring a fellow fledgling attorney before a trial, with concerned pats on the hand. Says he: "Sara, I know you're trying to make me feel better, but you're only arousing me!").

As to how *(Continued on page 232)*

ROSEANNE VELA

the HALSTON DIFFERENCE

LESS IS MORE:

Francesco Scavullo

Denis Piel

Left: Halston—American—summer classics. With a difference: the perfect cut, the perfect body-small fit of his bias T-shirt (a signature Halston top) in red silk crêpe de Chine, now with a lower scoop neckline. And, with the softest summer pants—white cotton sheeting, drawstring waist. It's a look—a total attitude—that's relaxed, easy, thoroughly charming. The top (about $140) and pants (about $75), Halston Sportswear. Saks Fifth Avenue; Gidding-Jenny; Harzfelds; Balliet's; all Halston Boutiques. Halston for Garolini sandals. Jewelry, Elsa Peretti of Tiffany. These six pages, Roseanne's hair by John Sahag; makeup, Alberto Fava . . .Inset, above: Halston doing a last-minute check before the model goes down the runway. The sketches are from the current Halston Originals collection.

American style . . . it stands for a certain ease, for a way of dressing that's recognizable anywhere in the world: unpretentious, unexcessive, with an instant attractiveness that answers the needs of all women who demand fashion that works ...and who demand more.

American style . . . it's synonymous with Halston's style, and he provides it at its best, collection after collection, in his clothes—from the couture to the very accessible—and in everything that goes with them.

On these ten pages, a unique look at the way Halston works and lives, and the full range of his fashion—its spirit and special appeal conveyed perfectly by Roseanne Vela, top American model and actress, now filming *Heaven's Gate* with Kris Kristofferson....

the HALSTON DIFFERENCE

"HE GLORIFIES THE HUMAN BODY—
FOLLOWS EVERY LINE"

Francesco Scavullo

No matter what other designers do, or what else Halston does for evening—he always does terrific pyjamas. The one Roseanne wears, opposite: white silk charmeuse, narrower now, with the simplest small-sleeved top The glamour is unmistakable And the luxury. But it's understated —a straightforward "nothing extra" look! Halston Made-To-Order at Olympic Tower, NYC. Then, for all-out luxury: his coat of Natural Russian Lynx Bellies. About $100,000. Halston for Ben Kahn Ben Kahn at Halston, NYC Another Halston "nothing extra" design: his makeup. The colors here: Doeskin creme eye shadow, Cinnamon lipstick, nail enamel . Halston understands women who want blouse-and-skirt ease, but want it "dressed." For them, a blouse with the presence, the finish of a jacket. In black silk crêpe de Chine, above, with his new "wing" collar, the prettiest sleeves. And a slim white fibranne skirt. About $550. Halston Originals. Elizabeth Arden Salons; Montaldo's; John Baldwin; Sara Fredericks, Palm Beach; Swanson's on the Plaza; all Halston Boutiques. Shoes by Halston for Garolini. Jewelry, both pages, by Elsa Peretti of Tiffany. Inset: Halston's Olympic Tower showroom The collection: Halston Originals Here, his silk organza evenings In the foreground, Karen Bjornsen, a member of his "model family."

Denis Piel

Jade Albert

HALSTON: "WHAT WE DID WAS
TO RELAX FASHION AND TO CREATE
AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW"

Marianne Barcellona

the HALSTON DIFFERENCE

Always: a wonderful sense of contrast. In the allure, the total luxury of Halston evenings and the clean finish, the workable attractiveness of his dressing for an active day life
Opposite: Cool, easygoing, very feminine—the essence of a Halston suit. Newest version, with a slightly bigger "wing-collar" jacket and wrap skirt in wheat fibranne. From Halston Originals, about $470. Bergdorf Goodman, Lillie Rubin-South & West; Jacobson's; Maison Weiss, Jackson, MI; Frederick & Nelson; all Halston Boutiques
Added polish: his sleek pump, Elsa Peretti's gold jewelry (Tiffany) All shoes for Garolini . .
This page: All-stops-out! The look of Roseanne Vela in a black chiffon halter jumpsuit, hand-embroidered in waves of blue/black iridescent beading—for this kind of glamour, this kind of pyjama dressing, no one else comes close! All jewelry, Elsa Peretti of Tiffany. Jumpsuit, Halston Made-To-Order, at Olympic Tower, NYC.
Inset, this page: Halston with Liza Minnelli and Martha Graham at the Metropolitan Opera House, NYC. . . . Inset, opposite. The living room of his New York townhouse.

Denis Piel

THE HALSTON DIFFERENCE

There's another side to Halston . . and it's called star appeal: not just star designs but star pals, star clients —such as Elizabeth Taylor, Bianca Jagger, Martha Graham. Pictured left, Halston and friend Liza Minnelli. Liza's black sequinned stage leotard is Halston-designed. Liza wears his clothes constantly: as a public/private woman, as an all-out performer (her costumes were Halstons on Broadway, in "The Act") . . Above right: The message? "Body", sensuous, supple, show-stopper costumes and jewelry by Halston . . . on Martha Graham dancers, in "Frescoes." (Halston has dressed, now, ten Martha Graham ballets —including outfitting Liza for her narration of "The Owl and the Pussycat" this spring.) Says Graham of Halston, her friend and patron, "When a boy or a girl goes onstage dressed by Halston, it's [in] a costume most beautifully made, inside and out. That's his integrity."

HALST
SOM

Francesco Scavullo

MARTHA GRAHAM:
"WHEN HALSTON BELIEVES IN SOMETHING,
HE PARTICIPATES"

To his clothes...his cosmetics...his costumes for dancers, other performers—to his entire life and career—the designer who stripped American fashion of non-working details, gave women sleek, understated clothes to exalt their bodies, brings an intensely personal style. Halston's dedication is to what counts—nothing more.

ON: STYLE...AND ETHING MORE

By Edith Loew Gross

Halston tells you, "Fashion is made by fashionable women; we only suggest." Still, while fashion no longer trembles at the whim of an imperious designer, a handful of designers—of whom Halston is perhaps the outstanding example in this country—do affect our lives in a way more profound than skirt lengths or silhouettes. Such a name as Halston's on a dress or a perfume or a shoe or a carpet or a piece of luggage not only tells a woman that what she is buying is in fashion but, more importantly—more elusively and possibly, since it touches on vague self-doubts and social acceptance, most desirable of all—that it will be recognized as "right," appropriate, a thing of quality. More than just stylish, it is in good taste. The assurance is in the name on the label. For a designer to inspire such confidence, it must first have been seen by a large number of *(Continued)*

HALSTON: "I HAVE ALWAYS HAD AMBITION. I HAVE ALWAYS HAD ENERGY. I HAVE ALWAYS HAD SUCCESS.... THE FUTURE WILL BE FASCINATING TO DESIGN, AND I WANT TO BE THERE"

He put the cachet of fashion on hot pants, tie-dye, batik, and hand-painting. He launched polyurethane for American fashion, and fifty-thousand women jumped into the Halston Ultrasuede shirtdress. He made a matte-jersey halter-top "drop dead" glamour dress, and throughout the land underwear vanished like snow in spring. He reexamined the classic sweater-set and pulled out of it a whole new sweater-approach to dressing that literally knocked the stuffing out of fashion—suddenly, a cashmere sweater could be a coat, pants' jacket, dress; a dress of sequins could be as easy and light as a sweater, and the most luxurious silks as unserious as T-shirts. Of this, Halston says—in the first person plural that he often slips into when pressed to speak of personal achievement—"What we did, perhaps more than anybody else in the business, was to relax fashion and to create an American point of view that wasn't there on that level before. In other words, we said you don't have to wear a fancy dress out to lunch; you can wear a blouse or a sweater and skirt and a trench coat. This was when

(Continued) people that he already has the approval of—a much smaller group whose own reputation for taste and stylishness is above reproach. From the start, Halston's list of clients has been both glittering and impeccable. In 1968, on the day he opened for business at Halston Limited, on Madison Avenue, the late Babe Paley was his first customer; Jane Engelhard was his second. He also dresses (or, as he prefers, "suggests things" to) Jacqueline Onassis, Lee Radziwill, Pat Lawford, Martha Graham, Liza Minnelli, Gloria Vanderbilt, Jean Vanderbilt, Mary Wells Lawrence, Lauren Bacall, Ali MacGraw, Bianca Jagger, Elizabeth Taylor, Amanda Burden. Women with French titles dress at Halston, with Italian titles, with British titles.

Absolutely. Seen and photographed in his clothes, the right people will put a designer's name on the map. But to keep it there—to sustain the initial curiosity and satisfy the growing interest—that's the bottom line. And only the designer is on that line: His taste, his sense of style, his authority, and—to paraphrase Noel Coward—his "talent to please." Halston says: "You can go down in history for X, Y, and Z, but if you don't come up with something of merit every time, you are not going to continue as a success. You may have had your success at one point in time and it can never be taken away from you, because that's your little moment in history. But to continue it, to have longevity to your career and the power to grow is the hardest, most complicated thing. When you have several million dollars right out there on the roulette table and it can go with just one crack of the dice, you take it very, very seriously."

Performance is the word—collection after collection, four collections a year, year after year. Halston's performance record is impressive. He put over caftans.

HALSTON DESIGNS. . .

COUTURE: HALSTON MADE-TO-ORDER . . . DESIGNER READY-TO-WEAR: HALSTON ORIGINALS . . .DESIGNER SPORTSWEAR: HALSTON SPORTSWEAR. . . BLOUSES, PANTS, SKIRTS: HALSTON V, VI

COSMETICS, FRAGRANCE, SKIN-CARE PRODUCTS, MEN'S TOILETRIES: HALSTON FRAGRANCES & COSMETICS

LOUNGEWEAR, ROBES: FOR DORIAN LOUNGEWEAR . . .SHOES, BOOTS: FOR GAROLINI. . . HANDBAGS, BELTS, SMALL LEATHER GOODS: FOR H.B. ACCESSORIES

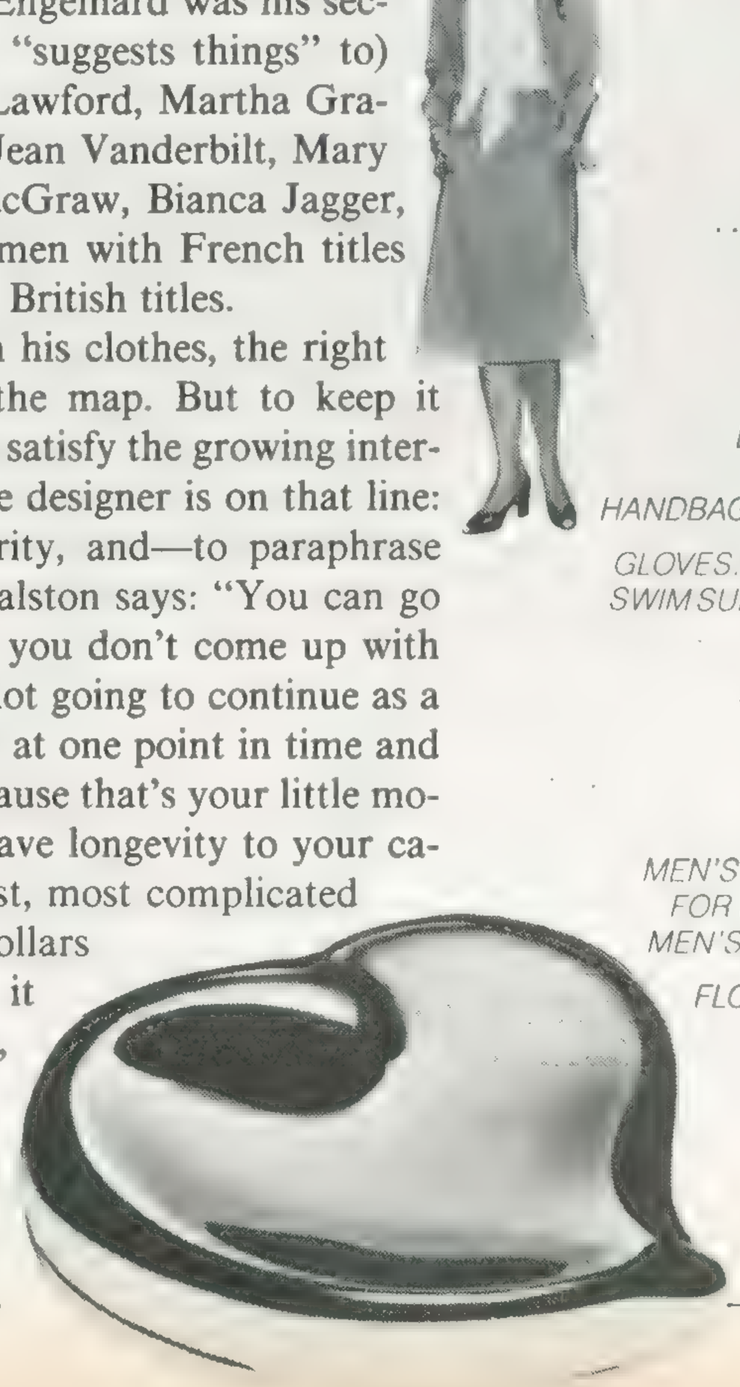
GLOVES, FOR KAYSER-ROTH RAINWEAR: FOR MISTY HARBOR. SWIMSUITS, COVERUPS FOR ROSE MARIE REID. . .BRAS, GIRDLES, LINGERIE, SLEEPWEAR: FOR FORMFIT ROGERS

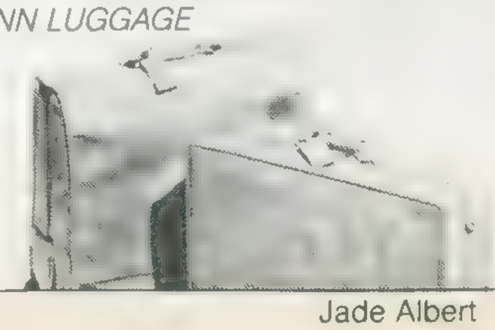
AIRLINE UNIFORMS: FOR BRANIFF. . .ADULT SCOUT UNIFORMS: FOR GIRL SCOUTS OF AMERICA

PATTERNS: FOR MCCALL PATTERN CO. . .MEN'S AND WOMEN'S FURS. FOR BEN KAHN FURS

MEN'S SHIRTS· FOR GAREY SHIRT MAKERS. . MEN'S APPAREL. FOR J. SCHOENEMAN'S INC . TIES. FOR MICHEL CRAVAT MEN'S BATHROBES, PAJAMAS, SWIMWEAR: FOR WELDON, INC

FLOOR COVERINGS, CARPETS; RUGS: FOR KARASTAN. . . LUGGAGE: FOR HARTMANN LUGGAGE

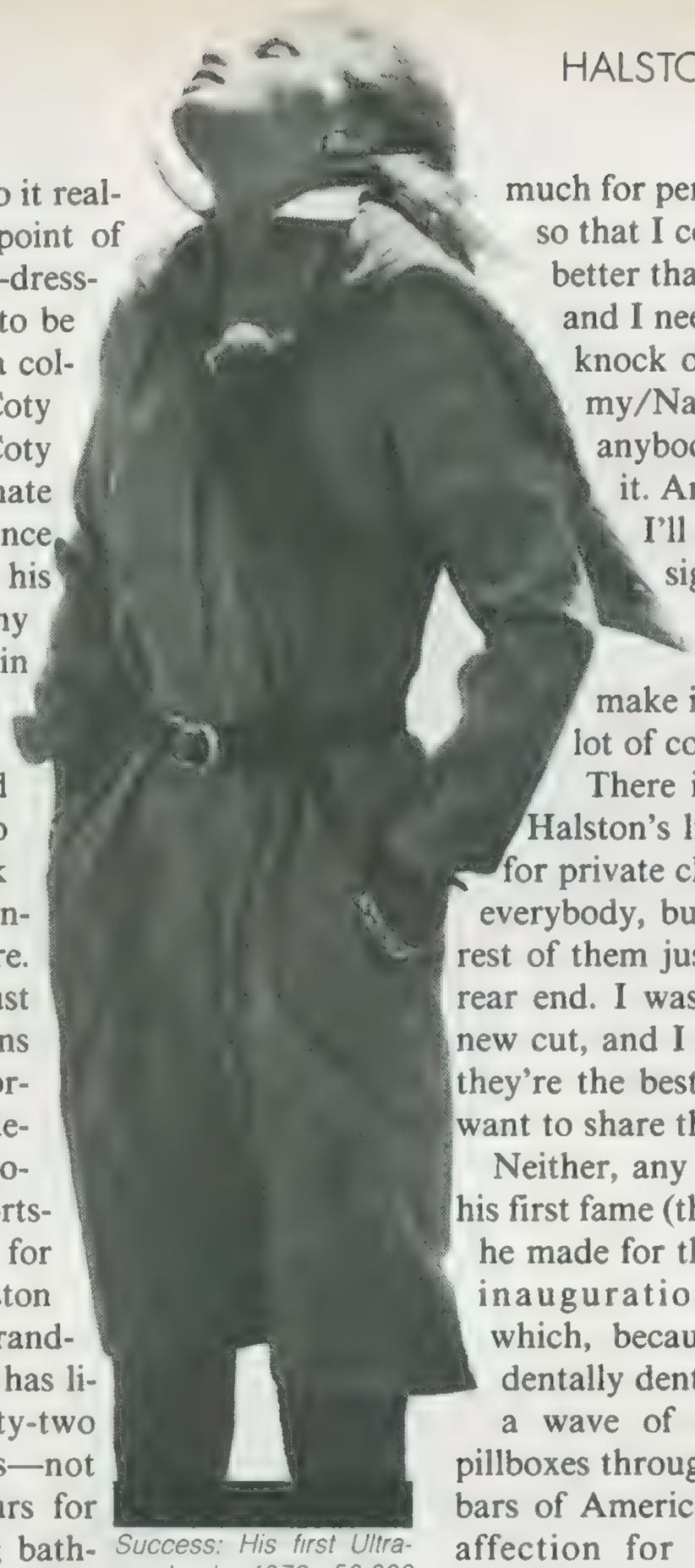




Jade Albert

Europe was still into very strict tailoring, so it really was an American versus a European point of view. And I think . . . yes, for the sweater-dressing approach to fashion, I think we have to be given a big gold star." In fact, Halston is a collector of "gold stars": having won four Coty Awards, he was elected, in 1974, to the Coty Hall of Fame, the fashion industry's ultimate gesture of sanctification. He has Fragrance Foundation Recognition awards for both his men's and women's fragrances and a Tony nomination for Liza Minnelli's costumes in her Broadway show *The Act.*

Given the schedule of fashion collections and the press's appetite for news and the public's for good-looking new clothes to wear, it is understood that designers work under tremendous pressure—and, by extension, that success compounds the pressure. In Halston's case, for instance, it isn't just four collections; it is a total of ten collections among three divisions of clothes. It is (in order of descending priciness) Halston Made-To-Order; Halston Originals, his ready-to-wear line; and, since 1979, Halston Sportswear. Nor is it just fashion; nor is it just for women. Under the parent name of Halston Enterprises, Inc.—which is, so to speak, grandparented by Norton Simon, Inc.—Halston has licensing arrangements with some twenty-two other companies. For these he designs—not "fronts"; he is where the buck stops—furs for women, furs for men; fragrances for both; bathrobes for both; bathing suits for both. He does men's sleepwear, suits, shirts, and ties. He does men's and women's uniforms for Braniff Airlines. He does the grown-up Girl Scouts. He does everything for women, from the skin out and the feet up, shoes to moisturizer.



Success: His first Ultrasuede, in 1972. 50,000 women bought it.

There is, as well, a new licensee in Japan, for which Halston will design not only a fashion show but also civilian clothes for fifteen models who will make the trip with him in September. And, last spring, there was the launching of his fragrance in Paris, which was somewhat like bringing caviar to the Caspian, and never before dared by an American designer. . . . And there is the luggage. And the floor coverings. And the dress patterns. And the franchising of three Halston boutiques, including "the little oil well" on Madison Avenue, where the empire was born.

And . . . though it is obviously less demanding to produce two new broadloom designs once a year, he is up to his ears in everything but the petty-cash vouchers. "I have to be involved in every aspect, because it's interesting and it's fun. And I want the success, not just for my own ego. It's a big business, you know, and the livelihoods of thousands and thousands of people depend on your productivity. You have to be serious about it. Joining forces with Norton Simon was not so much for personal gain as it was to ease up my schedule so that I could have more time to design, which I like better than accounting. The business is truly needed, and I need it. I need it to go forward. I couldn't just knock off something from a thrift shop or an Army/Navy store the way many designers do. If anybody has a good idea, I will certainly look at it. And I will steal it. But I won't simply copy it; I'll make it my own. If there is merit in a design—a pair of African pants, say—you have to put something of yourself into it, do it in a whole new bias cut or whatever, but make it your own thing. Just to go out and buy a lot of costumes and old clothes isn't designing."

Halston, as host: Here, he's with Régine, at a "Rio" party that he gave this year

There is at least one conspicuous omission from Halston's list of involvements: except for himself and for private clients, he doesn't do jeans. "I was asked by everybody, but I was holding out for Levi Strauss. The rest of them just wanted to put my name on somebody's rear end. I wasn't that hungry. I wanted to do a totally new cut, and I wanted to do it with Levi Strauss because they're the best. We came very close . . . but they didn't want to share their credit."

Neither, any longer, does Halston do hats, which were his first fame (the most famous being the little beige pillbox he made for the then Jacqueline Kennedy to wear at the inauguration . . . and which, because she accidentally dented it, caused a wave of little dented pillboxes throughout the hat bars of America). Halston's affection for hats hasn't weakened; but his sense of reality is stronger, and hats are not realistically part of the times. Halston is. He is loath to look backward. To dwell on past failures is to "pull yourself down"; it is "decline." Nostalgia is "decadent," even "dangerous." "You go from the '40s to the '50s, then what? There's nothing to grow on. You can't go forward. It's like the ethnic approach: one year you do gypsies and the next year you do North Africans and then you do Chinese and all of a sudden nobody wants to look Chinese and you're out of business."

The most famous pillbox: by Halston

There is no question that Halston could pull off such fashion-theatrics if he wished; after all, he grew up in fashion as a milliner and, as he points out, there is no more fertile field for fantasy than designing hats. He could, he says (indicating his living room, which is about twenty-five feet wide and more than half again as long), "make you a dress as big as this room." Allowing for a little hyperbole, he has actually made such a dress.This is the costume worn by Mary Queen of Scots in Martha Graham's *Episodes,* and it is so light that the dancer moves easily among the other dancers (whose costumes are only slightly less huge). It is also so cleverly constructed that when the choreography calls for the dancer to leave it, the costume stands uninhabited onstage, upright on its own.

"When he made these costumes," says Martha Graham, "for which he donated his time and services *(Continued on page 237)*

Photos, this page: from top, Bob Stone, U.P.I., Marianne Barcellona

ROBIN DUKE:

GIVING MO

ORE

A tough-minded fighter for human rights: this woman who has it all. What moves her? In this ten-page portfolio, an answer-giving interview

Robin Chandler Duke at fifty-six still has the kind of lean blond good looks that make you think there is such a thing as American royal blood. Her second husband, Angier Biddle Duke, is one of the richest and kindest men in the world. She has had a glamorous life and three successful careers: as a fashion editor, as a registered representative on the New York Stock Exchange, and as Mrs. Angier Biddle Duke when her husband was United States Chief of Protocol in the Kennedy and Johnson administrations, and when he served as U.S. Ambassador to Spain and Denmark. Along with her current duties as a diplomat's wife—Duke was appointed U.S. Ambassador to Morocco last year—Robin remains a powerful force in American politics and business. She commutes monthly from Rabat to New York and Washington—is President of the National Abortion Rights Action Committee, a consultant for the United Nations Fund for Population Activities, and a director of four major American corporations.

Robin learned about money the hard way. She grew up in Baltimore as Grace Esther Tippett (nicknamed Robin), the daughter of a genteel Roman Catholic family of lawyers. In the late 1930s, her mother and sister moved to New York, and Robin soon left boarding school to join them. At fifteen, she went to work as a department store model. She eventually became a fashion editor on the New York Journal American. In 1946, she married film actor Jeffrey Lynn. That marriage ended in divorce; Robin was left with two children to support, Jeffrey, now thirty-two, Letitia, now thirty-one.

Robin met Angier Biddle Duke in 1961 when she was working in the international public relations division of Pepsi-Cola. They were married seven months later. Robin left Pepsi-Cola and poured her prodigious energy into being the wife of the Chief of Protocol; later, the mother of their son Biddle, now seventeen.

For the rest of the story, including Robin's all-out involvement in world-wide family planning, see the next eight pages.

—SUSAN CHEEVER

ROBIN DUKE WITH HEALTH OFFICIALS IN BANGLADESH, 1974, ADVOCATING FAMILY PLANNING, HER SPECIAL CONCERN

THE PRIVATE ROBIN ON LONG ISLAND, WHERE SHE WEEKENDS IN SUMMER, CATCHES UP WITH HER FAMILY

Karen Radkai

ROBIN DUKE

DOING MORE...

her 24-hour life as Ambassador's wife, corporate director, crusader for world population control

Robin Duke is not what I expect. I have read many interviews with her and they are all rhapsodies. This is unusual in our time: our time feels safest in ambivalence; the cynically narrowed eye is the mark of urban intelligence. Yet Robin Duke, again and again, comes off as an impeccably admirable woman. As knowledgeable, serious, intensely active for difficult causes, a conscience on corporate boards, and—potentially a job in itself—the attentive wife of an ambassador.

Here is this woman who is so well off in every material sense that she could spend day after day in the prettiest ways, and yet she continues to tackle gritty issues in gritty places. Why? Her husband hardly requires her help to advance his career. She could not be hoping to rise socially—where would she rise to? We have an interesting and curious story here, a story of dedication without ambition, of fervor for a cause other than the advancement of self.

And so I am expecting a cool perfection, a flinty efficiency (how else manage the contradictory demands on her time?), an impatient rejection of the frivolous. Robin Duke, however, after a lunch with her friend Sue Brown, joins me in her library—the weather is dreary and the fire on the hearth is a comfort—and she is cozy, funny and, curiously, cheering. There is, in her presence, something light, colorful, abundantly healthy, undaunted. She is the opposite of cynical: rather, whole-heartedly optimistic. She could be a one-woman parade to bring back patriotism and old American values like the belief in the effectiveness of the individual. She's inspiring. That's a corny word, inspiring; but then, Robin Duke is corny, with all *(Continued)*

"Here is this woman who is so well-off in every material sense that she could spend day after day in the prettiest ways, and yet she continues to tackle gritty issues in gritty places"

OUTSIDE THE DUKES' WEEKEND HOUSE, SOUTHAMPTON, LONG

FAMILY GET-TOGETHER: AT THE CHRISTENING OF A CHILD OF

THE DUKE "CLAN" OUTSIDE THE CHURCH BEFORE THE CHRIST

ISLAND. ROBIN AND ANGIER GET AROUND THE VILLAGE BY BICYCLE, NEVER MISS A CHANCE AT OUTDOOR EXERCISE.

ANGIER'S BROTHER.

RIGHT: SWIMMING IS ONE OF ROBIN'S FAVORITE KINDS OF WORKOUTS.

Karen Radkai

ENING. DUKE HOUSE IS PART OF FAMILY "COMPOUND"; HERE, ROBIN AND ANGIER OUTSIDE CHILDREN'S PLAYROOM.

ROBIN BEFORE MEETING OF BOARD AT INTERNATIONAL FLAVORS AND FRAGRANCES; RIGHT, MEETING WITH SENATOR

that old-fashioned wholesomeness. You can't believe some of the expressions she uses—"fiddledeedee," and "oh gosh!" and "well by golly!" Her voice is an improbable fusion of the high zest of Julia Child and the round-voweled inflections of the supremely articulate William F. Buckley, Jr.

What I really want to know, I begin, is why she does so much, runs so much. What does she need it for?

"Oh but I can't imagine anything more boring than staying home," she says. "I love my little fire—you can see I have it going nicely, can't you?"—and she nods toward the flames. "And I love looking out at the river and the rain, and I love having Sue Brown for lunch, if we ever find the time. That's wonderful, and so is everything else. But I can't imagine 'laying back,' as they say, and not partaking of life. I do run a lot, but I think I run by choice."

Robin Duke wants to make it clear, too, that she's been running in this direction—towards voluntarism, global issues, "good works"—only in the last decade. "I'm pretty straight. I wasn't any great pioneer," she says, refusing canonization. "When I got married in the 'forties, I retired from my newspaper job and thought that was the end of me. I was going to have babies and make baked custard and put up jams and jellies, which I did."

Divorced from her first husband, she became involved in "all kinds of money-making businesses." *(Continued)*

ROBIN WALKS EVERYWHERE SHE CAN—EXERCISE IS KEY PART OF HER LIFE.

AT A BRIEFING, BEFORE ADDRESSING A WOMAN'S HEALTH GROUP MEETING.

Karen Radkai

JACOB JAVITS.

Robin Duke: "Women bring a breath of fresh air into these boardrooms, in the area of social responsibility alone—I'm forever talking about it"

MAKING A POINT ABOUT CORPORATE RESPONSIBILITY IN THE PUBLIC SECTOR, AT BOARD OF DIRECTORS MEETING.

SPEAKING AS PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL ABORTION RIGHTS ACTION LEAGUE: A PERSUASIVE CONVICTION

ANGIER AND ROBIN DUKE'S NEW YORK APARTMENT HOLDS A WARM, ELEGANT ASSEMBLAGE OF MEMORABILIA, COLLECTING

DINING-ROOM TABLE: FLORA DANICA CENTERPIECES, HUNGARIAN HEREND PLATES. LARGE WOODEN EAGLE (ANGIER DUKE

The beginning of her larger concern was a trip to Bangladesh refugee camps in 1971, during that country's war with Pakistan. Robin was accompanying her second husband, Angier Biddle Duke, honorary chairman of the International Rescue Committee, an organization, Mrs. Duke says, "that's been very active with the boat people in Vietnam and refugee movements since the Hitler camps. And I was very moved by what I saw.

"There were these young women in the camps who had been raped and were pregnant and they were twelve and thirteen years old. Their Moslem families had cast them out as being unclean. I kept thinking it made sense to get them aborted. If not, their life scripts were written for them—they were finished. What were they going to do, at thirteen, with babies, in a refugee camp at that? But of course, abortion was very much against the wishes of the Catholic agencies working in the camps."

The chief of state of the exiled Bangladesh government agreed to declare these girls heroines of the war, and promised that when they became aborted, they could go back to their families. "That's when the issue of abortion hit me," Robin Duke says. "And when you get into that, you suddenly find yourself locking horns with a lot of cultures. You find yourself face to face with the issue of women and their rights to control *(Continued)*

PASSIONS—LIKE ROBIN'S CHELSEA RED ANCHOR SAUCE BOATS ON MANTEL.

BEDROOM: BATTERSEA BOXES.

"I suspect that she sees no conflict between being a strong voice in a corporate boardroom and then coming home and playing the role of hostess at a dinner party"

ADORES EAGLES) WAS FOUND IN SPAIN WHEN ANGIER WAS U.S. AMBASSADOR.

AN INFORMAL LUNCHEON MEETING BESIDE THE DINING-ROOM WINDOW; ROBIN TALKS WITH FAYE WATTLETON, PRESIDENT OF

AMONG BOOKS HOUSED IN LIBRARY ARE DUKE FAMILY PHOTO ALBUMS, A SPECIAL ROBIN PROJECT—"I'M THE FAMILY

their fertility, with population control, and demographics, and balancing people and finite resources. . . ."

It is interesting to me to see the way Robin Duke reaches, step by step, from the individual to the global, including abortion as a feminist issue but not stopping there: the approach of that most modern person, the world citizen.

I ask how her pro-abortion position squares with her own convent-school-educated Catholicism. She rears back, surprised. "It squares very well! How could it not, if you're logical? I'm pretty logical at this point," and she laughs to take the edge off an adamant response. Still, the response seems to call for amplification.

"You know, the issue of abortion is not pleasant," Robin begins. "Nobody likes this subject; but it's there, and you've got to deal with it. And when you have all these men in Congress making decisions that so acutely affect women. . . . When you have people standing up in the Senate threatening the law that gives a woman the right to determine whether she wants to carry through a pregnancy or not. . . .

PLANNED PARENTHOOD FEDERATION OF AMERICA.

SON BIDDLE'S HIGHCHAIR.

"You know, the issue of abortion is not pleasant. Nobody likes this subject; but it's there, and you've got to deal with it"

"The interpretation of the law varies from state-to-state as you know, and so to have these people telling a poor woman who lives, perhaps, in a Southern state, 'There's no way, lady, you're going to get an abortion,' because you'd have to travel to get one, and if you're poor, you can't afford to travel, right? You're stuck. So you either go to some extreme means where you might damage your health, or risk your life. Or you go through with it, and have the baby, and chances are that child is not going to have the best care, the best chance.

"And that to my mind is appalling. It's appalling to discriminate against the poor this way. You asked me why I'm active. *Well, how could you sit still*? If you thought there was something you could do about it?" Again, the laugh, relieving the outrage under the words.

Robin Duke's answer raises another question, which is: why does she get up and do something about it while so many of the rest of us, though we'd be just as horrified to see Medicaid-funded abortions disappear, do no more than send off a check? Why does she transform feelings *(Continued on page 234)*

ARCHIVIST," SHE SAYS.

THESE SEVEN EXPERTS MET IN VOGUE'S OFFICES IN NEW YORK TO TALK ABOUT WHAT YOU CAN DO FOR YOUR OWN HEALTH. FRONT ROW: CHRISTINE E. HAYCOCK, M.D., SPORTS MEDICINE; CHARLOTTE KERR, M.D., GYNECOLOGY; JUDITH WATERS, PH.D., PSYCHOLOGY; WILLIAM LIKOFF, M.D., CARDIOLOGY. BACK ROW: WILLIAM CAHAN, M.D., CANCER SURGERY; RICHARD RIVLIN, M.D., NUTRITION; J. DONALD MILLAR, M.D., D.T.P.H., PUBLIC HEALTH.

Duane Michals

NEW HEALTH PLUS: SELF CARE

Zest, energy, long life—all come with good health. Here, experts tell you how to stay well, happy, and on top of your world

EDITED BY LORRAINE DAVIS

The modern American woman takes charge of her own life—and that includes her own body. When Vogue asked professionals in the health-care field to tell us what we women can do to benefit our health, they agreed that a woman's attitude and the responsibility she takes for her own habits and actions are critical to her well-being and long life. You can be your own best health expert. Each of our panel gave advice in a specific field: what changes to make, what checkups to have, and—especially helpful to women who are still diffident about questioning lofty M.D.s—just how to talk to a doctor.

On the following six pages, a report on our seven experts' discussion, their clues to your good health.

WHAT ARE THE GREATEST DANGERS TO YOUR HEALTH? OUR PANEL AGREED THAT SMOKING WAS A PRIME HAZARD, FOLLOWED BY ALCOHOL (ESPECIALLY WHEN IMBIBED BY DRIVERS) AND STRESSES, SUCH AS TIME PRESSURES, WHEN YOU SEE THEM AS THREATS NOT CHALLENGES.

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OMEGA

Two quick ways to better health: stop smoking, start regular exercise

Grace Mirabella, Vogue editor-in-chief: In your area of expertise, what is the single most important thing that a woman can do to benefit her health?

Judith Waters, Ph.D., assistant professor, Department of Psychology, Fairleigh Dickenson University, Madison NJ campus: Although I'm speaking as a psychologist, I think that many of my colleagues here at the table will agree that a woman's attitude, her mental set, has a great deal to do with her health, not only in her response to stress, which we probably will discuss later, but in taking responsibility for what goes into her body, for how she maintains her body throughout the day, by exercise and filling recreational needs, by contacting doctors and asking questions when she sees them.

Richard Rivlin, M.D., professor of medicine and chief of nutrition at Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center and the New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center: I would say that the single most important thing that any woman can do is really to maintain her weight within certain reasonable limits.

Christine E. Haycock, M.D., sports-medicine expert, associate professor of surgery, NJCMD (New Jersey Colleges of Medicine and Dentistry): I can back up by saying that, in order to help to maintain her weight, I think one of the most important things a woman should do is to get into some type of fitness program, or some kind of physical exercise. It is not only good physically for her well-being, but it's mentally extremely important to her well-being. I think our psychologist friend, here, will back me up on it, how important for release of stress, for example, a vigorous physical exercise program is.

Of course, before a woman begins to exercise her doctor should see her first, to make sure she is fit to do it. But it should be a regular program, one that she does, as a minimum, say three times a week.

J. Donald Millar, M.D., D.T.P.H. (London), assistant director for Public Health Practice, U.S. Center for Disease Control: My single answer is the most important thing a woman can do is to stop smoking, or to avoid starting smoking. And the reason for that is that smoking is a significant and well-established risk factor for a number of causes of mortality in women, and especially for premature mortality. Women have a particular tendency, if you look at overall mortality data, to die of cancer; and increasingly that cancer is cancer of the lung in females.

WORKOUT

Basic exercise plan: the least you can do

You can benefit your health with 3 half-hour exercise sessions a week. Use 15 minutes for warm-ups, stretching exercises for flexibility; if you add dumbbells, you'll build muscle strength, too. In second 15 minutes, engage in active, stressing exercise—biking, rope-jumping, jogging—until you "work up a sweat," to build endurance, raising heart rate to 70 percent of its maximum. To calculate ideal rate: Subtract your age from 220 and multiply by .70. (If you can work out 7 times a week, exercise 15 minutes a day; 5 for warm-ups, 10 for stressers.)
Important: **Begin program slowly, work up to these levels; have medical checkup first, if you're over thirty or have health problems.**
MORE ABOUT EXERCISE:
See *Total Woman's Fitness Guide* (Anderson World Publications) by Gail Shierman, Ph.D., and Christine E. Haycock, M.D.; Dr. Haycock provided this basic plan.

William Likoff, M.D., cardiologist, president, Hahnemann Medical College and Hospital, editor-in-chief, ACCEL (American College of Cardiology Extended Learning), past president, American College of Cardiology: My discipline is cardiovascular disease, and this question pleads for a single, definitive substantive answer to the most important contribution that can be made to avoid or to prevent cardiovascular problems in women.

I would have to echo, in this respect, the prohibition against smoking, because from a biologic standpoint, there is no question that smoking accounts for the present increase in the incidence of heart and blood-vessel disease in women.

Charlotte Kerr, M.D., gynecologist, past president, American Medical Women's Association: As a gynecologist, I would feel that women should understand their reproductive organs as much as possible and understand what the normal function is, so that, if they function abnormally, they will seek out a physician. One also thinks of the Pap smear; if I were to say one single thing that all women should do, it would be to have an annual pelvic examination including a Pap test.

William Cahan, M.D., attending surgeon, thoracic service, Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, professor of surgery, Cornell University Medical College: I think the most important thing for a woman at this time is to become aware of the hazards of her environment, whether it be general or personal. Because that really is, to my mind, the core of not only her survival but her living well, and living long. You've already been alluding to some of the personal environment, which is smoking; but there are also things in the general environment which, of course, she has to be completely aware of, and to steer clear of, or take in moderation. And we'll discuss these later.

Miss Mirabella: It's often suggested that heart disease, lung cancer, breast cancer are increasing as a result of the liberation of women. Is there any truth in this view, or is this just a way of discouraging women from trying to find their way in the world?

Dr. Waters: I think it's just a shift. In the last century, women were dying in childbirth; they did not outlive their husbands. If you look at some of the old cemeteries, you see a man with three or four wives next to him, because they were worn out. Now, women are dying of something else.

Dr. Millar: There are good data on this. What we see now in increasing incidence of lung cancer among women simply reflects that they have taken up smoking as a habit and have passed the twenty-year lag time that it takes to develop a carcinoma of the lung.

We have good data, for instance, now that girls are taking up smoking as readily as boys. And, in fact, the most recent data suggested a higher proportion of girls now start smoking than boys.

Dr. Haycock: Not only that, but they've come out of the closet on it. Now, when I was a little girl, if you smoked you were something awful, and so women quietly smoked at home. Now they're simply doing their smoking more openly, and I don't think it had anything to do with Women's Liberation, really.

Miss Mirabella: Dr. Likoff, has there been increased incidence of coronary disease in women in recent years?

Dr. Likoff: There is an increase in coronary heart disease in women, most distinctly in the younger age groups and, again, in the older age groups, both pre- and post-menopausal stage. And whether it's related to hypertension, obesity, or any of the other parameters of measurement in the investigation, the data falls apart unless the insert of smoking is included. And then you begin to see pattern in statistics that prove this point.

Dr. Cahan: Smoking becomes the common denominator in so many ills that I'm glad we're putting this much emphasis on it. As for the relationship to liberation, you must remember that most smokers begin in their teens.

Unfortunately, they're getting younger and younger. The reasons for starting are really quite fascinating. Most of all, of course, it's peer pressure, peer imitation. Sometimes identification with a parent who smokes. But the subtle reason, which is sort of sex linked—and that automatically makes it more difficult to root out—is that young girls, in particular, think they look older when they smoke. And therefore, they can attract older boys. And this is a pretty hard one to overcome.

Isn't it horrible that such preventable tragedies are so widespread and increasing rapidly in number? As a result, one can anticipate an epidemic of lung cancer in women, far greater than the present one, in twenty-five or thirty years.

Dr. Rivlin: We seem to be divided as to whether smoking is worse than being obese. But I think the important thing to realize is that they are both bad, and one ought to think of the fact that risks are additive. And, in fact, one can make a cigarette/pound comparison, that if you stop smoking and gain thirty pounds, you also may not have benefited your health. We're really beginning to appreciate, certainly with respect to cardiovascular disease, the fact that different risks may be additive. So that if one has a bad family history, if one has high blood pressure, if one does smoke, and is obese, then the risk of a heart attack is greatly increased.

Dr. Waters: I have heard a number of patients is obesity clinics say that they smoked to keep their weight down; so it's very difficult to get rid of both habits at the same time.

Dr. Likoff: I have a different perspective on that. I think obesity is a cop-out; although it's an important factor, alone it's relatively meaningless in cardiovascular disease. Obesity is important when combined with hypertension, high blood pressure. Important when combined with cigarette smoking. Important if combined with a genetic default, something in your heredity.

But I think, alone, it's relatively an insignificant factor.

Dr. Waters: What I'm saying is that obesity is visible; and, for a woman, this is not the kind of image that she wants to project, so she's willing to take a high risk and smoke, in order to have a slim figure. I have noticed that many of the people in the obesity clinic have also had problems with cigarettes, and with drinking, and so we're looking at multiple addictions, and perhaps symptom substitution.

Dr. Haycock: Certain women can take obesity if they have no cardiovascular problems, if they're not smoking, and if they're not having any hormonal problems; they're just people who are comfortably fat. And, maybe, we should leave them alone, and stop giving them complexes about the fact that they've got to lose weight.

Dr. Waters: But the definition of obesity is very broad. When we speak about obesity, some of us are talking about 20 percent over, say, something like the Metropolitan Life height/weight scales. And some of us are talking about 50 or 60 percent over. I think that there are different images of exactly what obesity is. And you also have to take into account body build, and a variety of other factors. We're really looking at fat content in the body, so a pair of calipers is a good way of measuring it.

Dr. Kerr: I just wanted to go back to the subject of smoking to bring up the point that smoking in pregnant women is a problem, also, in that it produces a high incidence of low-birth-weight babies, premature deliveries, and so we have two patients with problems: the newborn baby and the mother.

Dr. Millar: I think it's worth saying about smoking that the situation is far from hopeless. There have been over 50 million Americans who have quit, permanently, in the last ten years, and a large number of physicians. So, I think this in itself, is a kind of liberation. You

(Continued)

YOU AND YOUR M.D. ...

Just as you would keep a record of your children's immunizations, start keeping a record of prescriptions your doctor has given you—the dates given and results obtained (including allergic responses—if any). This will help in medical history-taking, especially with a new or consulting physician. Ask your doctor to tell you the full name of any surgery you have and the nature of the problem discovered at surgery—in both scientific and lay terminology.

Ask your doctor to have the druggist *label* your medication with the generic name, even if it is a brand-name drug. Some generic drugs are not proven biologically to have the same effect in patients, although chemically they are equivalent. It is appropriate to ask your doctor to choose some generic drugs, but the doctor may feel that a specific brand-name medication would be more suitable for you.

Be sure to return for follow-up visits, especially if your doctor finds a cyst or a small fibroid tumor in your pelvic organs or breasts, as these may increase in size and require surgery at a later date; it would be important for your doctor to observe any change in consistency and size. Not all of these tumors require surgery—some will even get smaller and disappear.

If you have menstrual periods, keep a calendar of dates of onset and end of each period and note the date of your last period before seeing your physician. This record will be more accurate than your memory in the doctor's office.

Try to find out as much as possible about the serious illnesses and/or causes of death in your siblings, parents, and grandparents—especially noting diabetes, cancer, heart disease, and high blood pressure. Ask your mother about her menstrual periods and menopause, as these factors tend to have some familial pattern.

—Charlotte H. Kerr, M.D.

Continued

have people who can take charge of their own behavioral destinies these days. And I think that's a very encouraging thing. Whether that ties directly to the liberation of women or not, I'm not sure; but I think it does tie in to a notion that we are responsible, and to a large extent, for important health issues. And we can act in our own best interest.

Miss Mirabella: When we were arranging this seminar, the Vogue staff gave us a number of questions to ask. And it was interesting how many of them fell to be on the same subjects, and one of those subjects was stress.

In many instances, a woman will tell you "The stress that I'm under requires, or forces me to smoke," or "That's how I get rid of my anxiety." Could we discuss this word *stress*? Has it any real meaning?

Dr. Rivlin: I think it's a fascinating question, because one person's stress is what makes another person feel alive; and what is overwhelming for one person is stimulating for another.

And I think a certain amount of apprehension and anxiety is probably a good thing; it's when it gets to be excessive that it gets to be a problem.

More and more, we're learning that mental health governs physical health, and that when one does have poor mental health, and poor adjustment to stress, that's when the difficulty arises.

Dr. Likoff: Stress is identified and defined as any physical or psychological issue that upsets the body equilibrium—that's a rather generic expression. But it's interesting to trace back the mechanism responsible for stress in the biologic times, to the beginning, when the alarm reaction was the essential mechanism whereby the human being survived whenever he faced a stressful situation.

For example, if a human encountered another human, three million years ago, he immediately engaged in a contest for turf, because turf was sustenance; sustenance was life; and several things happened with visualizing the opponent.

First the eyes, pupils became widely dilated, so that the adversary could be seen better and contested with. The heart rate went up, to pump blood into the muscles more adequately. The skin paled, in case there were an injury, the injury would not result in a hemorrhage.

These are all the essential elements of the so-called alarm reaction. Now, when you encounter somebody who's contesting you for your turf, or for your sustenance, or for your life, these reactions are supportive, not destructive. They do assist you in defending yourself.

However, when your framework of reference becomes confused and you interpret a telephone call as a threat against your turf, or your sustenance, or your life, and your alarm reaction spills over, that's the mechanism of stress and it is destructive, because of a substance circulating in the bloodstream, the catecholamines that the alarm reaction creates can injure blood vessels and other functions and structures in our bodies and make it less likely we can continue with that type of repetitive insult without paying a penalty in disease.

Dr. Waters: When we gear up for what is commonly called the "fight or flight" type of reaction, sometimes our behavior is not appropriate. Even though the threat may be real, fighting is not how we respond in this society. We continually have to repress the kinds of behavior that might reduce the stress within the body at that time, and eventually you will have physiological symptoms. There's a great deal of research that indicates if you have chronic stress, you will come up with a vast number of symptoms, ranging from poor job performance and marital conflicts to cardiovascular disease.

Dr. Cahan: I'm frequently asked does stress have anything to do with the origin of cancer? And this, of course, has fascinated people as far back as Galen, who wrote about the dour or morbid personality being more susceptible to cancer in the second or third century. And that's quite a few years ago.

Repeated psychologic insults of one type or another conceivably might be mediated through some of the essential organs; which, in a subtle way, may make a person more or less susceptible to a carcinogen. But we're absolutely at no revelation on that subject.

We have not been able, for example, to distinguish why some people will get lung cancer from the cigarettes and others who smoke the equivalent amount will never get that lung cancer.

There are obviously large areas still unknown in our understanding of susceptibility. Research is being done in this area; but, as of this moment, we cannot say that a so-called stress factor has anything carcinogenic about it that we know about.

Dr. Haycock: As a surgeon, I would think of physical stress, stress owing to surgery, or stress owing to trauma. That's one kind of stress, and that's where your adrenal mechanisms or your compensatory mechanisms come into play in the body.

The other stress is psychological stress. One of the biggest things that's happening right now to relieve psychic stress are the fitness programs that are being instituted by large corporations for their employees. The companies were trying to find a way to reduce coronaries in their key executives, who were under tremendous amounts of stress because of having to make big decisions involving

12 YOUR RISKS IN DESCENDING IMPORTANCE
A RISK FACTOR OF 1.0 IS AVERAGE. A RISK FACTOR LESS THAN 1.0 CARRIES LESS THAN AVERAGE RISK. A RISK FACTOR ABOVE 1.0 CARRIES GREATER THAN AVERAGE RISK.

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Above: Excerpt from a sample health risk profile report of Life Extension Institute. Information: HQS11M, P.O. Box 0, Minneapolis, MN 55440

For best health, stay at your ideal weight; good eating habits not crash diets—will keep you trim

maybe millions of dollars, and the rate of heart attacks among these people is high. Now companies have put in jogging tracks and gyms.

And, of course, the Japanese have led in this by having yoga breaks and rooms where employees can throw dishes, and what not, on their break time. We know that it's a counterirritant, so to speak, in the sense that, if you're really mad, you can go out with a golf or tennis ball in your hand and hit it; and you can say, this is the boss, and I'm going to let him have it. Wham. Or if you're jogging, the actual pounding of the feet on the pavement is a way of relieving the stress. There are many ways you can do it. But the idea is that physical exercise is a counterirritant to psychic stress.

Dr. Waters: What we have been discussing here are the temporary strategies. In the end, you must solve your problems. The strategies will only work so long, and then the buildup of stress will continue. So that things like biofeedback equipment, or yoga, will work for a while to reduce that stress; but, eventually, you must deal with the issue.

Dr. Likoff: It is interesting that every contemplative religious act, whether it's the rosary, quiet prayer, etc., results in the dropping of blood pressure and pulse rate, for the practitioner. So that this is not just a quiet mental reaction that results, but actually a physiologic response that occurs under these circumstances.

Dr. Millar: I think there's a social side to the stress phenomenon that we haven't touched on at all, and I think we should note that the sixth most common cause of premature death among white women is suicide. And the fourth most common cause of premature death among nonwhite women is homicide. And these are social manifestations of stress that I don't think anybody really knows how to get a handle on.

And much of the psychological thinking that's going on about this phenomenon is leading us nowhere in particular. But I think it behooves us to remember that in looking at the real risks to women, there are some enormous ones that have nothing whatsoever to do with health in the usual sense of the word.

Dr. Haycock: I did want to mention that it's been a common belief that amenorrhea—stopping of the menstrual periods—seen in women athletes in training was due to weight loss. However, subsequently, studies done at the U.S. Military Academy at West Point, particularly on the women plebes, have shown stress to be the real culprit.

Melva Weber, Vogue health editor: Is the loss of the menstrual period a health risk of any magnitude or is it a transient problem?

Dr Haycock: No, it's transient, and as soon as women stop their stressful activity, whatever it might be, their periods come back.

Ms. Weber: Are there ways in which a woman can recognize when everyday stresses are getting to her in a physical, physiological way?

Dr. Kerr: I see lots of women who come to me for their breast examination and Pap smear, and then they say, "I'm not sleeping very well." And when a patient doesn't sleep well, particularly the patient who may go to sleep easily and sleep three hours at a time then wake up and have difficulty going back to sleep, to me this is one of the signals of a patient who has stress.

Dr. Rivlin: I think overeating may be a symptom of stress. I think also fatigue may be a symptom of stress. The woman who is tired all the time.

Dr. Waters: A woman should look for a change in habits, change in energy level. Anything that's extreme, over a period of time, not just one day. We focused on obesity. But there are people who also have anorexic problems, besides adolescents; and, when they are stressed, they will eat less, not get the nutritional balance that would really help them through the period of stress.

Dr. Haycock: We haven't mentioned alcohol, but I think we should. One of the biggest problems is the hidden alcoholic, the woman who drinks at home. And certainly this is a stress phenomenon.

Dr. Millar: If you look at women from age five to age twenty-nine, the most common cause of death is the automobile accident. And at least half of those deaths are related to drinking. Yes, 50 percent are attributable to alcohol, either in the person who drives, or in the person who is killed as a consequence of somebody else's driving. So *(Continued)*

Penn

EVERY BODY IS MOST BEAUTIFUL AT ITS HEALTHY WEIGHT: APPEALING PLUMPNESS IS NOT OBESITY. YOUR DOCTOR CAN JUDGE IF YOUR FAT/LEAN RATIO IS GOOD

Stress can be a hazard to your health or actually add energy—it's how you handle it that counts

if you'd ever gotten around to asking me what was the second single thing a woman should do for her health, I would have suggested that she stay out of cars with drinking drivers.

Dr. Cahan: And be sure to fasten her seat belt.

Dr. Likoff: Let's not be prohibitive of alcohol in every aspect of living at the present time. I want to remind you that, in modest doses, alcohol is beneficial for the heart; but, in increasing doses, it is a cardiotoxin. So that whatever the definition of a moderate drinker may be, that can be reasonably good for you.

Dr. Cahan: I think that alcohol, since we're on that subject, is to be incriminated as a co-carcinogen. Now a co-carcinogen means not only just one cancer-forming agent but another cancer-forming agent working in conjunction with it. And in the sea of carcinogens in which we swim at the present time, there are many minor carcinogens which in conglomerate can make a major carcinogen. And alcohol is to be incriminated in this regard. There is no question that cancers of the oral cavity, pharynx, esophagus, and we think, cancers of the lung and bladder arise with increased probability from the co-carcinogenic effect of alcohol and cigarettes.

Most ingested carcinogens are taken in small quantities and, by themselves, probably exert little cancer-forming influence. But, if ingestion is repeated, and over a long time, and particularly if small quantities of other carcinogens are present and all affecting the same organ—*e.g.*, the colon—in time, their aggregate or synergistic effect could cause cancer in the susceptible individual. Hence, however small, it is wise to reduce the number and frequency.

Dr. Rivlin: So we get back again to the concept of additive risk. We're worried about smoking in association with alcohol. Another thing we have to worry about is the use of alcohol and other drugs. You have a lot of people these days on sedatives and "uppers," "downers," lateral movers of one sort or other. And it's important to realize that the effects of many of these drugs are worsened by the use of alcohol. So I think alcohol and drug use, alcohol and malnutrition, and alcohol and pregnancy, all of these have to be considered really as additive risks, and things that intelligent women can really do a great deal about.

Dr. Likoff: There is no question but that the incidence of coronary heart disease is on the increase in women, both the younger and the older age groups. Question, why? Answer, probably the life women live now and the medications that women are using today that they did not use in the past. It probably has to do with the Pill, the anxiety, environmental insults, cigarette smoking, other self-induced insults.

Miss Mirabella: You know one of the questions that came up is: how does a woman prove herself to be intelligent as she talks to her doctor? Many women in this office expressed a certain distress, a feeling that male doctors do not listen to women, that they don't regard them in the same way or handle them in the same way that they handle their male patients. How do we choose a doctor? And then how do we talk to him?

Dr. Rivlin: Even with many women in the work force, I think it is the attitude of many men that women's work is still playing. It's not really meaningful work. I think male physicians need to take women seriously.

The other side of the coin is that, in nutrition, one of the problems is that it's the more intelligent women who are doing all the reading about nutrition—the ones who read Vogue, for example. But the physicians, not being educated in this area, are uncomfortable in answering questions. "Should I take vitamin E?"—this type of thing. The physican loses credibility, because he cannot really answer these questions; and so the patient is unhappy, or dissatisfied with his answer and then turns elsewhere.

I think part of the difficulty lies, really, in the process of medical education.

Dr. Haycock: I think the biggest problem is that doctors don't take time to listen. "Mrs. Jones, is there anything you wanted to ask me?" That's a very simple sentence, but I'm afraid too many doctors, particularly my male colleagues, don't ask it. I do think that women physicians do tend to listen to their patients a little more than the men do.

CHECKUP

When to have mammography

Mammography is a valuable asset in the early diagnosis of breast cancer. Because of its use of irradiation, although today this is much smaller than heretofore, it should be confined to specific needs. This is valuable in women over thirty-five to forty on occasion for clarification of equivocal lumps in the breast. Over the age of fifty, it is probably wise that each woman have at least one mammogram to serve as a baseline against which future mammograms can be compared. After that, they could be done about every two years or sooner if any suspicion arises or if there is a strong probability of breast-cancer formation (family history or other breast cancers). Mammograms are rarely to be used in those under thirty-five unless they could help decide whether to operate or not.

Mammograms are not infallible, and all techniques and their interpreters have various accuracies. Some breasts are difficult to analyze this way. In any and all events, mammograms must be used *in context* with careful physical examination. Together, mammograms and manual examinations have uncovered cancers that would have been missed if only one had been used. On the final analysis, the judgment of a skilled physician should be the determinant. —WILLIAM CAHAN, M.D.

You see there's this attitude of God in the physician; and one mustn't ask God questions. One listens, but one doesn't ask. And unfortunately, a lot of that is carried over. And some of my colleagues think they are God, I think. They don't answer questions.

Dr. Waters: Some women become tongue-tied when they come into a doctor's office, whether it's a male or female who is the physician. For a woman to take control of her life and, especially, her health, she must learn to ask relevant questions of her physician, to seek out all the implications of her condition (present and future), to learn what realistic alternatives she has, and what courses of action the doctor recommends and why. She should not feel apprehensive about asking for clarification of answers. If her relationship with her doctor is not facilitative of such an exchange, it is time for her to select someone to replace him/her.

Dr. Cahan: I think women are partaking in the relationship with their physicians in many areas. For example, in breast surgery now, there's a great deal of discussion about which operation women think they might want. And in many other areas as well.

And I think there's no reason why women cannot insist upon having these questions answered or else shift physicians. There's nothing more worrisome to a physician, I think, than losing patients. The area of communications is now beginning to open up in a major way. And every physician worth his salt will be willing to answer your questions. Remember, you have the privilege of going elsewhere if you're not satisfied with that relationship.

Dr. Waters: I think one of the tendencies of some physicians is to write off what may very well be physiological disorders as psychological problems of women who have "empty nest syndrome" or have other kinds of changes. Now very often psychological changes may be only coincidental.

With all of my patients, I insist upon a physical checkup. First of all, it does a lot to relax their minds before they go into therapy. And then the problem might very well have a physiological basis. Everything, and I'm a psychologist speaking, *everything* is not psychological. And I think that the feeling that you can communicate with your physician is essential to the healing process.

Dr. Kerr: I think one thing that a woman might do when she goes to a physician, particularly if the woman is going to a physician who is new to her, is to put down, on paper, some of her past medical history. Because, in the waiting room when the receptionist hands you a piece of paper to fill out your history, you can't always remember your past. [More advice from Dr. Kerr, page 177.]

Dr. Millar: I think a lot of us go to doctors and expect the oracle to pronounce without stimulus, or without any encounter from the patient. And that's just not realistic. I know when I have a routine physical these days, I make a nuisance of myself until somebody sits down with me, goes over the lab data, and explains the implications of all this.

It's easy enough for them to say "Everything's within normal limits," but I'd like to know how the results are in comparison to the last time I was in there, and whether the fact that I'm not eating as many fats is reflected. I think people really have a lot more say in that encounter than they think. The day of the second opinion is here. And I agree that you can walk down the street to another doctor, if you're not satisfied.

Miss Mirabella: Can it be expected that the doctor to whom one goes for a second opinion can, with ease, get records and information from the first doctor?

Dr. Haycock: I participate in the surgical second-opinion program, which is now very organized here in New York. The Blue Shield has a program; and more and more of the health plans have this. Under that plan, of course, the doctor who's giving the second opinion cannot operate on the patient. His role is strictly that of a consultant. So he has no axe to grind. And, usually, the patient's doctor knows *(Continued on page 227)*

"One person's stress is what makes another feel alive"

WORRY BEADS: CLASSIC REMEDY FOR STRESS. OTHER GOOD RELAXERS: PHYSICAL RELEASE IN EXERCISE AND SPORTS, THE CALMING OF MEDITATION OR PRAYER

PARIS...AN IRRESISTIBLE CHARM!

What was good... was terrific! In a season of ready-to-wear collections that provided a variety of looks and lengths and ideas, certain things were immediate standouts. Not as much for their "fashion message," as for an unmistakable and thoroughly engaging kind of delight.

The reason: unique design that doesn't depend on exaggeration or overdone special effects. Instead—and you'll see it on these twelve pages—clothes that signal a totally modern and very feminine way of dressing. An *unexpected* way of dressing: the best designers have taken the most familiar words—from suit to sweater to skirt-and-shirt dressing—and have given them a new definition, a whole new sophistication. As a result, clothes with an added adornment, with wit...with style. It's fashion that whets your appetite for fashion: the charm is that irresistible...

YVES SAINT LAURENT

The point isn't a new suit, a new skirt, not even a new Saint Laurent "look." What he gives you, *opposite*, is simply a wonderful, instantly appealing way to dress—new pieces that add up to something more. His wrap-over sarong skirt—black wool edged in black braid—slightly longer in the back; a short, small-fitting black jacket with satin lapels; a white satin blouse. There's a certain delight, a feeling of being more "dressed" in everything, from the hat to his new black patent pump. Jacket, about $695; skirt, about $435; blouse, about $305. Late September at Saks Fifth Avenue; Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, Washington DC and Chevy Chase; Halles; Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, Coconut Grove, Atlanta, and Beverly Hills. All accessories, Yves Saint Laurent. These twelve pages: hair, Harry King; makeup, Tyen of Paris.

Francesco Scavullo

When you're looking for something a little bit "more" at night: the surprise—the delight—of black lace. Romantic... tempting...with a decidedly modern turn...

PARIS... AN IRRESISTIBLE CHARM!

Francesco Scavullo

VALENTINO

Opposite, a starting point for evening, the sophistication—femininity—of a blouse in black lace. Valentino did it again and again—to perfection. Here, one of the most captivating, worn with side-ruffled velvet pants. Blouse, about $1,180; pants, about $715. Fabric, Taroni/The Ideacomo Group. Late August at Valentino Boutique, New York, Washington DC; Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour; Amen-Wardy, Newport Beach, CA. . . . *Beauty Note:* On the runway at Valentino, the most vivid, upbeat makeup . . . here, the same kinds of colorings—in Hibiscus Acti-Vita Emollient lip color, Color Accent Black Kohl eye pencil. Both, Germaine Monteil.

UNGARO

Above, Ungaro's extraordinary—unexpected—mix of fabrics, textures . . . the combination of soft tailoring and feminine detail—and how it works. Here, in a unique, inventive way of thinking about a suit for day, for evening: a lacy black pleat-collared blouse, his new silk/wool sarong-wrapped skirt in a charming café print, and a black wool pin-striped jacket. Blouse, about $700; skirt, about $425; jacket, about $775. Late August at Emanuel Ungaro Boutiques, New York, Palm Beach, Bal Harbour, Detroit, Houston.

All fashion details, see next to last pages.

PARIS... AN IRRESISTIBLE CHARM!

What was so outstanding:
the way a "familiar" idea was totally
turned around...
given a new look, a new allure.
The difference was
unmistakable!

CHLOÉ

The total simplification—that was the first thing you noticed. And then the white blouses: Lagerfeld's turning point . . . his starting point in a series of the most beautiful blouses shown with navy knits. One of the strongest looks, *left*: his short, deeply-plunged sweater-dress over a high-throated cotton piqué blouse. A new proportion with dark legs, his new flat patent pump. Blouse, about $395, cotton/wool dress, about $475. July at Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus. . . . *Beauty Note*: One direction in makeup everywhere—pink to fuchsia colorings. *Left*, from Elizabeth Arden: Flirtatious Fuchsia Very Moist Lipstick; Passionate Pink Powder Blush.

UNGARO

In an Ungaro collection, you always expect the unexpected . . . and the very definite seduction that goes with it. *Above*, in his easy-evening, easy-glamour sweater dressing—with a white side-buttoned sweater piped in black, and shiny black panne velvet pants. Added delight in the black lace shawl and his new flat, red-piped black patent leather pump. Sweater, in an angora/lambswool blend, about $175; viscose/rayon pants, about $275. Late July at Emanuel Ungaro Boutiques, New York, Palm Beach, Bal Harbour, Detroit, Houston. Details, accessories both pages next to last pages.

Francesco Scavullo

PARIS...
AN
IRRESISTIBLE
CHARM!

What's always hardest to find: an evening look that's "dressed" but not "dressed up." This fall, you'll have no trouble!

YVES SAINT LAURENT

You'll find a completely new level of dinner suits
A big part of the difference: the concept that romantic
can be un-costume-y, and totally modern. You see it
in the charm, *opposite*, of gently ruffled velvet lapels
on a wool jacket that bears no resemblance to a blazer
(about $790); in the softness of a yoked, velvet mid-calf skirt
(about $475); the clean note of a white-on-white silk
satin blouse (about $385); the beguiling way
it all comes together. Late September at Bloomingdale's; Montaldo's;
Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, Atlanta; Halles; Dayton's; Bonwit Teller
And, you can finally find a dress that's exciting and showstopping
but not a "production" . . . a small, slide-y red silk charmeuse
with tiny ruffles and black velvet, *above*. About $990. September
at Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique Femme, NYC, Manhasset,
Palm Beach, and Beverly Hills; Saint Laurent Rive Gauche,
Washington DC and Chevy Chase; Sakowitz
Beauty Note: The new turn you see in makeup—
to pinks that are vibrant but not overplayed. The colors, *opposite*,
Alexandra de Markoff's High Society Rose on the lips,
Sun-Loving Rose on the cheeks. Accessories, next to last pages

Francesco Scavullo

One of the most refreshing differences this season —a look that's small, clean, sharp... and completely feminine

PARIS... AN IRRESISTIBLE CHARM!

CHLOÉ

Everybody talked about, loved Lagerfeld's white blouses. Because of their purity and polish, their instant appeal. Because they signalled a whole new approach to what blouse-dressing can be. Sum-up of the change, *left,* in silk crêpe de Chine, with his poetic "Medici" collar (a signature); a stock that's padded to hold its shape. About $500. Here, with his longer bias-cut skirt of navy wool. About $540. Late July at Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin (to order); Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour; Neiman-Marcus; Giorgio, Beverly Hills; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Earrings, Elsa Peretti of Tiffany. Then he did a dress—as simple, small, uncluttered as his blouses—with the same romantic collar, the impact of strong stripes. And a drawstring . . . so it can be worn just above-the-knee or the way he showed it, *above:* bloused as short as a tunic—a proportion that works best with a colored/textured leg, a flatter shoe. The shoe here: in copper metallic. Dress about $875. Late July at Elizabeth Arden Salons; Nan Duskin (to order); Ultimo, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus. Accessories, next to last pages.

Francesco Scavullo

PARIS...
AN
IRRESISTIBLE
CHARM!

A totally different way
of thinking about—
of wearing—
a sweater at night...with
something "extra"—
always...

VALENTINO

Opposite, a whole new charm to sweater dressing—Valentino's skinny, heathered wool-blend tweed cardigan, with a cream lace collar, brown satin ribbon ties. With it, instead of a slim skirt—brown wool herringbone knee pants . . . as perfectly proportioned as trousers (note: if you ever were going to be convinced by pants this length, these are the ones to do it). Sweater, about $285; shorts, about $385
Late August at Bloomingdale's; Nan Duskin; Montaldo's, Sakowitz; Frederick & Nelson
Beauty Note A whole new charm to makeup colorings—here, Pink cream blush cheek color, Plum Pink lip color, both from the Makeup Authentique de Payot collection

MISSONI

Above, a new easy glamour—Missoni's ever-brilliant colorings: a metallic wool knit pullover in turquoise, violet, orange, and black, "fish-scaled," pulled low at the hip. With a metallic lilac knit "muff" at the neck, a matching lilac knit skirt . . . light-catching . . . eye-catching. Sweater, about $435; skirt, about $355. Available late September at Bloomingdale's; John Wanamaker; Balliet's
All fashion details, see next to last pages

Francesco Scavullo

PEOPLE ARE

"DALLAS" FEVER—AMERICA'S GOT IT GOOD

By Gloria Emerson

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The eyes of America are upon it: "Dallas"—the boldest, brassiest, most notorious series on TV. The days of Ozzie and Harriet are long past; now we have J.R. Ewing, the most despicable heartthrob in the West, and his long-suffering wife, Sue Ellen, with the rest of the Ewing clan—oil-rich, power-hungry, blood-loyal. "Dallas" watchers are insatiable—as if the Ewings, not the Partridge family, were telling us something about ourselves, about life in America now. But is "Dallas" America? Is J.R. Ewing the new American ideal? On these pages, Pulitzer Prize-winning author Gloria Emerson talks to Larry Hagman, who plays J.R., about "Dallas" fever—and what it means.*

Thirty-five million Americans this year all did the same thing on Friday night: they watched CBS' *Dallas* in order to eat up the endless, inventive malevolence of J.R. Ewing, who, when most wicked, has a mouth of metal and eyes that count like calculators. *Dallas*, as everyone knows, is the saga of a Texas family, rich beyond belief: a nice papa and mama who for some unhealthy reason require their grown-up sons with wives to live with them on the family ranch. Each week, *Dallas* provides more treachery, drink, criminal business dealings, adultery, panic, and different strands of love *faster* than anything else on the air.

Larry Hagman, born in Texas himself, is the actor who has made J.R. Ewing so villainous and pitiful that he has become a presence in the land. Apparently, it is adorable when you are that mean. The actor, whose mother is Mary Martin, came back recently to New York where he once lived as a child, the absurd cowboy hat in hand and wearing boots as well. *Dallas*, for all its bizarre turns, doesn't strike him as totally unreal, and he is a very bright fellow who speaks without sugar.

"That's how people are," Larry Hagman said of the series. "Businessmen are ruthless bastards." Quite a few are his friends. He doesn't see why his fans should still be shocked by J.R.'s lack of ethics. In the final episode last March—*Dallas* *(Continued on page 233)*

At last! Sue Ellen squashes her hateful husband J. R. Ewing, but it's not a scene we'll ever see on "Dallas"—just horseplay by Linda Gray and Larry Hagman who have made the CBS series such an astonishing success

Annie Leibovitz

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT

Bruce Davidson

GAY TALESE

Gay Talese (above, left), on New York's Forty-second Street, part of the turf he researched for his book. Above right, at home with his wife, Nan, and daughters, Pamela, fifteen, and Catherine, twelve.

The sex event of the year—the publication of Gay Talese's *Thy Neighbor's Wife*. Eight years of controversy, and the furor continues on these six pages with three strong-minded views of the man, his book, and sex itself

TALESE: The Sexual Adventurer—a friend's view of the man

By A. E. Hotchner

We are at a dinner party, twenty people around an oblong dining-room table, Gay Talese seated between a thirtyish Bloomingdale's woman on one side, and a more mature doctor's wife on the other. He knew neither before the dinner party; in fact, most of the guests are new to him. Small talk is flowing, but Gay is impatient with it. I know him well. We have been friends for a long time. Fourteen years. A roller-coaster of friendship, given to a sudden drop now and then, but mostly solid.

I know his reactions very well, and this dining-table prattle is not what he wants to hear. He is too obsessed with the book he has been researching for four years to tolerate unrelated conversation.

The doctor's wife is a bit shocked but the Bloomingdale's woman is amused; first the question is directed only to them, but soon the entire table has left off its conversation and gradually devoted all its attention to Gay. I don't know how he managed to get on the subject; but now, with everyone's undivided attention, he is making some generalizations about masturbation. It is an important ingredient in his new book, he tells them, a book about sex in America; and self-gratification, he assures them, is the most prevalent form of sex among adults.

To prove it, Gay boldly takes a poll of the guests, going from one to the other, direct confrontation, these rather constrained strangers, husbands and wives, a range of middle years, asking each, point-blank, Do you masturbate? There is some embarrassment, but, with one exception (a woman who maintained it was none of his business), they answer him. Most admit that they do. There are some surprised glances between husbands and wives. Gay is happy. He beams. He looks at me with the look he has when we win at doubles.

Gay is, for the moment, Kinsey among the roast beef. But that afternoon, he has not been a polltaker but a participant, gleaning first-hand information in a massage parlor on Lexington Avenue where a pretty girl named June had "manipulated" him for $33. Participation in sexual experiences is a vital element in Gay's research.

From a literary point of view, Gay's forebear Henry Miller was the first American sexual adventurer (I classify Frank Harris as English since he lived most of his life there). Not only was Miller the first, but no one else has ever been able to bring to personal sex adventure his savage lyricism. "This is not a book," Miller states in *Tropic of Cancer.* "This is libel, slander, defamation of character. This is not a book, in the ordinary sense of the word. No, this is a prolonged insult, a gob of spit in the face of Art, a kick in the pants to God, Man, Destiny, Time, Love, Beauty. . . ."

"Gay Talese researching the Mafia is acceptable; Gay among the sexpots is something else"

Gay's own sexual adventures have served him well; he understands Henry Miller's legacy. But then, he has always relied on personal experience for research, on what Anaïs Nin refers to as "the restorative value of experience, prime source of wisdom and creation." In his previous book, *Honor Thy Father,* the prime source was the world of the Mafiosi. Gay became a part of that world. He identified with the people he wrote about, became intimate with their families and their routines.

Gay's research for *Thy Neighbor's Wife* was a mix of Henry Miller's personal exploits, the statistical method of Kinsey, and the voyeuristic technique of Masters and Johnson. But it is only the Miller aspect that has caused such a stir. Gay among the Mafia is acceptable, but Gay among the sexpots is something else. (How many times have I been asked if this sexual research harmed his marriage? Gay himself admits that, momentarily, it did; but he points out in his book that his marriage survived not only because of the love he and his wife have for one another but also because "through the years [they] each had developed . . . a respect for one another's work, a history of shared experiences good and bad, and a recognition that [they] genuinely liked one another." To that I would add that I do not know any two people who are more deeply committed to each other than the Taleses.)

But, cynics persist, research in sex is different because the researcher has granted himself license to have a good time in a *verboten* area. Good time? Gay? I know no writer who suffers the way he does. How many times, when we have met at his urgent call, Gay's writer's wounds have been hemorrhaging. "I will never finish this book . . . it is so difficult to weave all this together . . . ." There is a smoldering rage in him, but his voice is soft. His shoulders are pinched. But I have also suffered with him through his other books; and I know that despite the blood-letting, or perhaps assisted by it, he will persevere.

For Gay has a stubborn dedication that he turns to advantage. His greatest passion in life is tennis, which he took up relatively late in his life. Several years ago, he took lessons from good pros. For all their instruction, his strokes changed not an iota yet he managed somehow to push his deficiencies to their ultimate, making them work for him, and became a very respectable player.

This is Gay's way. It helps carry him over the hot coals of writing. But it does not alleviate the suffering. He carries his

literary misery like a knapsack of stones, bending him, routing sighs.

But even when embattled with a troublesome book, Gay has periods of release when he will indulge his social inclinations. His passion for expensive, exquisitely tailored clothes rivals his passion for tennis. Giorgio in Beverly Hills is a favorite haberdashery, but even there he is not easily pleased. He will cautiously and endlessly circle a new jacket, and in the end its acquisition is more like a capture than a purchase.

He enjoys eating in Gino's, around the corner from his Manhattan townhouse, where the waiters hail him like a hometown boy and, on departure, happily provide him with a loaf of the Italian bread which he favors for breakfast. He gets similar attention at Elaine's. He has a prodigious number of acquaintances, and though Gay insists that, when it comes to real friends, he has only three or four, he and Nan have a vigorous social life. (The solitude of writing is a torture Gay endures, with shrill protests, but solitude without writing is unthinkable. He ain't Thoreau.)

Gay has one other consuming interest that must be mentioned: his devotion to the New York Yankees, going back to his boyhood, is as a pilgrim's to Jerusalem.

But, unfortunately, Gay indulges in these intended pleasures with the same intensity that he brings to his work, with the result that they exert just as much pressure on him. In the case of tennis, for instance, Gay's passion for the game, his excessive commitment to it, often tortures him. Flubbed shots wound him, incite his wrath. We were once playing on a New York City court in a neighborhood not known for the politesse of its inhabitants. On this particular day, Gay, having missed an easy overhead, with a cry of enragement flung his brand-new, gut-strung expensive racket at the fence, but the force of his rage propelled the racket over the fence and it soared into the middle of the street. Of course, by the time we raced to its rescue, it had been snatched by the local kids and Gay had lost yet another encounter to The Forces.

But The Forces do not win them all. Sometimes his quiet rage, his passion, not to mention other dark, motivating forces that are largely unidentifiable, repel The Forces and rout them. The intriguing aspect of these encounters is not how this is *(Continued on page 239)*

"SCHOLARLY AND EROTIC..."

By Virginia Johnson-Masters

A RAVE REVIEW FROM THE WOMAN WHO, WITH HER HUSBAND, REDEFINED SEXUALITY

It is easy to remember the first time I encountered the author of *Thy Neighbor's Wife* because it was an occasion when the subject of sex preempted government scandal for a couple of hours on the day the Watergate story broke. It was at a luncheon meeting in Washington DC where a national organization of newspaper publishers had invited my husband, Dr. William Masters, and me to be guest speakers. During the question-and-answer period, an unidentified man kept interrupting the rather sedate proceedings by asking the two of us about our personal sex habits. Although the title of our lecture was "Sex Is a Family Subject," I felt the questions were impertinent and irrelevant. The persistent questioner was Gay Talese.

While my indignation was somewhat mollified that day by the applause received for my now forgotten repartee, it was not so mollified that I could resist an invitation to review Talese's new book. It seemed like a poetic opportunity to retaliate. Now that need, if real, will have to be satisfied some other time. *Thy Neighbor's Wife*, recently published by Doubleday, is a scholarly accumulation of information, laced with enough erotic content to entertain most anyone.

It will be regrettable if *Thy Neighbor's Wife* is regarded primarily as a biography of Hugh Hefner, even though Hef's life, times, and the saga of *Playboy* magazine comprise a major segment of the book and provide it with an important part of its structural design. But Talese's tome is much more than one person's biography. It is a meticulously researched context of people, events, and circumstances through which a reader can follow the breakdown of the repressive sexual myths that have dominated our society until quite recently. It is also possible, in this vast amount of material, to perceive the resulting social struggle to establish a sexual value system that serves more of the people more of the time, while they try to cope simultaneously with their "sex is pleasure and pleasure is sin" lessons of childhood.

Through the lives of selected individuals and events, well-known and unknown, the author traces the factors of change in what he has described as a redefinition of morals in America. Included are individuals whose lives have influenced or been influenced by the prevailing sexual mores and behavior patterns of their time in unique or profound ways. Mr. Talese has taken readings of their expectations and disappointments, deprivations and survival tactics, sex roles and life styles, blending these with historical milestones of social change, particularly in the areas of law and literature, to show us the real sources of influence of our bedroom behavior.

The focus of *Thy Neighbor's Wife* is always sexual, but the content informs at least as much as it titillates. Paradoxically, it reads as easily as a *(Continued)*

children's book while presenting some very sophisticated material. For those who don't shy from the opening erotica of Chapter One, interest should be easy to establish and maintain. This is a lengthy book, however, where those with a fascination for explicit information about the lives and sexual behavior of others must wade through many layers of factual material that they may find boring.

It might be suggested that those who are less intellectually inclined read until they become restless with a segment they consider pedantic, mark it for later, and move forward along the story line. It would be unfortunate, though, if the reader who skips in this fashion should fail to return another time to the portions previously avoided. Dry though they may seem, much of their content is landmark information about things that are continuing to influence and control our sexual destinies.

Small wonder Gay Talese took eight years to research and write this book. Although his initial announcement of a planned review of "sex in America" seemed rather grandiose, he seems to have reasonably accomplished his goal. He has produced an internal as well as external picture of sexual practices in our society: How people feel and what they expect, as well as how they really act, in situations where sex is a crucial factor. Early, rather derogatory publicity resulting from Mr. Talese's stated preference for personal participation as a basis for the sexual material in his book surely must have shaken up his own social existence at the time and in some way influenced his efforts to present this material. However, whether he was in an exploratory phase of his own sexuality or genuinely believed that one has to be part of the action in order to understand it, this detail does not seem to have diminished his devotion to objectivity nor his vast talent as a journalist-writer.

On a personal note, I was immensely relieved to find that Gay Talese the writer did not disguise himself as Gay Talese the sociologist/psychologist, in the fashion of many published journalists today. His work is obviously *his* work, *his* perspective, and not material claimed from the work of scientists in professional journals. There is maturity and skill in the way Talese depicts the individual uniqueness of erotic stimulation, not clinically but graphically revealed in descriptions of people's sexual feelings and behavior. He obviously understands, at least as a writer, the nature of erotic response and sources of sexual stimulation better than most people, not simply in terms of technique but in terms of the mind, emotions, and expectations.

The heavy use of Hugh Hefner and *Playboy* as an instrument of social statement may have limitations, but it is effective. Talese has described *Playboy* magazine as the "ultimate service magazine," the word "service" being used with a sexual connotation. But the author also uses a generous portion of *Thy Neighbor's Wife* to present a sometimes painfully intimate picture of the man who not only shaped the magazine and empire called Playboy but, in the process, helped shape much of this country's contemporary sexual thought. Having realized that people, and especially men, entertain fantasies about sex quite different from the way they actually are able to live their sexual lives, Hefner first produced a fantasy resource; more recently, he has introduced thoughtful, reliable information to help people handle the sexual realities.

I cannot state that I know all times, places, and events presented in this book are absolutely accurate. My impression is, though, that the degree of accuracy of historical information is high. I will offer the opinion, however, that *Thy Neighbor's Wife* provides something rather difficult to come by in these days of sex-related media bombardment: a definitive overview of the sexual attitudes, behavior, and expectations prevalent in society during the past and present centuries, together with what surely is the most comprehensive guide to contemporary sources of sexual influence, with one notable exception.

Mr. Talese chose to omit any real mention of the contributions towards "redefining sexual mores" made by members of the scientific community. It is curious that he offers only a minimal reference to Dr. Kinsey, and a few sentences about Masters and Johnson. This omission calls for some scrutiny of Talese's bias in viewing the totality of America's sexual scene. Perhaps the author felt it of too little importance to let his book show that it is the scientific and health-care communities that are primarily responsible for dignifying the sexual condition in contemporary society and that, more than any other group, they have fostered social acceptance of sexuality as a vital, crucial dimension of personality. ▽

ENLU

I'm reading *Thy Neighbor's Wife* and thinking: If this is sex in America, why am I so bored? And: Why am I so irritated? And—such are the drawbacks of introspection—maybe it's my fault. Maybe I, a prude, am just uncomfortable.

A strange teenage boy masturbates in the first chapter and thanks to the miracle of new journalism, you are there, alas.

The artist Betty Dodson, a woman who has appalled me for years—first she was preaching on woman's right to throw up, and then on the joys of "self-love" (masturbation to you; "solitary fulfillment" to Talese)—has nine pages devoted to her, a dutiful interview on her discovery of her genitals, her seminars for women in which everyone lies about scrutinizing one another's genitals (I'll spare you, and me, the details) as a way of raising female self-esteem. Well, I have rarely been in such a rush to get out of a chapter. Betty Dodson as the voice of feminist sexuality! Betty Dodson, the only woman in the Western world who puts as much stock in her physical genitalia as the typical American teenage boy. But is this criticism or discomfort? It's both.

The population of *Thy Neighbor's Wife (TNW)* is the sex-obsessed of the American past and present. Right away we've got a compatibility problem. There is a basic antipathy between people who put sex at the center of their lives and people who don't. I, one of the don'ts, think that one-night stands are depressing, and that swinging is tacky, and that no one living an interesting life has the time for as much sex with as many different people as the sex-obsessed require.

In *TNW*, sex never has dimensions larger than the purely physical buildup of tension and release of same. This troubles me. I like to think sex is more

DLESS ST

WARNING: THIS ARTICLE IS X-RATED

By Amy Gross

than plumbing. Talese's thesis is that America is moving from complicated sex to simple sex; from sex burdened by notions of sin and emotional attachment to sex stripped down to its physical components—impersonal future sex, as Talese has called it. (Finally I understand why in tragedies the messenger is killed—not for bringing the bad news but for relishing it.)

Here's Talese's idea of a woman who represents the future. Her name is Barbara Cramer and she is married to the man who founded Los Angeles' Sandstone Retreat, the orgy capital of the West. Years ago, Barbara was a star insurance saleswoman, and at a convention she met another salesman, John Bullaro.

"Here's woman as stud, as randy and sexually uncomplicated as men. An achievement, Gay Talese thinks"

You have to understand, before we go on, that these are real people, wearing their real names. This has an impact on the author: it's a constant injunction to stick to the truth. And for the reader, it has another sort of impact. When you learn, for instance, that Bullaro's wife Judith "performed fellatio with uncommon skill and ardor" when she'd had a lot to drink, you are—I mean, I am—embarrassed. I mean, I've barely met the woman.

Back to Barbara who stuns the conservative (though frequently adulterous) John by following him to his hotel room. There she initiates a ten-minute quickie:

> She was the aggressor, the manipulator . . . and he was enjoying her sense of domination. She seemed so different from his wife and other women—she did not seek comfort in words, or try to embrace him, or kiss him, or ask to be kissed. It was as if she wanted him in a purely physical way. . . .

Why, I want to know, "as if?"

Talese's admiration for Cramer fairly hums through his descriptions of her. Slightly more cerebral is his enthusiasm for another sexual amazon, another exemplar of future sex. Dr. Sally Binford, anthropologist, is "an elegant gray-haired divorcée of forty-six whose beautifully proportioned body invariably effused [sic] the passions of one lover after another . . . and one evening . . . participants and observers in the downstairs ballroom [the orgy arena] heard her throaty, cultivated voice calling humorously, after she had satisfied one more *amoroso*, 'Who's next?'"

Here—*enfin*—is woman as stud. Both Cramer and Binford, according to Talese, are as voracious and as uncomplicated in their sexuality as men. An achievement, he thinks. But he reserves his heartiest applause for the sexual style of John F. Kennedy:

> . . . He . . . had no desire for a mistress; he preferred variety, and . . . could make love as casually and quickly as he could swim the length of a pool—which is not to denigrate his fondness for the women who shared his bed, but rather to suggest that sexual intercourse for him was not a clinging complicated act of commitment. It was an indulgence in pure pleasure, a healthy exercise that relieved tension and produced a delightful sense of being alive.

Lord! How those clinging complicated acts of commitment can slow a man down. The value system of *TNW* just loves speed and variety and simplicity; form follows function and not a wasted motion. *TNW* assumes that marriage means monotony, at least for men. It leeringly assumes that everybody's got some dirty secrets. It leeringly passes on some people's dirty secrets, like the fact—if it is fact—that the lingerie ads in *The New York Times Magazine* make that journal "one of the nation's principal stroke books *sub silentio*." I am repelled to find Talese winking in print, his elbow in my ribs. I think: One reason I am cringing in this book is that Talese finds it all so titillating. And what Talese finds titillating is what he calls sex in America.

The scope of *TNW* is bewildering to anyone expecting a survey of sex in America. It took me a while to understand that the book's organizing principle is male lust, the virulent strain that has given men such a bad name over the years, names like bounder and Don Juan and satyr. To read *TNW* is to be a voyeur in the fantasy created by that lust, a fantasy of available sex, of women who never say no, who make no demands physically or emotionally. This is the obverse of—the relief from—the dread of restriction, rejection, frustration. The book goes where the available women are, the women who require neither seduction nor foreplay, who always say yes.

The women are in pornography, waiting endlessly in magazines, movies, peep shows. They're waiting in "massage parlors," the euphemism for quasi and not so quasi prostitution services. They're waiting in "open" marriages and in orgy clubs and in sex utopias where coveting thy neighbor's wife is licensed.

And they're in the two worlds of Hugh Hefner, in his personal world which is a (boy's) fantasy of endless quantities of girls, Pepsi-Cola, and electronic gadgets; *(Continued on page 236)*

"Trace," 1979-80, 115-inch polychrome bronze sculpture

Nancy Graves

By Barbara Rose

Daring and versatile artist—an American woman—whose striking "environmental" works challenge abstraction, put nature back into art

Hans Namuth

It is no big secret that the 'eighties is the decade in which American women are making major contributions, taking bold risks, and stepping out front to leadership positions in all fields. This is especially true of American art, where women are achieving a high visibility they have never had, working with techniques formerly off limits, and being taken seriously in the factories where they work, by the film crews they direct, and in the galleries and museums where their art is more than standing up to that of their male counterparts. Thirty-nine-year-old Nancy Graves is among the most visible of these daring young women staking out new territory, creating personal styles out of a confidence in their own identities that few women have felt before. Filmmaker, sculptor, painter, printmaker, Graves looks like the Renaissance woman for the 'eighties. Her current retrospective, now at the Albright-Knox Art Gallery in Buffalo (later to travel to Akron, Ohio, and Houston, Texas), covers the last eleven years of her activity. It is an amazing record of how fast an artist can grow, change, develop, meet new challenges and keep on evolving out of a set of consistent concerns stated early in a career.

In Graves's case, the concerns revolve around the relationship of art to nature—a central theme in American art since the earliest years of American independence, when painter Charles Willson Peale opened his museum of natural science and art. At first, Graves stunned the art world with her life-size camels, done in 1969, which seemed to turn the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York, where they were exhibited, into a museum of natural history. In the context of the abstract formalist art that dominated the late 'sixties, Graves's hairy hump-backed camels involved a more fundamental questioning of the relationship between artistic illusion and literal reality than even Jasper Johns's painting "Flag." Mixing wit with seriousness, Graves found a source of fresh iconography with broad significance and apparently endless potential in her own experience.

Nancy Graves's father was the assistant to the director of a museum that had both natural history and art in its collection, and Nancy spent much childhood time inspecting stuffed animals and the relics of paleontology. After graduation from Vassar, she pursued her interest in art and took two additional degrees in fine arts at the prestigious Yale School of *(Continued on page 235)*

LIVING HAIR

Four active women with four lengths of hair, different textures, different life styles: they've learned how to make their hair the most versatile asset they own, A.M. to P.M.; now, so can you

John Stemper

TERRI MAY:
ALL-ONE-LENGTH BLUNT CUT FOR THIN, FINE HAIR

Terri May hates fuss, loves speed and getting a job done fast. That's part of the reason she opts for a blunt all-one-length cut, straight as a bone, stopping short at the chin, with basic long bangs. She knows it's the best cut for her kind of thin hair, helping it look thicker, bolder; it's easily washed (with a body building, conditioning shampoo) and blown dry every A.M. (part of her morning routine). Best of all she can wear her hair as it falls; and, as length grows, so does shape. Out of shape doesn't happen with a blunt cut. It's the perfect no-worry, low-maintenance look for a very busy woman. Hair care—like tooth care—is second nature to Terri. She always takes time for breakfast, too: knowing what she eats and drinks will influence the kind of hair she'll have to deal with later. Fashion details and stores next to last pages. Hair, Didier Malige of Jean Louis David; makeup, Bonnie Maller.

GET UP AND GO HAIR— THE ONLY KIND TO HAVE

Now everyone wants easy, manageable hair . . . hair that you (and he) can run fingers through, hair that doesn't collapse just because a sweater has to go over your head . . . for the simple reason there's nothing *to* collapse, nothing fixed into "don't touch me" immobility with backcombing and spray. This isn't a trend or whim that will change. Easy, manageable hair is a necessity for today's active, always-on-the-go woman; and, in providing for that necessity, hair itself has received a great bonus, enjoying a look of life it's never enjoyed before. What's the secret? No secret. Where there's life (and movement), there's health: and hair health has become the most important motivating force in hairdressing. Preached and practiced by stylists the world over, it has led to an emphasis on unstructured wash-and-wear styles that—often because of an excellent cut geared to individual characteristics—move easily from A.M. to P.M. Because hair's tensile strength is so extraordinary, rewards for the majority, following the most basic hair-care routine, are tremendous. Modern technology has helped, delivering increasingly effective products that—when chosen correctly (read labels)—make up for careless handling/neglect to return a look of life to the hair.
Hair, Didier Malige for Jean Louis David; makeup, Bonnie Maller.

TERRI MAY:
HAIR ALL ONE LENGTH

Look left: nothing gets in the way of Terri's homework, as she draws her hair back (never too tightly) into a low, simple ponytail. It's pretty because her hair is pretty, smooth, and silky from its A.M. wash with a sympathetic shampoo (such as Enrich Conditioning Shampoo with neutral henna, adds shine, body but no color). From ponytail to soft waves for a big evening out (below) is just a one-step curling-iron maneuver with Terri's kind of "all-the-way-round" cut. (Clairol's Crazy Curl Compact Curling Iron—dual voltage, collapsible, fits into purse—does it well.) Can this one cut deliver anything more? It can—easily, the only way hair should have to perform. . . . From soft waves late P.M., Terri moves to bone-straight hair again the next day—but with a difference. Wanting a more "together" polished look, she uses a side part and

brushes her wispy bangs off the face. Day look by Estée Lauder, Brandied Coral cheeks and Riviera Red lips lined with Sunlit Red lip pencil.
Never demand from your hair more than it can do, say all leading hairdressers.
Hair, by John Sahag; makeup, by George Newell. Fashion details, next to last pages.

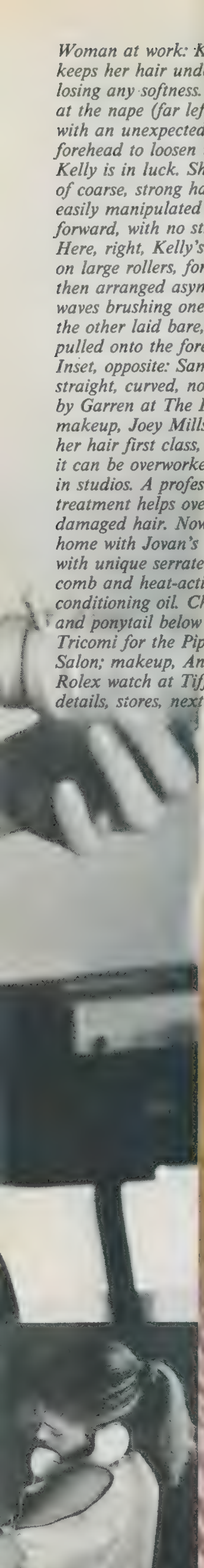
John Stember

KELLY EMBERG:

STRONG, COARSE TEXTURE— THE MOST VERSATILE

A haircut should be an adventure—with a guaranteed happy ending. Before snipping a snip, any stylist worth his scissors should take into consideration face structure, proportion of head to body, height, and way of life; for all haircuts need maintenance, some much more than others, which means an investment of time and money.

Woman at work: Kelly Emberg keeps her hair under control without losing any softness. A low chignon at the nape (far left) is the trick with an unexpected flip of fringe on her forehead to loosen up the look. Kelly is in luck. She inherited the kind of coarse, strong hair stylists love, easily manipulated up, down, back, forward, with no stress whatsoever. Here, right, Kelly's hair is set on large rollers, for an evening look, then arranged asymmetrically, waves brushing one cheek, the other laid bare, a flippant bang pulled onto the forehead. Inset, opposite: Same look for day, straight, curved, no bangs in sight; by Garren at The Plaza; makeup, Joey Mills. Kelly rates her hair first class, but knows it can be overworked by style switching in studios. A professional hot-oil treatment helps over-dry, end-damaged hair. Now it's easy to do at home with Jovan's new treatment kit with unique serrated applicator/ comb and heat-activated conditioning oil. Chignon left and ponytail below by Edward Tricomi for the Pipino-Buccheri Salon; makeup, Anthony Clavet. Rolex watch at Tiffany. Fashion details, stores, next to last pages.



John Stember

LIVING HAIR

CLARE BRESFORD:

NATURALLY CURLY HAIR

Curly hair works so well with an extra-short, shaped, layered cut (giving her neck a necessary look of length), she gains extra minutes in her usually jam-packed day washing her hair, then letting it dry in less than thirty minutes. For this kind of speed, it's vital to have a dependable shampoo and conditioner. They come together in Breck's new shampoos—one for normal, oily, dry and color-treated hair. Below, left, Clare washes her hair, towels it dry, moves in shape with her fingers and . . . goes out the door. For a different approach she sometimes smooths back her wet hair, and blow-dries it gently into a straighter, sleeker look (directly below). This is good for hair quality—as always drying hair "naturally" can mean a slow moisture loss, leading to over-dry, "fly-away" hair. Hair, John Sahag; makeup, Wendy Whitelaw. Fashion details and stores, next to last pages.

SHEILA JOHNSON:

FRAGILE HAIR, BREAKS EASILY

Unlike many Black women's, Sheila's hair isn't over-curly, so she can depend on two styles that don't overload her hair's strength. By day (see right), a set with larger rollers achieves straight, soft volume with spiky bangs. At night (below right), a low-heat curling iron straightens hair still further, the front combed completely forward so the whole looks like a smooth, silky cap. Do-it-yourself is a way of life for active women, who always allow some minutes in the day for beauty jobs (directly below). Delicate spun hair like Sheila's needs extra help from specialized products that act as "repair kits" —like oil-free Wella Balsam Deep Conditioner, which helps mend hair damage, prevents moisture evaporation. Hair, Garren at The Plaza; John Sahag; makeup, Alberto Kaya, Bonnie Maller, and Vincent Nasso. Fashion details and stores, next to last pages.

John Stember

THIS-MINUT

E FINDS

What most women want for relaxed summer living: a look that's cool, uncomplicating, casual--but with more scope than sneakers-gear-regulation shorts. When a look meets all these standards, you know you have a find! And that's the story of the on these fourteen pages. Clothes that are close to classic in the way they work, the way they move. But always with an extra edge. An added aural that turns a T-shirt into a sweater, a flosher fabric, a softer, prettier line. Clothes to wear from this minute on...with pic... and one of this season's ornamental accessories

This year's "live-in" top—not a shirt, not a "T"—a sweater! Courrèges, left, cropped-short, buttoned boucle ($155). Over his pencil-slim poplin pants—not white but palest pink ($195).

The Halston "refinement." His small, body-close cotton jersey top ($38), right. And in a season of shorts—his are the trimmest—even in soft Egyptian cotton ($80). Halston Sportswear.

On these twelve pages: hair, Garren at The Plaza; makeup, Joey Mills. Photographed on Paradise Island in the Bahamas at Club Med. All prices approximate. Details, stores, next to last pages.

Patrick Demarchelier

1. Very relaxed, very pretty!—an easy pull-on sundress in cotton lisle with a strapless smocked top, softer skirt. By Ralph Lauren ($118).

2. Classic with an edge: the perfect cable-stitched cashmere pullover in rose. Drumohr for John Mendez ($195).

3. At the wrist a striking cuff—oxidized copper, bright silk string. By Small Wonders ($25).

4. A new easy-evening turn—shorts ($125) and a T-shirt ($185) in silk charmeuse. By Zoran.

5. Standout bags in snake "Op Art" designs by Judith Leiber. Left ($520), right ($340).

THIS-MINUTE FINDS

7. New—knockout!—look for summer nights: gold mesh lamé sarong pants ($300), and a linen blouse with gold metallic edging ($118). By Andre Van Pier.

6. The basic cotton polo—a Lacoste, to own in every color. Here, at its "strongest," in black with white jeans. By Izod for Her ($22). Anne Klein Jeans in polyester and rayon ($50). Beauty Find: Two pretty eye colors in one: Maybelline's Persian Blue/Sasha Pink pencil.

Patrick Demarchelier

All prices approximate. Stores, details, next to last pages.

1. Summer staple: an easy white cotton shirt—the newest—"indispensable" version: slightly oversized, drop-shouldered. Shanghai'd by Bowman Trading, $16. With Merona Sport's pink boxer shorts—more attractive than regulation "gear," $19. Santos watch, Les Must de Cartier.

2. Pyjama ease—a yellow cotton crew-neck sweatshirt, $22, and sweat pants, $20. Silver Threads. Hair, this picture, Alex Hilliard of Xavier.

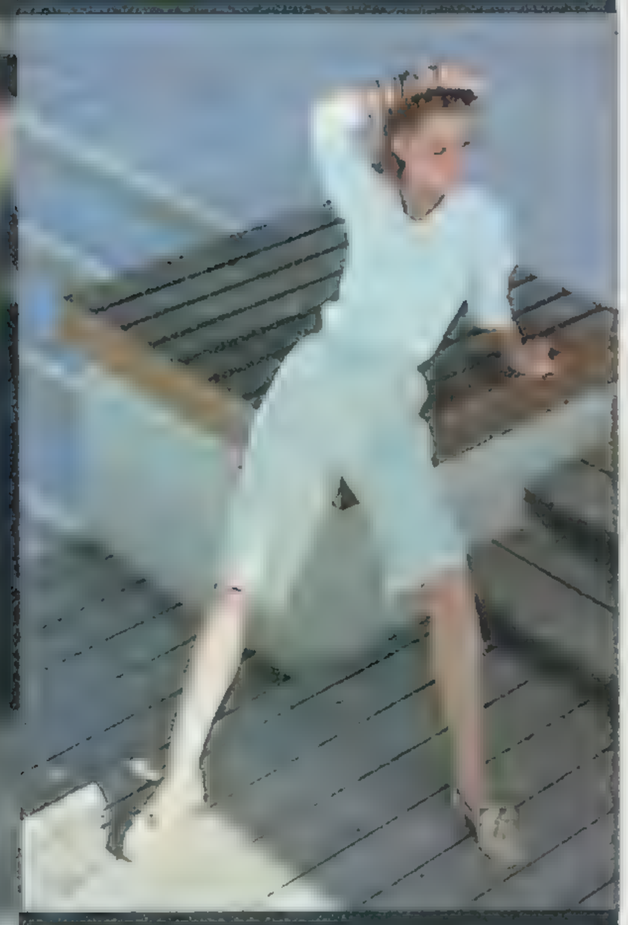
3. Stephen Burrows' jacket in yellow silk shantung, $220, his cherry silk crêpe de Chine shirt, $120, yoked shorts, $160. For Pat Tennant.

4. To show off the shape you're in . . . the best tank suit: strapless and cut hip-high, in iridescent lime. By Danskin, $20.

THIS-MINUTE FINDS

Albert Rizzo

5. Lashes of color, "caught" in plastic—the belt to own in multiple. Ruza for Elegant, $10 each.



6. White with pales: Joan Vass's hand-knitted summer sweater, $162, eggshell linen culottes, $120.

7. The crunchiest cotton knit top, eased at the neck — prettier. New York Sportswear Exchange, $40. Perry Ellis trousers, $48.

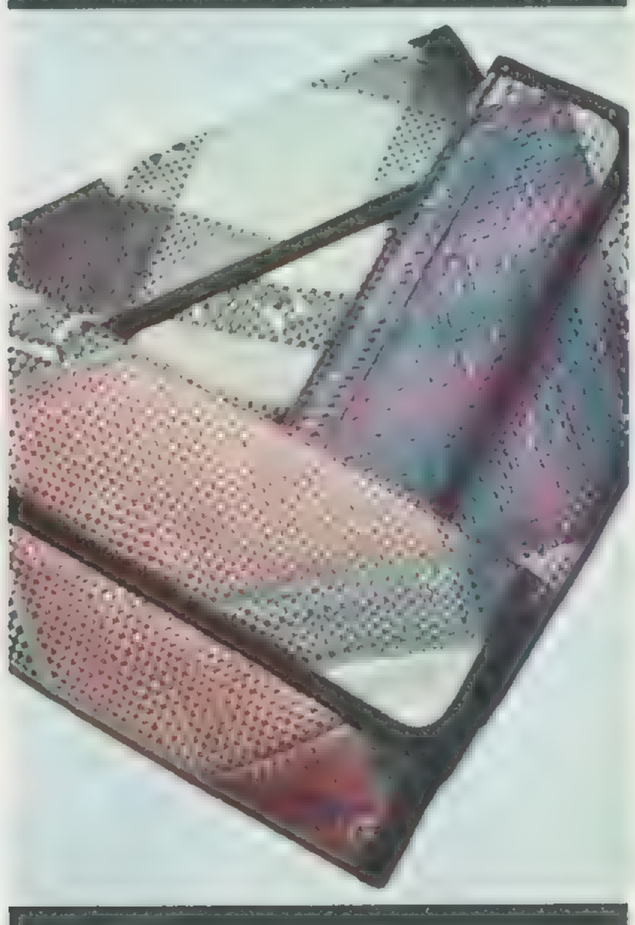
8. Over a bathing suit . . . on its own . . . Koos Van Den Akker's navy/white plaid "romper," $230.

9. For evenings, a blouse in the thinnest—prettiest fabrics . . . handkerchief linen, lace. Bob Evans, $220.

10. An "un-dressed" look at night: bright silk crêpe de Chine warm-ups. L'Zinger top, $120; pants, $120.

Patrick Demarchelier

11. Maurice Sasson's blue-and-white trousers, $35, and blue cotton roll-sleeved shirt, by Sulka, $55.



12. To slip in a leather tote—Rafael Sanchez's quilted straw clutches, worked in geometrics. $73 each.

13. An air-light "sundress": a slip-of-a-top, $34, a ballet skirt, $70, in hand-painted cotton. Kim-Zee Dane.

1. One fabulous color . . . all the way! Ralph Lauren's parachute-cloth shirt ($78), pants ($110).

2. This season's romantic: Lynn Doherty's lacy linen camisole dress . . . light as a breeze ($170).

3. Fernando Sanchez's terrific cover-up, quilted moiré ($100). Maillot, Marcia Friedman for Le Bag ($36).

4. A winner—this any summer—the rounded jacket ($120), easy pants ($108). Halston Sportswear.

Patrick Demarchelier
Alberto Rizzo

5. Singly, or by the armful—plastic bangles—transparent, deep, deep shades. Carolee Designs ($22).

6. Terrific dinner-dressing "base": Cacharel's silk dress—soft, narrow-falling, a striking print ($300).

7. New pants dressing: walking shorts ($70), a matching top ($64), city-savvy color. Christine Albers.

THIS-MINUTE FINDS

8. What Perry Ellis does for summer evenings: a quick camisole ($60), soft pants ($120), jewel color

9. Perfect! Small, thin, the purest shape—Hanro's camisole ($24) Joan Vass's short trousers ($120)

10. Flattering as makeup—the new rich color and the luster of St. Tropez's metallic sunglasses ($16)

11. Always top priority, a swimsuit. Now: A strapless hand-painted maillot ($74), a short pareo ($40). Lanier Laney Swimwear

12. Dianne B's jumpsuit—trim but un-tough, a streak of bright color ($65)—for Cygne Designs

13. Bareness, wrap-on ease, vibrant color. Michael Kors's cotton sundress ($98). For Lothar's NYC

14. The charm of Guy Laroche's T: a wider neckline, a clean shape ($70). Anne Klein Jeans ($50).

All prices approximate. Accessories, details, stores, next to last pages.

THIS-MINUTE FINDS

This summer, the newest accessories are "see-through." They're clear and color-trimmed or crayon bright. But always they're transparent. And always the plastic is creatively designed, well-made . . . nothing is gimmicky or throwaway. What you get: instant cool, instant color, instant fun. And practically no weight!

1. *No groping for keys, coins, makeup Clutch, piped in patent leather, by Ruza. $16*

2. *The difference is clear! Morris Moskowitz's city/country tote, edged in leather. $76.*

3. *Goodbye wet feet! Andrew Geller's "jellies" waterproof, lightweight shoes. $20.*

4. *Wraparound . . . the newest shape in sunglasses! Michele L'Amy for 10/10 Optics. $20*

5. *Light, lighter, lightest! Van Allen bangles. $9*

6. *One shot-of-color when you're all in white. . . . La Bagagerie's bag $55*

7. *One won't be enough . . . Colony Designs' leather-edged belt to wear on swimsuits, hot-weather clothes. $19*

VOGUE PATTERNS

VERY EASY
VOGUE PATTERN
7682

1. To sew this minute—in cool, classic summer fabrics—the breeziest summer dresses. Starting here: A camisole sundress—in striped cotton seersucker, by Ameritex.

2. Fastest—barest—hot-weather dressing . . . the wrap sundress, in cotton plaid by Arthur Zeiler.

Patrick Demarchelier

THIS-MINUTE FINDS

VOGUE PATTERN 7613

Beauty Find: A way to give legs "sun" color—without the sun—plus protection: Ultima II's Protective Moisture Tint with sunscreens.

Pattern details, stores, accessories, next to last pages.

THIS-MINUTE FINDS

VOGUE PATTERNS

Vogue Pattern 2543,
Chloé Vogue Paris Original

1. If you're sewing more of summer's freshest fabrics and prettiest dresses to make the lightest layers of striped silk by Horikoshi — one, a slender slip-dress, the other, with the new softened polo-shirt "effect"

All prices approximate. Pattern details, accessories, stores, last pages

Patrick Demarchelier

3. The best summer earring—a hoop . . . clean, classic, basic, in gold-filled ($16) or silver ($7) to wear with everything. These, by Ciani.

4. For a touch of color—a wide metal cuff brightly enameled . . . with geometric cutouts. By Ellen Designs for Robert Originals ($17).

5. A great sports watch . . . that moves day and evening. Water-resistant, quartz for accuracy, in stainless steel ($760). By Baume & Mercier.

6. Day or night . . . A leather clutch/shoulderbag embossed with geometric designs, in summer bright or basic colors. By Meyers ($99).

Very Easy
Vogue Pattern 7698

7. In cool, pale-pink oxford cloth—this sundress with a new sense of femininity: bare top, full skirt. Cotton/viscose fabric by Arthur Zeiler.

MERYL STREEP

(Continued from page 146)

The conversation takes place in the nursery of the downtown New York loft Meryl shares with her husband, Don Gummer, a highly respected young sculptor. The nursery is normally occupied by her two-month-old baby, Henry. On a table by the sofa is a copy of Noel Coward's *Fallen Angels*: Meryl is reading it in preparation for her trip to England to make *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, and she is reading it to begin speaking like an English person. It seems an odd choice, rooted in a drama-school conception of England, but there is not time to challenge this, for she has another appointment in less than an hour.

I clutch four spent batteries from my tape recorder; there is not a wastebasket in sight. She eats slices of apple; in the distant kitchen of the loft, the baby cries. One is aware of intruding; that is, I am always aware of intruding, but this time the subject of the interview is aware of it as well. She has twirled, jumped, smiled, brooded, and done splits for the photographer, and done it all with grace and élan and a sense of fun. This part of the process is duty. "I think," she says, "that the notion that you owe it to your public is kind of odd. Nobody else does that except elected officials, and I'm not elected, I never ran for anything. I feel great responsibility towards what I do, to my work and to making *that* communication as good as I can; but, outside of that, I don't feel I owe anybody anything. And it seems bizarre to think that I have to share the few private moments I have with other people. I share many private moments with other people, on screen or onstage, and I think that's enough."

She's wearing jeans, blue running shoes, a jade-green cotton turtleneck under a dark-green man's sweater with two beige stripes across it. She is also wearing the pearl earrings. The baby is brought in by a Black woman who hands him over to his mother, who discreetly pulls up her sweater to present an invisible breast to the infant. She continues to talk as she feeds him.

After a high-school career where Meryl Streep became a cheerleader and learned to do the splits ("If ya wanna make the squad, ya learn the splits"), she went to Vassar, where she studied theater, and on to the Yale Drama School, where she played four parts at a time. When she was due to audition for the Theatre Communications Group (TCG), which places young actors in regional theaters, she didn't go: "I react badly against pressure, I back away from it. I say, 'If it's this hard, boy, I don't want to do it!'"

Despite this momentary rebellion, or perhaps because of it, she rapidly got her first part as Imogen Parrot in *Trelawny of the "Wells,"* for Joseph Papp's New York Shakespeare Festival. Breathless, she says "And the next two jobs came right after one another, and they were quite, quite different. One even allowed me to be very fat. It's so rare that you're allowed that kind of leeway when you're twenty-five or -six, and blond. I had a fat bodysuit, and the play was on a double bill with another one where I was very svelte and dark. Those two plays at the Phoenix Theatre did more to bring me attention, along with *Trelawny,* than any three plays I could have done on Broadway in three years playing three blonds."

She is lucky to have escaped the blond stereotype, the numerous parts that require nothing more of a woman than that she should hold the car keys and wait for the actor to play his scene. "You've never had one of those roles?" I venture.

"Yeah. Because you know why?" (her syntax is roguishly New Jersey, a counterweight to the high young voice). "Here's the secret—I'm not good looking enough!"

This comes out in a huge laugh, a triumphant laugh; her looks, being unsuitable for dumb-blond roles, gave her a simple choice: failure or stardom.

But Meryl did not want to be a star, she says. "I think the best kind of actor to be is a middling successful actor, because at that point, you always get work, and nobody wants to know anything about you.

"Before success, 80 percent of your time when you're completely unknown is taken up with trying to get a job, getting your pictures out, getting your résumé, finding an agent, wanting and trying to get work. And maybe 2 percent of your time is spent doing the work. When you reach the nice middling ground,

Her simple choice: failure or stardom

everything is great; then you reach the next part, which is again 80 percent dealing with peripheral things. . . .

"I have a view of my own career and my craft as being an ongoing thing, and I have tried very hard not to believe any of my publicity, either the good stuff or the bad stuff, to put it out of my mind and understand that the residual stuff is me, that's what is going to be here and I hope that's what is going to work, year after year, when I'm no longer on the covers of magazines.

"Your ego is your whole base, you can't destroy it. It's where you go when everyone else says you're nuts and wrong, and it's really all you have. You can't carry home a performance—'This is a little sample of me, my work'—you can't carry it home in a briefcase or put it on walls. You just have to guard it."

"But don't you have to put it aside when you get home?"

"No!" she says. "No more than anybody else, no more than you or my accountant."

But many actors, I suggest, erect a wall around themselves so that their work will not be affected by their lives. She has a different attitude: "I wouldn't like to be insulated against normal everyday experiences, the vicissitudes, the problems. It's good to have all those things and remain alive and tingling so that you have something to bring each day; otherwise, what are you protecting? A void."

And Meryl Streep is willing to bring her skills into social situations. A few years ago, she was in London doing a bit part in *Julia*; John Glover, who played her brother in that film, took her frequently to lunch at the house of a friend of mine, Serena Shaffer. "She had a sort of magnetism coming out of her," says Mrs. Shaffer. "She was very quiet, always; but one day we played a game called Adverbs, where you have to do things in the manner of the word. She acted out someone, herself, getting up in the morning, going to the window, described what she could see outside the window, and how she felt, and she did it so perfectly that everyone screamed out the word at the same time. It was 'beautifully.' "

Meryl Streep's fondness for comedy and broad theatrical characterizations doesn't preclude a respect for the more difficult virtues of beauty. On ingenues, she says: "Look at the Mariel Hemingway character in *Manhattan;* she's out of the classical mold, clear-eyed, pure, absolutely unjaded and un-designed. It's a lovely character, and you fall in love with her immediately because you see something clean.

"We all have to preserve that ingenue quality, it's one of the great things about Americans; Europeans don't know what it is. The thing I missed most in Europe when I was there on a job [the job was *Holocaust*] was people who aren't afraid to go, 'Wow! Look at that! That's really fantastic!' It's the best and the worst of the old movies that we all grew up on, getting a show together in the backyard and my dad'll make the scenery and grumpy old mister something from the bank will lend the money, and everything will be fine, everything will be fine, everything will be just great! It's naïve and everything, and something about it is really affecting, beyond sentimentality. It has something to do with happiness."

Though she sounds young, and brightly optimistic, Meryl has lived through tragedy. She lived with the actor John Cazale, who had played Angelo to her Isabella in *Measure for Measure* for Joseph Papp: they made *The Deer Hunter* together when Cazale was very ill; and two years ago he died of cancer. She went into the filming of *The Seduction of Joe Tynan* straight afterwards, giving a lusty performance. She staggered those who knew her with her determination to carry on.

"Acting is just pretend," she says. "That's the liberation of it, too. It's within a confined space and not nearly as bewildering as real life."

The real life seems kept well within its own limits these days, too. Don Gummer is working on a gigantic piece of sculpture (to go in United Nations Plaza) in the front space of the loft. They have a house in upstate New York, a retreat surrounded by Christmas trees. They live a quiet life downtown, seeing artists who are friends of her husband's. The trip to England has her in an organizational panic, and indeed a knock comes at the door to signal the end of our encounter.

I follow Meryl Streep into the kitchen with my ashtray, which she empties into the garbage can. I hand her the four spent batteries from my tape recorder; she balks at throwing them out, opens a kitchen drawer full of string, and pops them in.

"Waste not, want not," she says.

"No, no, they're spent," I say.

"Oh," she says, holding the drawer open. "Well, you never know." The drawer shuts.

The kitchen is cozy, rural, with quilts and old furniture. She sees me out through the long loft corridor and comes down in the elevator with me, to take out the garbage which is neatly held in her right hand: two small cardboard boxes, and a folded piece of white shopping bag. In the sunny street south of the law courts, she places this refuse tidily in a large container, with the care of a neat Augsburg housewife. ▽

(Continued from page 181)

that, if the patient is going to a second doctor, he or she is obliged and expected to furnish the information. So, at least in surgery there's no problem.

Miss Mirabella: One of the other things we've found that people do not do, or find that their doctors do not do, with ease is to discuss sex. Is that still true?

Dr. Kerr: Almost no patients *come* to me with complaints of their sexual life; but after they've been examined or maybe in the consultation room, after they have their clothes on, then they'll say, "Oh, by the way, there is something that I . . . you know, I don't know whether I can, should talk to you about this or not. It's so embarrassing to me." Or they'll say, "I really just don't know how to say this to you, and I don't even know the right words to use, but . . . ." Then they will go on about their problems with sexual relations. And many of them will say to me, "You know, this is the first time that I've ever felt that I could discuss this with the doctor."

Miss Mirabella: But isn't it an important topic to discuss in the different disciplines?

Dr. Likoff: Sex is a routine question on recovery from heart attacks, or in those that have angina or symptoms of cardiovascular disease, and it's handled as a routine matter.

Dr. Rivlin: But it's not handled as a routine matter in many places; and, in fact, you may be astonished to see some of the standard history forms that medical students get at many of our leading medical schools. Many of them have no questions on them at all about the patient's sexual interests, or sexual habits, or sexual preferences, or any of these subjects. In those schools that do have behavioral-science programs that involve sexuality, which certainly is commendable, they are of relatively recent onset, within the last decade.

Ms. Weber: In taking a regular history, though, isn't the physician responsible for at least opening up the subject, so that the patient can feel that she's invited to ask a question?

Dr. Cahan: This opens up a large area of great concern to the mastectomy patient. Doctors now prepare most patients for this distortive surgery so that when a woman is going to have a mastectomy, the subject of sex will come up. Of course, one of life's horrors for a woman, almost equal to her fear of cancer, is to be altered in this way. Sometimes the fear of distortion is so great, it overrides that of cancer so that women will delay seeking early attention for the breast lump.

Today, when a patient has a mastectomy, there are classes in the immediate postoperative period in more and more institutions. Here she is educated on the movement of her arm on the operated side, the choice and uses of substitute breasts, and also regarding her future love life.

Now we have classes for husbands as well. They too are educated about the operation and eased into the way the scar will look. Women often interpret their husband's shyness as rejection resulting from their operation. Here, couples can also discuss the procedure and its aftermath together.

Thus we have found that the husband's main concern for his wife, physically, is the fear of harming her during lovemaking. Once reassurance is given along these lines, many resume their love life.

Dr. Haycock: It isn't just the cancer patient. Take for example, a reconstruction of the female reproductive organs done when a patient has a prolapsed uterus, bladder, and rectum; when you do a repair, and things get tightened up. The doctor had better explain all that to the husband, too. Because otherwise that could be the end of sex, if you don't explain how this could dilate, how to do it.

I usually spend quite a bit of time with the patient and her husband as a couple, so that there's no misunderstanding.

Dr. Kerr: Something similar is true as far as hysterectomy is concerned. I like to have the husbands in with the wives, when I discuss what we're going to do surgically, and to discuss with them that the sexual response does not lie in the uterus, nor does it lie in the ovaries. And then, and when the patient leaves the hospital, I remind the husband there will be a period of recovery while the vagina is healing, when sexual relations will be prohibited, but that we will encourage sexual relations after the vagina has healed.

When a patient comes back and I see that she's healed at six weeks, or whatever it is, then I say to her, "You know you are healed and you should resume your sexual life."

And then when she comes back, a month or six weeks later, I ask her, "Is intercourse comfortable for you?" And sometimes she'll say, "Well, I was afraid to try." And then I say, "But you've got to, you want to, you need to, you ought to. Get going."

Miss Mirabella: I'd like to go to the subject of energy. Now women are biting off a lot of things to do, and we want to be able to do them, and the point is how? How to have the energy. Are we born with it? Can we cultivate it? Can we save it?

Dr. Rivlin: Well, one thing, you rarely will get energy from a pill, except when there are specific indications for its use. I think that more and more women and men are seeking the magic pill, the super vitamin; but energy does not come from vitamins. Energy *does* reside in good physical health and good emotional health, and regular rest, and regular exercise, and having satisfying work, a satisfying home life, and perhaps a regularity of scheduling. I think one of the things that often leads to fatigue is lack of regularity in what one does, in trying to press too many things into a day.

Dr. Kerr: I think women need to recognize that we can't all function the same way, at the same age, as everyone else does.

And I think a lot of people don't really realize this. They see another woman who has ten children and does all kinds of outside activities, and they feel guilty if they've one or two children and have a lower energy level. Part of the problem is that there's just a big difference in people; partly it's a matter of thyroid function, or just general metabolism.

Dr. Rivlin: Could I respond to this question of the thyroid? I think that a very dangerous practice exists in the United States at the present time: taking a lot of thyroid pills in the hope that they will give you energy. People take thyroid pills for weight reduction. They take them for falling hair. I think it's a very dangerous practice. I think that one's energy is never better than when one has normal thyroid function; and if your thyroid gland is not underactive, taking large amounts of thyroid hormones will not give you greater energy. *(Continued on page 228)*

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(Continued from page 227)

They may sap your body of calcium or nitrogen, in fact, and thus will make you weaker than before you started.

Dr. Cahan: Dr. Likoff, would you expound a little bit on two other areas, so-called low blood pressure and low blood sugar, which have been said to bear some relationship to people who complain of fatigue?

Dr. Likoff: Except in extremes of ailments of one type or another, there is no such thing as low blood pressure's being an expression, or an explanation, for feeling weak. Blood pressure is a manifestation of the total body state, but it is not a causative issue introducing symptomatology; it is an expression of a state but not the cause.

The second issue: as to low blood sugar, there is, of course, a condition known as hypoglycemia; but it is, really, an unusual situation rather than a usual one and again is not an adequate explanation for loss of energy.

Dr. Haycock: Let's talk about what *is* energy. Now we've got two forms of energy: one is pure energy, in the sense that this is what is produced from the food we eat. This is the energy we burn, the calories that we use when we exercise. And the other, I think, is a psychic kind of phenomenon. This is the energy that we call nervous energy, the thing that keeps us going sometimes even when we're physically fatigued.

Now carbohydrate loading is, of course, a practice of many of our leading athletes. There's an awful lot of fadding that goes with this. Every athlete's got some kind of a thing that he loads himself with . . . it may be vitamins. They swallow them like candy pills. What it comes right down to basically is that you should eat three well-balanced meals a day, and add food as you need it, for instance, before a long race, when you'll burn it off.

Miss Mirabella: What about vitamins?

Dr. Rivlin: I think one thing that's interesting now is that many of the so-called health-food stores are promoting "vitamins" that are not vitamins: for example, there's B_{15} and B_{17}. B_{15} is pangamic acid; B_{17} is laetrile, which now is getting a trial. These are not vitamins at all, and the U.S. Food and Drug Administration has made many efforts to insist on correct labeling or, in some instances, to get these products off the market. I think the first thing to realize is what, in fact, is a vitamin? A vitamin is a small molecule which the body cannot make or makes in insufficient quantities, that works together with an enzyme—a biological catalyst—to control your metabolism.

The second point is to realize what is vitamin therapy? Should one take vitamins in times of stress? You see, the body has just a limited storage capacity for most of the B vitamins, for example B_{12} or B_2 or B_1. (The legitimate Bs don't go above 12; if you hear something beyond 12, then it's not a vitamin.) And the problem is that, with respect to the B vitamins, the body cannot store more than a certain amount. If you take enormous doses of these vitamins, the body simply cannot utilize them, and we just don't know what hazards these doses may have.

Then, with respect to the fat-soluble vitamins, it's an entirely different story. There the body, unfortunately, *can* store them and *can* definitely get into difficulty. And we're seeing more and more cases of overdosing of the fat-soluble vitamins: vitamin A, vitamin D, vitamin E, and vitamin K. We are seeing people getting into difficulty because they are taking massive amounts of these vitamins.

Dr. Cahan: Would you talk about the use of vitamin C in large quantities (a) to avoid colds and (b) to avoid and treat cancer?

Dr. Rivlin: I think these are, of course, very difficult and controversial questions at present; the answers are not entirely clear.

With respect to the common cold, it appears as if vitamin C probably acts like a mild antihistamine and that, in very large amounts, it may have a minor protective effect; but vitamin C probably does not reduce the morbidity of the cold. In double-blind studies, it has not been shown really to be effective.

With respect to cancer, the situation is even more complex. As you know Linus Pauling has been a great advocate of the use of vitamin C; and while many physicians are skeptical about its effects, in terms of treatment of terminal cancer, I think it's worth remembering that vitamin C does have one definite anti-cancer effect; it is that vitamin C does appear to prevent the formation of so-called nitrosamines in the colon from dietary nitrites and nitrates.

Now that's a very difficult and complex subject; but it is likely that in this one specific role, vitamin C might have some efficacy. That doesn't mean that you should drink orange juice with frankfurters, or this type of thing, but that we should at least investigate this matter much further.

Ms. Weber: There is work being done with vitamin A in cancer, also.

Dr. Rivlin: Yes, now that's another entirely different story. Vitamin A is necessary for the epithelium; and by the epithelium, we don't mean just the skin, we mean the cervix, we mean the esophagus, we mean the part of the gastrointestinal tract and the lungs. And it appears now that in areas of the world where there is some degree of vitamin A deficiency, the incidence of certain of these epithelial tumors may be greater; and so one's strategy is to try to increase the amount of vitamin A.

But the problem is that vitamin A doesn't know where to go when you give it; and it unfortunately usually accumulates in the liver. There is active research in various parts of the country now, trying to devise analogs, or structural variants of vitamin A, which will go to the epithelial surface, particularly, and thereby enhance the protective effect.

Now this type of work has gotten a lot of publicity, and so many people are running out and consuming large amounts of vitamin A; as a result, we have been seeing a number of patients who have had vitamin A toxicity.

Dr. Haycock: And vitamin E is one we ought to mention. Dr. Sara Short, a nutritionist at Syracuse University, made a point about that: that vitamin E in large quantities can actually produce fatigue. And a lot of athletes were pushing vitamin E for a while, and then wondering why they were fatiguing out. And vitamin E was touted also for arthritis and a couple of other things.

Dr. Rivlin: With respect to vitamin E, there is some very interesting work suggesting that it may have anti-platelet effect; and, if vitamin E can prevent platelets (involved in blood clotting) from getting together, then that conceivably may have some effect in preventing heart attacks and strokes, which are

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But I think, again, we're a long way from saying that means that everybody should take a great deal of vitamin E.

Dr. Waters: Can I go back to my domain a little bit? I'm listening to a lot of the things that you're saying, and I realize that they fit with something that has bothered me for a long time: the search for magical solutions, and magical thinking—the idea that a pill will solve all of our problems . . . whether it's a vitamin pill, or a drug of another sort that will reduce the stress, or some kind of magic diet, or a pill that will prevent us from wanting to eat, or instead of preventing us from wanting to eat, prevent the food from staying. I think that this phenomenon is society-wide, and I think it is particularly evident in our country because we do have a great many medicines that seem to have magical results.

And I think that these medicines lead the public to believe that they can abuse their bodies because, if anything goes wrong, they can always get a pill to solve it. And that worries me, tremendously.

Dr. Cahan: But now, I think it would be wrong in this assembly, as we're mentioning pills, not to talk about birth-control pills.

Dr. Kerr: I believe in the Pill. I think the Pill has done marvelous things. It certainly has done far more good than it has harm; it has really liberated women, changed the whole picture of their decisions to have, when to have, or not to have children. It's made life much easier for many, many women.

But I've been interested in the last year or two to see how many young women come to me and say, "You know, I want to get off the Pill; I feel that the Pill isn't good for me. I want to go to some other means of contraception." And many girls who are first encountering sexual relations and want protection are coming and saying, "I want to go back to what my mother used, to the diaphragm. I hear that's a good thing, and I hear that it doesn't produce side effects."

We, of course, still have more girls and women on the Pill than any other form of contraception.

Miss Mirabella: Another aspect of the Pill is its effect on women's working. Can you talk about women who opt for careers and have babies later in life. Are there dangers?

Dr. Kerr: First of all, fertility decreases as one is in the late thirties—both male and female fertility, but particularly female fertility—so it's a little harder to get pregnant.

The incidence of miscarriage, probably, is not any greater unless a woman has some pathology in her uterus. I think that, in general, unless a woman is much older, near forty, with her first baby, their labors are not really much longer. There is somewhat more toxemia and elevation of blood pressure of women who defer their pregnancies. There also is an increased incidence in fetal abnormalities, particularly Down's syndrome.

Dr. Cahan: How about the incidence of breast cancer in women having children when they are over thirty?

Dr. Kerr: There is a higher incidence of breast cancer in women who have their first baby at an older age, and in women who menstruate later.

Dr. Haycock: But when women have babies too young, then doctors are seeing more and more gall-bladder disease.

Dr. Cahan: And women who are adipose. Are they more liable to get breast cancer?

Dr. Rivlin: I think it's pretty clear that obesity does increase the possibility of a cancer of the endometrium, which is part of the uterus, or cancer of the gall bladder. But with breast cancer, it's still uncertain. It appears now that a high-fat diet may be a key factor relating to breast cancer, rather than the overweight per se. We need more research on this.

Dr. Haycock: There seems to be some relation between fibrocystic disease of the breast, which is considered a precursor to cancer, and the use of caffeine. And one physician friend of mine found that 70 percent of the patients who stop using any caffeine have cleared their disease in six months.

Dr. Cahan: I ask my cancer patients with preexisting fibrocystic disease how many cups of coffee they drink a day.

Dr. Haycock: Don't stick to coffee and tea, that would be a mistake. They should stop using coffee, tea, chocolate, Anacin and Coricidin, Pepsi-Cola and Coca-Cola, Tab and the others. All of these have theophylline, which I think is supposed to be the culprit.

"Hours of sun equal years of aging"

Dr. Waters: So would that be in decaffeinated coffee too?

Dr. Haycock: Well, it's less of a risk I think.

Miss Mirabella: Everybody who hears this, I'm sure, is counting up how many colas or cigarettes they've had in their lives and then saying, "Is it too late to stop?"

Dr. Cahan: One of the sophistries with which people amuse themselves when they want to continue smoking is that it's too late to stop; but no one knows when "too late" is. It's too late when you have the cancer, to be sure. There must be a cut-off point in cellular reaction beyond which there is no return, that goes on to cancer formation. Up to that point, there probably is a reversibility and a recoverability and the sooner one stops, the less the chances of crossing the point of no return.

Dr. Millar: The risk for those who quit smoking returns to the same level as for nonsmokers within ten years of cessation; but much more immediate than the threat of cancer is the damage to the alveoli and the peripheral part of the lung that results in emphysema. When you stop smoking, the destruction that's been going on may slow or even stop.

Dr. Kerr: Something that is very important is smoking and what it does to those who are on the Pill: they have a much higher incidence of death, a much higher incidence of cardiovascular problems, of heart attacks, strokes, blood-clotting disorders, et cetera. And this is particularly true at age thirty and over.

Dr. Rivlin: The Pill also has nutritional side effects. I think we're recognizing more and more that the Pill does interfere, particularly, with certain aspects of vitamin metabolism and will interfere with, for example, vitamins B_6, B_2, and folic acid. I think that in women who take the Pill for a long period of time, there's been some concern that, if they then become pregnant and they're on a marginal diet, they will then be at risk of becoming quite severely deficient under the increased stress of pregnancy, where the blood volume may increase up to 40 percent.

Dr. Millar: The original question you asked related to postponing pregnancy. As a consequence, women are having a period of time in which to pursue a career and are exposed for that period of time to the hazards of the workplace. Now, this is not a small matter. Many women are working around toxic chemicals. They're working in workplaces that have high accident potential. And there are interactions between toxic chemicals, for instance, and the Pill. Between toxic chemicals in the workplace and Valium, and alcohol. If you look at the breakdown from the Department of Labor, you will find that most women work in factories, so these environmental hazards are very important.

Dr. Haycock: Women, for years, have been working in some really bad environments.

Dr. Waters: Sometimes, I think it's just as bad to be driving to work on the freeways, with your windows open.

Miss Mirabella: What about jogging in the exhaust fumes on the city street? And can too much exercise be harmful?

Dr. Haycock: I'd say that you can't avoid the fumes really, unless you're able to go out in the country to jog. I'd say the hazards of jogging are that you're more apt to get clunked by a car. Joggers should wear a reflective device, particularly if they're running on the edge of the road at night.

I'm often asked if exercise is important to good health. I think exercise is an adjunct to all these other things we've been talking about. I think it's both psychologically and physically very valuable. I don't know that exercise lengthens life, but I think it makes the quality of life better for a woman.

Now, you asked can too much exercise actually be harmful? Well, only if a woman is exercising against the advice of her cardiologist, or without having had a very thorough physical examination before she begins an exercise program. I also think a woman who's beginning an exercise program needs very careful supervision when she first starts, particularly if she's been a housewife, or an office worker, who's been sitting behind the desk and not doing anything for a long time. [More advice from Dr. Haycock, page 176.]

Now, one gynecologist in Chicago has said that women shouldn't jog because it was causing dropping of the womb. It was causing stress incontinence. Well, that is absolute nonsense. What is happening is that these are women who, for the most part, have had children, and they are now jogging, and what they are developing is small cysticeles, urethraceles, and it's bringing them out earlier. In other words, these are women who would develop the same phenomena when they hit their fifties and sixties, but now it's being brought out sooner.

To me this is a positive factor. I've had two such joggers now that I've repaired with excellent results. The reason is that these are younger women; the tissues are in better condition, which makes repair easier.

Dr. Kerr: The proper amount of exercise is also healthful as far as decreasing the incidence of osteoporosis—or thinned-out bones—and hence decreasing the incidence of severe fractures, particularly hip fractures. Women have about three times the incidence of hip fractures that men do. And of course, that's related to a lot *(Continued on page 230)*

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(Continued from page 229)

of things, including estrogen; and it's also related to the structure of women's pelvises, versus men's. But doctors think one thing it may be related to is that women do not get as much exercise as men. It's been shown that women who exercise throughout life are less apt to have osteoporosis and less apt to have hip fractures and wrist fractures (those are the two fractures that are most common in women) than men or women who don't exercise.

Miss Mirabella: Is it ever too late for exercise?

Dr. Haycock: No. Absolutely not. In fact, we're encouraging exercise more and more in our geriatric population. And there are psychological benefits, as well as the phsyical benefits. Even for arthritics, nothing is worse than to remain immobile.

Ms. Weber: You spoke of exercise's being started under direction—is the risk one to general health, or is it a risk of injury?

Dr. Haycock: It's a risk of injury, and it could be general health, if the woman had a cardiac problem or some other physical problem, such as diabetes. Therefore, I think a woman over thirty who hasn't exercised before certainly should have a physical checkup, maybe a stress test, or whatever, to make sure that she can do this program.

Dr. Likoff: The deserved emphasis has led to an unfortunate correlation, namely that exercise is preventative of heart disease. It is not. Exercise results in a better trained organ, by all means. The work that the person with an exercised heart can do is at a lesser expenditure of energy than the work performed in a nonexercised, or a non-trained individual. But exercise, unfortunately, does not prevent coronary heart disease.

Dr. Millar: Dr. Haycock mentioned earlier that there are different levels of energy. And there are different levels of exercise that people can comfortably do, too; I think the notion that everybody should be playing tennis or jogging twenty miles a day is not sound.

Miss Mirabella: We're listening to what's good for us and what we shouldn't do. What about attitudes and motivation?

Dr. Waters: You can have all the motivation in the world, but if you really don't do your homework, whether it's nutrition, or exercise, and you don't consult an expert (you can't be your own physician), then you are going to be in a lot of trouble.

Until the body screams for attention, we tend to neglect it, to ignore it; and, even if we give our bodies some attention, it very often includes a diet for appearance, not for health.

We have not gone into the specifics of some of the diets, but some of them do a tremendous amount of damage, because they will help you to lose weight very, very quickly. The high-protein, high-fat diets do work quickly. And sometimes, in order to go to a wedding, or to go to a special party, a woman will try to lose too much too quickly, and then she gains it right back. It does do damage, the going up and down.

Miss Mirabella: Is that the "yo-yo" effect?

Dr. Waters: That's part of the yo-yo syndrome. Yo-yo is a complicated syndrome. It has to do with not dealing with underlying problems and using overweight, very often, as a barrier. We will see patients go from 250 to 175, and then gain the weight again, because the emotional aspect of the weight has not been dealt with.

I think pride in one's image is extremely important; but there is a difference in the pride which says that you must look beautiful in clothing and the pride which says that you must look attractive as a human being but also, more importantly, be able to function in your life. And if the diet that you're on is one that keeps you thin but will eventually destroy your kidneys, your gall bladder, then you've done something destructive.

Women are often worried about an outer package that will attract, not about the inner function of the body as a piece of machinery; and I am somewhat concerned about that.

Miss Mirabella: Do you think that will change as women are more and more responsible to their businesses, in their jobs?

Dr. Waters: Yes, they will learn very quickly, but maybe not quickly enough. In other words, if they're young, they're riding on a system—a body—that's essentially operating fairly well now, and their deterioration won't be seen for a number of years.

I think that women have to run faster than men to even hold their own, still, in the corporate world. Or the academic world, or the medical profession, or whatever it is; and I think that they are burning some of their resources. I wish I didn't believe that, but I do.

Women need to look good. I did do a study which indicated that the same woman, made over to look more professional, could indeed earn more money, regardless of her skills. In other words, she's got the same writing ability, the same technical background, the same education; and, when she looked better, she would be more likely to be hired and she'd be paid more. Well, if you know that, then you focus on those aspects of your functioning, and you may neglect or abuse your health.

Very often, either through ignorance, or through the feeling that she's going to get away with it, a woman will go on crash diet after crash diet, and not feel the repercussions until she's perhaps forty; and then she will begin to really suffer from it.

Lorraine Davis, Vogue managing editor: But isn't there a positive effect in the good self-image? If a woman loses weight, and is proud of the way she looks, doesn't that have an effect on her health that's positive?

Dr. Waters: As a psychologist, I know that a high level of self-esteem is a critical factor in terms of taking responsibility for one's own health, being strongly motivated to follow prescribed weight-control programs and seeking necessary information related to other personal problems. High self-esteem, however, does not, in and of itself, guarantee that the individual will be able to select an appropriate regimen. Any number of intelligent, thoughtful people have tried diets and a variety of other medical practices that have, in fact, had deleterious consequences for their well-being. If a woman doesn't see the picture at large, if shortcuts lead her to things that are self-abusive, to taking weight-reducing drugs, to other things that will be debilitative in the long run, then that's not good.

Dr. Likoff: All we've said, in effect, is that acceptability begets self-esteem; and, in that sense, self-esteem reflects in a better health pattern for the individual. The question is who sets the standards for the acceptability.

It may not be that obesity is harmful. If we

take that stance, then our acceptability pattern is entirely in error. And it is conceivable; because, in medicine, very often, we take concepts and accept them as facts.

Dr. Waters: Can I relate this to other changing images? At the turn of the century, the whiter skin, for people with white skin, was the more beautiful. One never got a suntan, because that was the sign of the lower class, someone who worked in the fields. Then, even ten years ago, the suntan was considered not only attractive but a mark that you could afford, in the middle of the winter, to go someplace where there was sunshine. And now the dermatologists tell us that suntanning damages the skin and it is aging. Any number of hours in the sun is equal to years of normal aging. And so, unless we are totally self-destructive, the very dark suntan is not going to be around too much longer.

Miss Mirabella: I'd like to talk about children for a minute. If we're all learning better health habits, do our children have a better chance of better health, of better food habits, of a different attitude?

Dr. Rivlin: I think that we all feel that "the child is father of the man," and that the proper eating habits really have to be started very young. We know that children who become overweight very early generally have a poor prognosis. We know that there's a lot of feeling now that lipid levels ought to be managed during childhood. Would you agree?

Dr. Likoff: Except we really don't know the effect of holding back lipids on the growth pattern. That has not been answered; another example of concept, not yet fact.

Dr. Rivlin: But I think the general feeling now is that we really do want to get into the area of preventive medicine. We feel, for example, that adults should set a good example. If the adult is smoking and drinking, is it likely that the child will do something different? It is really very important to get children into the proper eating habits early.

I'm also very concerned about drug use in early childhood. Alcoholism in childhood. I think this is a very dangerous tendency.

Dr. Haycock: One good result of increased physical activity for girls is that, if they are training for a sport of some sort, they're going to be more diet conscious, and eat less junk food, because good food is going to be part of their training. When I say junk food, I think of potato chips, and pretzels, and colas, and a few things along those lines. A hamburger's fine.

Dr. Waters: I think the emphasis on physical fitness is changing the eating patterns. I have noticed at the universities, the students are being more careful of their diet—except at exam time, then everything goes, and they consume sweets, starches, anything.

Ms. Weber: I would like to ask Dr. Kerr about the young age group, the adolescent, the growing girl, and gynecologic help. Is that a better picture now?

Dr. Kerr: I think it's a whole lot worse, because we have so many kids who have an inadequate protein intake. And now this is true of adult women also, I find.

And I see a lot of young girls whose menstrual periods get all out of whack. Particularly they get amenorrhea—absense of menstrual periods—when they go on crash diets. And when they have amenorrhea, they get disturbed, and their mothers get disturbed, because they think the daughters are pregnant. And then, we have to go through the pregnancy test, if they have evidence of having had sexual contact.

And I think one reason for this problem with adolescent diets is that so many of the kids are working now as teenagers. Their mothers are working. Their fathers are working. The families don't eat any meals together. And a lot of times, the parents don't even know what the kids are eating. And the parents have very poor eating habits, too.

Dr. Cahan: Dr. Rivlin, if you were to recommend a diet that would avoid carcinogens, what would that be?

Dr. Rivlin: I think it's a very difficult matter, really. You know, we hear all about additives; and of course alcohol is a dietary item that is a carcinogen. I think that is certainly one thing that ought not to be used in excess. Another example is aflatoxin. That's a substance that's found in peanuts and certain vegetables that may cause cancer even in small amounts; it's very potent. We hope we have relatively little of that in the United States. But that may be an important factor.

Iron may be a carcinogen; in certain places where there are very high concentrations of iron, the incidence of cancer is higher.

"Eat a more varied diet"

Dr. Cahan: I mean things like red meats, for example, and saturated fats.

Miss Mirabella: And the cooking of meat.

Dr. Rivlin: Now that's a more complicated matter. We're paying the price of the Industrial Revolution. Charcoal broiling may be a problem; processed meats have a lot of nitrites. But the thing you should remember is that nitrites are made by bacteria in the saliva; so that, no matter what you eat, you will always have large amounts of nitrites present.

Miss Mirabella: Dr. Rivlin, what guidelines for diet can we give our readers? I mean what they can do for themselves.

Dr. Rivlin: I think that the single most important thing that people could do in our present state of ignorance about nutrition—and one thing which we haven't touched upon at all today—is to eat a diversified diet. I think that would be safer.

Dr. Haycock: I think it's been shown in the incidence of carcinoma in the stomach, for example, and in the colon that there's a relationship to the use of foods that are too low in bulk, low-residue foods. By putting more bulk into the diet, we can decrease the numbers of carcinomas in the gastrointestinal tract.

Miss Mirabella: Speaking of prevention, should we now be wary, skeptical of certain medical checkups? When is mammography indicated? Would there be a way for us to do a systematic chart that tells a woman, by age, about medical checkups?

Dr. Cahan: Well, I think the chart you're alluding to has never been quite established, but is about to be born, I suspect, helped in some part by computerization. The individual's medical records would start from the beginning, with her antecedents.

For example, breast cancer, we know, has a certain familial tendency. So do diabetes and early coronaries. And this information would be taken and the woman's life style added, whatever that happens to be; and then her hopes for the future—does she want to live to be old, to look beautiful 'til she dies, to function well 'til she dies—and then the examinations and tests have to be decided upon. When you get down to the bottom line, and find that you are going to be more susceptible to a, b, and c; and, therefore, to avoid a, b, and c, you should do this, that, and the other. For example, a smoker should have more frequent chest X-rays, especially after twenty-five to thirty years of the habit.

There's a question of how often does one get an X-ray and how does its value compare with its hazards? At Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center in New York, our studies of ten thousand men who had smoked for twenty years showed that yearly chest X-rays and sputum tests revealed cancer in 169 men early enough to make surgery possible. One third of these patients then had a chance of surviving five years, many more than the national average for lung-cancer patients of 8 percent. As to X-ray hazards, a chest X-ray results in 20-80 milliRems of radiation, which is a very small dose—well below the danger level on a yearly basis. I would say that a woman over forty-five who has smoked one and one-half or more packs of cigarettes a day for twenty-five years should have a chest X-ray every year, or immediately if her smoker's cough worsens or more sputum is produced.

I won't dwell on mammography very long, except to say that sometimes there are clear indications for mammography that are emerging and are replacing the initial overuse of it. It is probably worthwhile as a baseline study in all women thirty-five years and over.

Then, if a patient has a history of breast cancer in her family, she not only possibly should have mammography and periodic self-examination, but physician's examination as well, at least at two year intervals. [More about mammography from Dr. Cahan on page 180.] Also she should avoid those elements in her life that might be carcinogenic. Although considered non-carcinogenic now, the hormonal elements of the Pill require prolonged study.

Dr. Millar: There's a whole new specialty of medicine now, prospective medicine, which is based just exactly on what Dr. Cahan is talking about. You can actually fill in a questionnaire that's called a health-hazard appraisal, and put it into a computer, and it will generate for you how long you can expect to live, on the average, based on your behaviors, and your antecedents, and all that. [Excerpt from a sample report on page 180.]

Not only that but the computer will tell you what kind of influence on your life expectancy would accompany certain changes in behavior; for instance, if you happen to be a smoker, how many years would you add to your life, on the average, if you quit? If you happen to be twenty pounds overweight, what amount of time would be added to your life if you lose the extra weight?

Miss Mirabella: We know more people are living longer. We want to live better. We want to look well, look the best we can.

Dr. Waters: I think looking well is the key. I think there have been times when looking pale and wan was beautiful; but now the thing is looking well, looking healthy, looking vibrant, looking as if you're full of energy. Looking as if you like yourself.

Miss Mirabella: At *(Continued on page 232)*

NEW HEALTH PLUS

(Continued from page 231)

fifty-five, shouldn't a woman be able, nowadays, not to look middle-aged. Isn't this a realistic view?

Dr. Rivlin: Yes, I think we have to realize that our population is changing and we should be concerned with older women. The current projections now are that, by the year 2000, in the United States, there will be more people over sixty-five than under twenty-one.

Dr. Cahan: I'm a surgeon, and we have often been confronted with a patient who has a lethal disease but who happens to be of an advanced chronologic age: e.g., eighty.

Now, there has been an attitude that states "You can't possibly do major surgery on an eighty year old." However, more and more we ask is she a young eighty, or is she an old eighty? Chronology, by itself, disappears and is replaced by physiology and spirit. If necessary, even major procedures are performed on those over ninety, and we doctors are struck by how well they do. Many so-called elderly people want to go on living. They don't want to feel underprivileged solely because of their chronologic age. I'd like to ask, as a corollary of this idea: Dr. Kerr, have you noticed an older population of women coming to see you about their sexual activities?

Dr. Kerr: Yes, that's true. I find that the women that I deal with, many of whom are in their seventies and eighties, do indeed, from what they tell me, have very active sexual lives. And when they have problems with a dry vagina, and they have uncomfortable, painful intercourse, it upsets them; and they come and seek care, and there is help.

Dr. Likoff: To return to the subject of nutrition, are women more liable to the effects of malnutrition than men?

Dr. Rivlin: Well, that's an interesting idea. I think you certainly get into the areas of pregnancy and childbirth, and clearly trends have changed in that direction. There are many new findings concerning the health of the woman and the health of the child. To some extent they're really more susceptible to the effects of nutrition.

I think there is predominative evidence that coronary heart disease does relate to the height of the serum cholesterol; and with respect to triglycerides, I think that that probably is also a risk, but it is not as clear a risk. I think that there's no doubt that certain people who have a very high cholesterol at a very young age may have very severe heart disease later.

The predominance of evidence at the present time would suggest that the serum cholesterol is an important risk factor, and I think therefore, that we should make efforts to lower the serum cholesterol by various means that are available. Would you agree with that, Dr. Likoff?

Dr. Likoff: I think that the answer in response to triglycerides is quite accurate. That it in all likelihood has no influence whatsoever on the development of the atherosclerotic plaque.

The argument, or discussion, regarding the role of cholesterol is an extremely difficult one. It is and remains, at least in my opinion, a concept that has yet to have factual backing; and I think the best word that can be applied is the statement that the diet should be prudent in the total fat intake. To be highly restrictive, I think, is not warranted today.

Now, the difficulty is concerned with the palatability of the diet, because when you get down to 20 grams of total fat, which is what an effective low-fat diet would be—total fat—that's not expressed only in cholesterol but the total fat picture—you have an unpalatable diet, and there are other complications that would arise from it.

But our intake of total fat in this country is too high, for many reasons; included among them will have to be heart disease, but it is not a closed book at this point.

Ms. Weber: The Surgeon General, in a recent report, pointed out that most Americans should control calories more; if they are somewhat overweight, they should take less than they will use. They should eat less salt, less sugar, less total fat, more polyunsaturated as balanced against saturated fats, and eat more fiber. What would you say about those, as a general recommendation?

Dr. Likoff: I think that the restriction is a prudent restriction. Less salt, less sugar, less fat, fewer calories will produce a trimmer, more fit individual, and the more fiber, the better caloric function you have. I don't think that there's any argument about this at all.

Dr. Cahan: The word *prudent* seems to come up so often that I think it really could be the main theme of this symposium because, in essence, except for the difficulty of choosing one's ancestors, I think we've been talking about moderation in most things: smoking, diet, sex. It may seem unadventurous, even monotonous, at the time; but you're going to live longer, look and feel better. We must subscribe to a basic tenet in medicine: prevention is the best medicine of all. ▽

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SHELLEY SMITH

(Continued from page 153)

much of Sara is Shelley, she admits, "I could have become like Sara—we have similar backgrounds" (both come, coincidentally, from well-to-do East Coast families, grew up in an aura of private school and privileges). "I've become more interior than she is—and I hope I'm not as spoiled. I do like her and I know people who are like her, but I've passed through an awareness that she hasn't."

Part of that awareness could be the result of the rapid-fire series of events Shelley's been through in the last year and a half: her new job was accompanied by a new husband (TV executive Jonathan Axelrod) and a new home—a major move from East Coast to West. "For the first time," she says, "I've had to think about the future—not just a few months ahead—and about what I really want."

Right now, what Shelley really wants is "to learn to be a fine actress." By way of discouraging inevitable model-turned-actress disparagements, she's tried to make a point of accepting parts that deal with more than just "the visual thing"—that being the way she consistently refers to her appearance (her next move: a starring role in *The Phoenix*, a TV movie and "very romantic love story" with Judson Scott and E.G. Marshall, to be aired on ABC this fall). "If a show has just one good scene where I get a chance to really act—where the character is someone—and not just a body all dressed up that walks on but doesn't do anything—I'll take it."

—ALLISON LEOPOLD

"DALLAS" FEVER

(Continued from page 194)

is now in reruns until September—J.R. was shot after pulling off a huge and odious swindle. There are plenty of suspects, including J.R.'s wife, Sue Ellen, whom he carefully drove to drink and accuses of being an unfit mother. No matter what our prejudices about Texas, or our misgivings about the mood of the nation, J.R. Ewing makes it all seem worse. *Dallas*, naturally, makes quite a few people touchy since it hardly gives the city or the oil industry a very nice name.

"A lot of people resent the show and go right on watching it," Mr. Hagman said, with some glee. "You know, I've never known anything like it—college kids are always calling me after a beer bust. They get up petitions saying 'J.R. for President.' "

"In this present political climate I'm afraid I have a good chance to win," he added. "With J.R. Ewing as President, no, we would not bomb Iran. We would just pave it over."

Although he is made of a very different clay, the actor misses J.R. Ewing when he is not performing; so, to entertain himself, and others, he will occasionally slip back into the role of the swine, put on his metal mouth and address all females as "honey." At forty-five, Hagman is enchanted with his professional success after some long, much leaner years in California. He has alarming energy: in the midst of an interview he could not resist rising to give a split-second imitation of Ronald Reagan at his own party.

So intense is the reaction of some people to the sight of Larry Hagman that he is often accosted by unknown women who tell him: "I just hate you. Give me a kiss." He suspects that, despite the profound changes in the mentality of American women, there are still many who like J.R.'s abusive behavior.

Dallas, which ranks among the most popular four or five programs in the country, has made Hagman something of a national fixation. "It's all new to me," the actor said. The point is, of course, that in an era of cowboy boots and country music, a passion for pickup vans and Jeeps on city streets, at a time when war fever is rising and a meanness of spirit as well, *Dallas* is pure pacification. J.R. Ewing is our outlaw, always going it alone. As more Americans complain that the United States is now too weak, too passive, and no longer The Number One Most Feared Power in the World, J.R. Ewing, criminal and cad, is there on Fridays to say that he doesn't intend to lie down and let hard times roll over him. Indeed not. Although *Dallas*, which went on the air as a series in September 1978, can be seen as a huge joke, J.R. is a most American invention, with his unappeasable need to win and a loneliness that the dullest audience can sense.

In fact, he is now so famous that NBC, which hardly appreciates the success of its competitors, invited him on the *Today* show to be interviewed by Jane Pauley. He did not behave well, J.R. Ewing rarely does. He complained that those boots hurt his feet. He said J.R. was just a good old boy who didn't like people to stand in his way. He leered at Miss Pauley, as old J.R. certainly would. Asked about the hiatus in his career, he complained: "It's cold out there when you don't have your own show—but you wouldn't know about that."

"All in good time," she parried.

"Blink your eyes and it will all be gone," he said of his success, and you couldn't be sure if it was J.R. or the actor speaking. Mr. Hagman played the handsome young astronaut who was loved by a blond genie he kept bottled in the series *I Dream of Jeannie*, which ran from 1965 until 1970. Nothing much happened after that.

If you complain about some of the excesses in *Dallas*, Mr. Hagman can set you straight.

"Texas is street theater," he said. "You don't have to make it up." He remembers friends of his father, a Fort Worth lawyer, who seemed larger than life. He saw Texas as a place where men with money could force others to obey, where women understood they were "chattel, to be bought and sold."

After the death of his father, Larry Hagman urged his stepmother, who had worked as a secretary in the law office for years, to go to the university.

"I said: 'Juanita, you've been his right hand for twenty years. You know it all. Get a law degree.' And she looked at me and said, 'Larry, ladies don't do that in Texas.' "

The women in *Dallas* don't have to worry about such things, to be sure; but they are a vapid bunch on the whole, not busy enough during the day and always over-dressing for dinner. Sue Ellen, played by Linda Gray, is J.R.'s pet victim who is either cracking up or trying to glue herself together when she should have bolted long ago with their baby. With her voluptuous and vacant face, her dipsy-doodle walk, her attempts to lash J.R. with insults, Sue Ellen has gained a huge following of her own. No one thinks she could have shot J.R., her hand shakes.

The ladies sometimes protest they are real people who have their rights; but it is just talk. The hardest role belongs to Barbara Bel Geddes, that fine actress who should demand a little madness of her own. She is Miss Ellie, J.R.'s mother, forever smiling, sweet, stoic, and a trifle dim-witted about her eldest son.

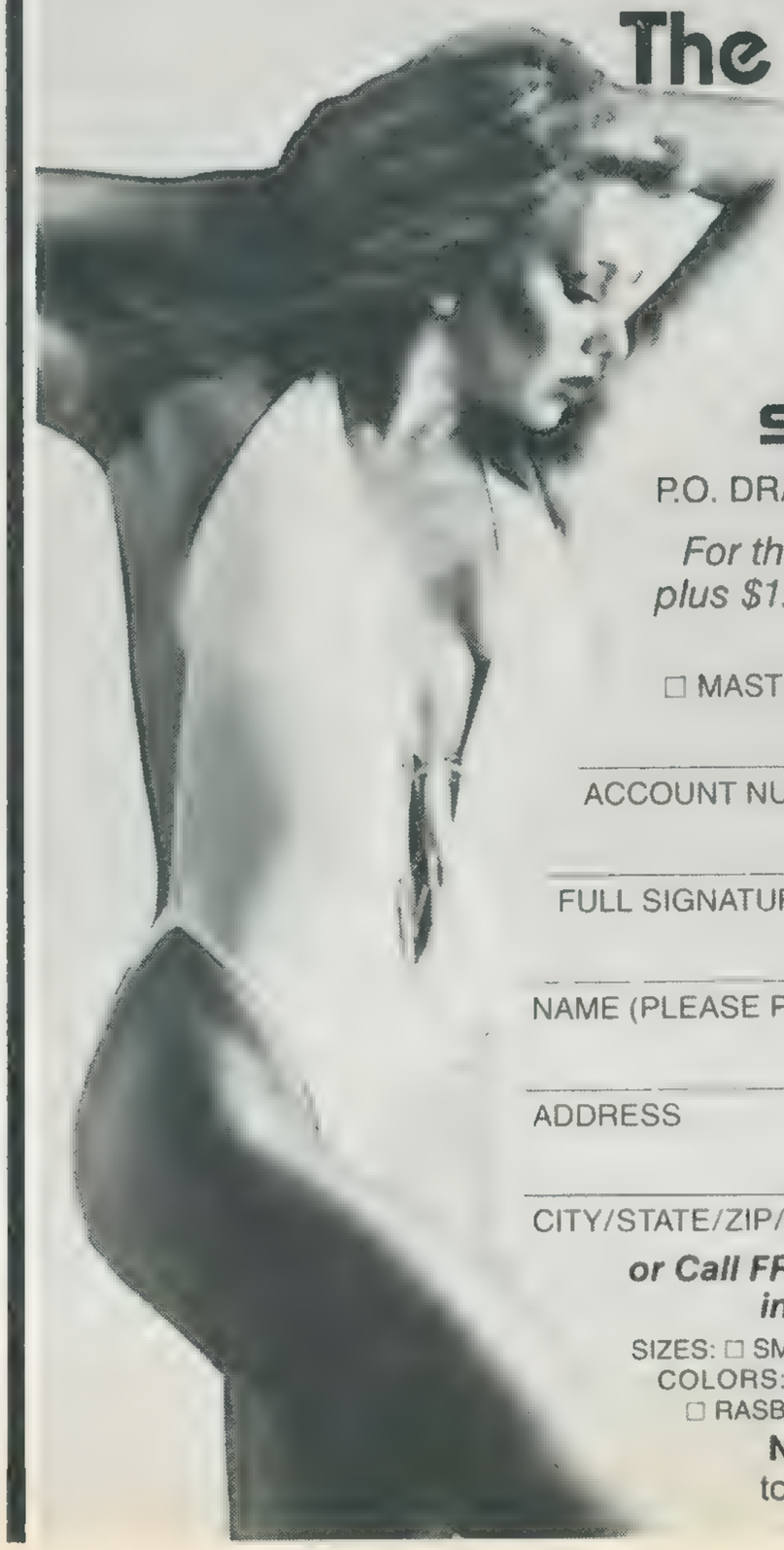
No one knows better than Larry Hagman that it is the characters on television, not the actors portraying them, who are the public's idols. It was not unusual, for example, that the 1980 graduating class at New York's Mount Sinai School of Medicine voted for Jack Klugman, who plays a doctor on *Quincy*, to be their graduation speaker.

Now it is Larry Hagman's turn. He is ready and willing. Yes, he was going to Louisiana to lecture at a college, although he was not sure what he would say. Yes, he was going to turn up at the opening of a supermarket in Oklahoma City, for a considerable fee. He also stands to profit by an occasional appearance in *Knots Landing*, a *Dallas* spin-off.

And he always has a little industry going of his own. Mr. Hagman said his bodyguard, who happens to be a very amiable Jesus freak, stays up nights printing T-shirts that say: "J.R. The Man You Love to Hate." The T-shirts cost Mr. Hagman $2.30 apiece and sell for $7.50. It's not oil, but it's not bad.

He seems a happy man. While in New York he was planning to negotiate a new contract with CBS, who can hardly leave J.R. dead on his office floor. There are films he is going to make. But he isn't fooled into thinking it is going to be a milk-and-honey decade for everyone else.

"Most of the world is ruled by idiots," said Larry Hagman, meaning it. ▽



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ROBIN DUKE

(Continued from page 173)

of outrage and concern into action? One clue is that she seems to believe in the power of simple effort, of disciplined persistence. This comes up when she's talking about her years in the brokerage business.

As a novice, she was assigned to the small-time investor, "the lathe operators on Lafayette Street," she says. "No snappy types uptown. And when I'd walk in, they'd say, 'Good grief! I got only twenty-five thousand dollars and they send me a lady broker!' And I tell you, I handled their accounts with such loving care that, to this day, they're my friends. But it took a lot of time to make them believe that I—that this young blond girl—was competent."

The pay-offs of loving care. Not magic. She definitely does not believe in magic.

I ask why she gives time to four corporate boards. Robin looks shocked. "Oh my gosh! It's probably the best leverage possible. First of all, because I think it's very important for women to be on corporate boards. There's a certain board protocol that everybody lives by"—clearly, she is not awed by this protocol—"and women bring a breath of fresh air into these boardrooms, in the area of social responsibility alone—I'm forever talking about it. I'm always saying to corporations, 'Wouldn't you rather decide how to spend your money than let the government decide for you?' In other words, give it directly to constructive, nonprofit organizations."

She is interested in each company for itself as well as for what it can do for others, a function of her tendency to put everything in the largest possible context. For example, I am not immediately enticed by the fact that one of the corporations, Zurn, manufactures sewage disposal plants. Robin, on the other hand, is "absolutely fascinated with that whole subject." Why? "Because you and I know that the East River is polluted, and so is the poor old Hudson, and to my mind, nothing is more wonderful than the possibility of turning around the chaos of the urban areas—cleaning the harbors, recycling the sewage for energy." Well, if you put it that way.

And Rockwell—a company she's had to drop because of a conflict of interest with her husband's work—is involved with the space shuttle. "And my grandchildren will go to the moon, maybe on the shuttle. Maybe *I'll* go! One would hope!" and she laughs blithely. "It's very compelling."

What about running for office? The experience, she claims, "is one of the most interesting things I've ever done. Maybe I'm crazy, but I found it very educational. I talked to people in a way I never had, because now I was looking for their help. They were people from political life who used to come to me for money and help.

"And if I were not fifty-six but forty-six, I would stay in the public arena and run for office. Because that's the way that you turn things around. It isn't just military hardware that's going to turn things around—it's also seeing that social reform takes place. I think that's going to be our salvation.

"And I have a certain sense of . . . of almost obligation," she says. "You know, my son makes fun of a remark that I always use with my children. I say 'life is an accident.' That you weren't born in a gutter in Calcutta is an accident. And when people get pompous with me—about who they are—I just laugh. Because to me, it's accident; and you can just thank God for your blessings. And the fact that you were born with equipment between your ears—that you can think and plan your life—is the greatest blessing of all. And if you've had a decent start, with a good mind, when you see people born under so much less advantaged circumstances—to me it's a kind of challenge."

The challenge, to Robin Duke, is to make the most of the "potential" she is convinced lurks in everyone. This conviction guides her approach to population-control work—work which last year won her an award from the United Nations.

"I very often talk to poor women in family-planning clinics of the Third World and I try to explain to them that we're not saying, 'Don't have babies.' We're saying, 'Have the healthiest babies, with the greatest potential, with the best chance for an education.'" The clinic provides an opportunity to give a woman and her family a boost, through counseling on health, nutrition, earning extra money, as well as contraception.

"And to talk to other women—and men—about things like that," Robin Duke says, "it just seems to me that that's what made this country great. People worked together, they pooled their efforts; they beat their way West, they beat their way here"—and she laughs at her own rhetoric. "It was by giving, one to the other, of what they knew that they shared their burdens. To me, that has something to do with it." She pauses, arms crossed, working on the answer to my question: why she does what she does.

"I don't think I articulate this very well," she says slowly, "because it's something I never talk about. But it just seems to me that it makes sense. I'm very blessed, very fortunate—but not just because I'm comfortable and live in a nice apartment and all the rest of it. I think I'm an intelligent human being and that's luck. And I'm strong. And I've always felt that I should use myself constructively."

The base of everything Robin Duke does is her strength; everything comes from it. Where does it come from, I ask her. "I think circumstances have a lot to do with the cultivation of strength," she says, "and then I'm a big believer in the genes. Genes and circumstances and percentages—and then how you play that little piano," she laughs.

And the circumstances in her life? "I feel I was very lucky. Had a marvelous, powerful mother who was very much of a disciplinarian and very disciplined herself. That probably was a big factor in my life. I can't . . ."—she hesitates. "You know, I've never gone minutely tip-toeing through the tulips back over my life, so I can't tell you any more than

"You only have more moxie"

that, when faced with having to cope, I have always been a person who can cope. That isn't to say I haven't pounded the wall and wanted to burst into tears. I've had some bad spells like everybody. But I've never been too afraid to step out into the fight. I've been afraid, lots of times. But never too afraid. And why am I not too afraid? Maybe I'm just an arrogant beast, I don't know. . . .

"But here we are in this *diabolical* conversation," she interrupts herself, giving a wonderful reading on the word *diabolical*, "and where's it going? Why is anybody the way they are?"

Robin Duke seems to have a built-in barometer that signals when a conversation is getting heavy, when to lighten up. The signal has just sounded, apparently, and in the friendliest possible way, Robin turns on me. Why am I a writer, how did I get that way, she asks. She says she writes all the time. "I'm the worst writer you ever read. I never went to college and I'm an illiterate, but I love writing, just writing away madly. Drive you crazy. If you read some things I've written, you'd scream with laughter. Or perhaps you'd cry." Now we are both laughing. And then, helplessly responsible, she returns to the task at hand, my question. "But it's interesting how you end up."

I wonder if a backlog of confidence pushes her forward. "But I haven't done well in a lot of things," she says. "I've done *badly* in a lot of things. But I believe in taking a shot at everything. Even growing orange trees in my apartment. Look at all my oranges." And she points to a small green tree across the room with not an orange on it. "I'm an optimist. And if I've taken on something, then I try to learn, to understand, prepare—I really try. I'm a hard worker that way. And when I ran for office, yes, I was a little clammy in the hands when I got up to speak at the first

clubhouse, because you stand in a room with a light bulb hanging from the ceiling and they're all sitting there with their chins on their hands waiting for you to make a jerk of yourself, which is easy to do. I was very scared, but I think if you're straight with people they believe you. I guess I do have self-confidence, or maybe just a little more . . . I can only think of the word 'moxie,' which I think is the greatest word in the world," she laughs. "You only have maybe more moxie."

I wonder if she's strict with herself, if she pushes herself—to finish a job, or meet a deadline. "Oh, no, I don't push," she says. "I'm very good about myself. Nothing short of a revolution taking place around Manhattan Island will keep me from my daily swim. And I know how to stay whole. The way for me to stay whole is to get my swim every night at 6:00 P.M., to get to the hairdresser once a week—I don't let it go until I'm falling over and looking spooky. And I like to walk everyplace, so I always allow a little time in there. I don't cut it right to the bone.

"I think your health, your physical well-being, is a very critical part of your capacity to function well. I wouldn't be able to do anything as well as I do, if I weren't physically very strong, or as strong as I'm capable of being by virtue of my daily swim. I'm very careful about getting enough sleep, eating intelligently—nothing casual about it.

"And I like to look good, so I have to take a certain amount of time on my wardrobe. I don't want to sacrifice either my health or my appearance to make some great contribution somewhere—because, in my book, it will fail. And I'd probably be a very unsatisfactory wife, too. My husband is crazy about clothes, and how people look. I think he'd be unhappy if I were running around in yesterday's newspaper instead of tomorrow's new dress."

I suspect, then, that Robin sees no conflict between being a strong voice in a corporate board room, then coming home and playing the role of hostess at a dinner party. "How could there be a conflict? You're still the same person, and you're simply using more of yourself. There is so much more in all of us than we actually draw upon. We are capable of learning so much more. We have so much more competence in us—and all I'm saying is, the best fun in life is to use your whole person. I still ski a lot and probably it's too hardy skiing for my age," she laughs. "Maybe I'll wrap myself around a tree one of these days. But that's the way I like to live. I want to ski and I want to be totally involved. And I'm saying to you that most women—and men—have all of that within themselves: the demands are never put there, that's all. The potential is there: I insist that it is. I've seen too many really able women running all kinds of big, nonprofit operations who would then come home and have a dinner party for twenty. This is no big deal."

There is also no conflict between the serious strong voice and what she calls her "decidedly frivolous side," the side that adores Chinese export porcelain and is not beyond sneaking pieces into the house ("You know how that is? Even if you paid for it yourself, it seems superfluous to some people").

She turns on me again now: *I* should be in political life. "Because when you're there, you *can* do something. That's one of the reasons I just prod, push, stomp, and holler to get people to go into politics. I'm very interested in the Senatorial race this year. Why? It's the same why as your question and the same answer, which is really, 'I don't know. I'm just interested.' It's tomorrow and, like you, I've got a stake in tomorrow. I don't think it's just that I have children. I always think, well, I'll be here quite a long time."

Congresswoman Liz Holtzman will be speaking at the house of a friend of Mrs. Duke's this week. Do I want to go to hear her? Robin is going "because I just think you should go." Is she acting from a sense of duty? "It's duty only in the sense that I think everybody is accountable. If the whole thing is a bust, that's because you didn't pull the lever and vote. And if you did vote, you didn't think and you didn't listen, so you didn't know whom to vote for. There's got to be some duty. This is such a marvelous country, and there are so many opportunities here, and yet we have incredibly serious problems. But I have a feeling we're at a crossroad now, and one ought to be very responsive in the next year to elections and to being a participant in the system. Everyone of us is responsible for every bit of it." ▽

NANCY GRAVES

(Continued from page 203)

Art and Architecture. A Fulbright fellowship took her to Paris; but it was a trip to Italy, however, that changed the course of her art decisively. In Florence, she visited not only the Uffizi art gallery, but also the Museum of Natural History, where she discovered the work of the eighteenth-century anatomist Susini.

Graves had been looking at Botticelli's paintings; and, in Susini's life-size wax casts of animals and the human body and its parts, she found a level of craft and an integrity of form that reminded her of Botticelli but was at the same time eerily unfamiliar. She began to think of ways to create life-size sculpture whose forms would relate to natural history. She took photographs of Susini's works and studied them closely. "I felt as if I were seeing a body of my own work in the future," is the way she described the encounter.

Throughout her career, Graves has continued to use photographs to transform imagery, to focus on certain kinds of information and to create images that, although in some way derived from natural forms, appear abstract. Because one intuits the connection between art and nature in Graves's iconography, her work resonates with a richness of content that strictly abstract work does not have.

Returning to the United States in 1966, Graves continued making sculpture (which she had in fact never studied). The camels led to further exploration of works incorporating animal skin and hair applied to wax and acrylic built up over a steel armature. These works reflected an increasing concern with primitive forms and rituals, which also had interested the Abstract Expressionists. Delicate, refined, but striking environmental works of bones, skins, feathers and fossils established Nancy Graves as one of the most original and accomplished artists of her generation.

In 1971, Graves used her drawings and colored gouaches as a way to get back into painting. Once again, she hit on an original point of departure to *(Continued on page 236)*

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NANCY GRAVES

(Continued from page 235)

translate her three-dimensional vision back into two dimensions. This time, her inspiration was camouflage, the technique man learned from nature to disguise forms, causing them to disappear into their backgrounds.

Often Graves went back to photographs for inspiration; she was attracted especially to the latest techniques science had devised for mapping the skies and the seas. To get a better sense of advances in mapping, she spent time at NASA and brought home a stack of their photographs to study. Although her recent paintings continue to have their origins in maps—in themselves a means for conveying selective information about the natural world—painterly and pictorial concerns are at the forefront of the work.

If it appears that Nancy Graves is something like the whirlwind forms that often appear in her paintings, the fact is that she manages to work harder, to get around more, and to respond more to opportunities for learning new techniques and media than almost any other artist one could think of. While pursuing her own interests in science and natural history and the complex iconography that they have produced, she has enlarged her vocabulary as an artist by beginning to work in bronze, the material of great sculpture. Her latest piece—"Trace"—an over-life-size polychrome bronze (shown on page 202) that thrusts metal out into three-dimensional space, is a courageous attempt to create art that is both within the tradition of sculpture and a challenge to it. ▽

ENDLESS LUST

(Continued from page 201)

and in the mass fantasy he packages as *Playboy*—the two realities connected by Bunnies hopping from Hefner's round bed to *Playboy* page. Hugh in Wonderland. You, vicariously, in wonderland, if you happen to be a boy.

This is the territory of *Thy Neighbor's Wife*. This is its true subject: getting it. Getting more of it, more easily, with less guilt and no strings.

Who's getting it? The cast of characters is large, but most of the voices are male, from lower-middle-class backgrounds, and all are white and heterosexual. An inordinate number were either born or have roots in Chicago. Why? Talese, who apparently has a reporter's terror of drawing conclusions, ventures only: "It was as if that strongly Irish-Catholic town were destined to produce sex-obsessed native sons. . . . Chicago is America's Dublin." Not what I'd call illuminating, but I suppose it's a start.

A disproportionate number of the leading characters were born between 1928 and 1932. Why? Talese (b. February 7, 1932) never asks, never notices. But the effect is to restrict the view of contemporary sexuality to that of your average middle-aged, middle-class, heterosexual male. Raised with sexual taboos, in sexual shame, most of the men in *TNW* grow up to defy the rules of church, state, and "common decency." Sometimes they get away with it, sometimes not; but whether they make fortunes or are jailed or harassed, they persist, compulsively.

Many of these men are pornographers or publishers of erotica; and Talese outlines, through their life stories, their war against the censors. This strand of the book is valuable to me. A few years ago, another woman and I were offended by the prime placement of sex magazines on our local newstand. We started a petition to boycott that stand, asking the owners to shift those magazines to a discreet corner. The petition didn't get very far for reasons too complicated to go into here; but the point is, my friend and I were bloated with righteous indignation. We had not thought very much about censorship and had not thought that what we were doing in the name of feminism was in fact censorship.

The Women Against Pornography movement pits women's dignity against First Amendment rights; and, after reading *TNW*, I find myself on the side of free speech, convinced that censorship is a blind man's knife. Watch, through Talese, one of the censors fanatically cruising through Hollywood, hunting down smut. Watch Nixon reject the report of his own 1970 commission, which advised that pornography really wasn't a national problem, did not cause violence, and was best ignored. The censors are as sex-obsessed as the pornographers, and somehow nastier.

I still don't like being accosted by porn magazine covers, but so what? I will survive the visual insult.

A question raised by Talese's treatment of porn, however, is: how come he never mentions the Women Against Pornography? He consider's the Women's Movement only to attack "man-hating feminists" who wish to eliminate certain "red-light districts."

"Man-hating feminists." What a piece of nostalgia—I haven't heard that phrase in ages. (*TNW* could do for feminism what Afghanistan is doing for national chauvinism.) I myself am trying to resist the temptation to sum up Talese with the word "macho," another blast from the past. Let me put it this way: one reason for my discomfort is that while reading this book I am stuck behind eyes that see women as pieces, hair color, a body. Such are Talese's powers of description that he identifies one women as "an elusive, pretty co-ed," and another as "a perky young brunet." "A heavy-breasted blonde" is distinguished from someone who's "very blond and comely . . . a lissome woman." Hefner's girlfriend, you should know, is "one of Texas' most curvesome blondes."

The esthetics are 'forties sweater-girl and the vocabulary is of the period.

Someone asked me if Talese were "the wave of the future." I'd say he's the wave of the past. When he was writing in the early 'sixties, a phrase like "the two blondes" was appropriate to the time, and the subject—Frank Sinatra, a male power symbol. Talese has spent his career tracking male power, flourishing and spent. Profiles of champs and losers. Studies of male institutions like *The New York Times* and the Mafia. Portraits of

> "Given: Marriage means monotony"

the tough guys who built New York's Verrazano-Narrows Bridge. Perfect subjects for Talese.

Read the beginning of *The Bridge*, an early book:

> They drive into town in big cars, and live in furnished rooms, and drink whiskey with beer chasers, and chase women they will soon forget. They linger only a little while. . . .

Supermales on the road!

> On weekends some boomers drive hundreds of miles to visit their families, are tender and tolerant, and will deny to the heavens any suggestion that they raise hell on the job—except they'll admit it in whispers, half proud, half ashamed, fearful the wives will hear and then any semblance of marital stability will be shattered.
>
> Like most men, the boomer wants it both ways.

What annoys me so much is that *TNW* is like "most men"—which is not how most men are, necessarily, but how Talese assumes they are and how I fear they are: untrustworthy. "Half proud, half ashamed," indeed—chicken-hearted, that's what they are. Making their wives into consciences (nagging) and the weekday women into bimbos, whom they regard with some contempt: the contempt (shame) they feel for themselves for raising hell.

My tolerance for adultery is not great.

But to return to our story. The man's-man tone Talese used in *The Bridge*—that set-'em-up-Joe voice—sounds dated in 1980 in a book about such a mixed-company activity as heterosex. His voice is oddly constrained, searching for polite phrases for . . . uh . . . dirty words. Reaching for the high-toned

words (no one "talks" if he can "converse" or "thinks" if he can "ponder"). Ten-dollar words used even at the expense of sense (e.g. ". . . the breasts and buttocks that so fulsomely filled his pages"—fulsome does not mean ripe, or rich, or full as Talese seems to think; it means offensive, disgusting).

The language, belabored and phony, interferes with what might be natural flow of story and so does the force-feeding of information. There's some pretty good soap opera here; but, to get to it and through it, we have to suffer through a numbing deluge of facts.

Even though Bullaro is in insurance, I don't want to know the whole history of life insurance.

Talese brings Al Goldstein—creator of *Screw* magazine—to bed with a young woman who encourages him to perform oral sex: an opportunity for the author to give us the entire history of oral sex, yea, even back to Juvenal, and down through time to Henry Miller.

The drone of details is endless.

Talese stuffs us with words and makes little emotional sense of all the data. What anything means here is anyone's guess. There's no inside story: it's all external (a phallic survey!). For all the publicity about his months of research in massage parlors, he comes away with not a clue about what the masseuses were thinking or feeling as they went through their paces. (We do find out, however, the exact location of the "coin-box telephone" used by some of the "aspiring actresses and dancers" among the masseuses to keep in touch with their agents). And in a lame attempt to ennoble the Massage Parlor as Institution, Talese posits that the customers "often gained insight into the alienated generation that they helped to sire," while "the masseuses in turn learned much about the frustrations of middle-aged men, their marital difficulties, their job problems, their fantasies and insecurities."

Oh spare me.

For all its compulsive attention to details, *TNW* has some striking omissions. The following are ignored as subjects for discussion: prostitution, homosexuality, bisexuality, asexuality, impotence, venereal disease, transvestism, transexualism, sadomasochism, singles—all of which have become subjects in the culture. A sentence and a half wrap up contraception and abortion. Not a word about children. Not a thought about how children, child-rearing, family fit into future sex, or current fooling-around.

And at the same time as Talese would encourage women to be more aggressive, to ape the male brand of sex-for-its-own-sake, he is convinced that women are not all that interested in impersonal sex, that they seem to want to muck up the physical act with *feelings* and *knowing* the person and making a big deal of the whole thing. So where does that leave men and women—how are the two species to coexist?

I've always thought the solution was that people outgrow their wanderlust, that the "male need for variety" was a male adolescent's need, or at least, an adolescent male's need. It is startling to read in *TNW* the history of sexual utopias going back to the fifteenth century: how long people have been trying to escape the confines of the twosome! It's startling to read about Fourierism in nineteenth-century France, communities designed to ensure every citizen a "sexual minimum," *grace à* self-sacrificing members called "erotic saints": imagine what pain of sexual frustration inspired Fourier to work out that cause of utopia.

There must be something I don't understand about sexual frustration, or something I've forgotten. The last time I confronted such insistence, such a wail of craving, was from my high-school boyfriend who struggled with me year in, year out, over sexual boundaries, and almost convinced me that one suffering from frustration deserves vast sympathy, special dispensations—does a woman in labor stop for red lights on her way to the hospital? What are rules to the agony of sexual frustration?

Thy Neighbor's Wife brings back those eventful high-school days. The concept of satiability is as foreign to the people in Talese's book as it was to high-school boys.

And so a Fourier dreams up erotic saints. And John Williamson creates Sandstone, the latest attempt to eradicate the pain of coveting. Williamson, Talese tells us, "wanted to assemble a large membership of stable couples, young middle-class sensualists who believed that their personal relationships would be enhanced, rather than shattered, by the elimination of sexual possessiveness."

My understanding of sexual possessiveness is that it is a biological response, a sub-category of the fight-or-flight reaction evoked when one's territory is threatened. The only way to break the response is to loosen the bond that embraces another person as part of your territory. With the way things are going now, this becomes more and more a sensible idea: if you are interested in saving wear and tear on the emotions, nerves; if you can muster the requisite detachment, you can avoid an awful lot of pain. I'd rather not. ▽

HALSTON

(Continued from page 163)

and materials, he saw to the fitting of every woman's costume and every man's costume. He has never charged me, in any sense, what the costumes would cost. And he puts them in his own workshop. When a boy or a girl goes onstage dressed by Halston, it's a costume most beautifully made, inside and out. That's his integrity, and that's what I honor in him."

Martha Graham met Halston through a friend who recalls, "Martha was going to present the Capezio Dance Award to Robert Irving, Musical Director of the New York City Ballet, and she didn't have anything to wear, and, of course, she has never had money of her own. Martha's own dressmaking had been superb; her costumes onstage were absolute innovations. So I thought, who could relate to that, and, instantly: Halston. The way Halston cuts and the way he uses fabric—his clothes actually have a dance movement. I rang up Halston and asked if he could possibly lend Martha something . . ."

Martha Graham remembers, "There was a beautiful natural-colored caftan of cashmere and a poncho to wear with it. I loved it so much and I felt so wonderful in it. I asked if I could buy it on time. Halston said no, he wanted to give it to me."

Halston and Graham have been friends, collaborators (he has dressed ten of her works), and a mutual *(Continued on page 238)*

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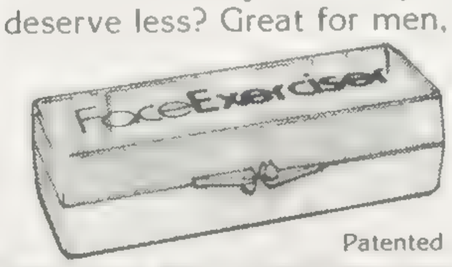

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HALSTON

(Continued from page 237)

admiration society ever since. She says of his work, "He never deviates from the human body. He glorifies it—the lines of it. His garments are cut so adroitly and fitted so adroitly that there is no strain. When the dress is on you, it stays where it's put . . . it's like another skin. Also, his delight in fabrics enchants me. He loves pure silks and lovely, luxurious fabrics. I love them, too.

"I treasure Halston as a friend and as a patron . . . he has very much been a patron of mine. Once, we were rehearsing in a theater and we had to stop at a crucial time because of union rules. And he asked our company director, 'Why is she stopping?' And he said, 'She can't afford to pay the double-time.' And Halston said, 'That's ridiculous. I'll pay it.' And he did. . . . When he believes in something, he participates. Of course, he can be ice where he has to be ice . . ."

Where Halston is ice—where he is, as he says, "selfish, very careful not to let anything get in the way"—is when he is riding a streak of creative energy. Not dreaming up ideas—he can show you twenty drawing boards and a thousand ideas—but working them through. "Any new design I do myself. I drape it on a mannequin or on my model. I cut it on the floor, really—and it can be at two in the morning—and I extend it on paper to all its different possibilities. That is, if it is a new idea for a collar, you extend it on paper so that you can see every possibility for a coat, blouse, dress, suit, or whatever. To me, this is the most interesting part—to invent new cuts and new points of view in fashion. And how that happens isn't that a light bulb goes on and click! you have it. You have to pull it out of yourself—and pull and pull and pull until it comes. As Martha says, 'It's like giving birth to a cube.'"

Fortunately, Halston is prolific. "I can do four collections a week—conceptually. To get them made is something quite different. The rule of thumb is that an original design is one suit, one tailor, one week. It's an expensive process. A new silhouette can cost you $10- to $15,000. Then you have to 'breed' it so that, in effect, it will turn itself over and make money."

Around Halston, there is much evidence of turnover and almost none of a difficult labor. His present offices, on the twenty-first floor of the Olympic Towers building on Fifth Avenue, are almost eerily serene. Three banks of windows and mirrored doors flush with mirrored walls—as well as thick, brick-red Halston carpeting and excellent soundproofing—give one the impression (false) that perhaps there are no doors and no people working in workrooms behind them; that one may, in fact, have lucked into some ultra-sophisticated aircraft that is going so fast it seems hardly to be moving at all.

His "office" is simply a large, spare-lined Chinese-red table at one end of the showroom. On it are a pale orchid plant in elegant blossom and an oversized, silver ashtray. Halston smokes—and regrets—a great many cigarettes. He despises the habit, but the gesture has become a kind of armor. "It says to people: okay, you can come this far and that's it or you're going to get burned."

Halston has been burned. "People always expect more and more and more. They sit back with their arms folded and say: show me. And you don't mind doing it; it goes with the business. But sometimes you're put down unfairly. The press can be complicated. Newspapers more than magazines—there's nothing you can do that I haven't read in some gossip column that I've done. Name it, I've done it. . . . I'm in a shark world. I'm not at all afraid of it, but I don't have to leave myself open."

This is said less with bitterness than with resignation to the perils of celebrity. And it is a rare outburst. Halston's normal demeanor is one of easy humor (which tends to be pleasantly self-mocking) and infinite calm and gentleness (Martha Graham says, "His face is remarkably clear; with all of his sophistication, it has great innocence.") . . . In his invariable black cashmere turtleneck, unlined black cashmere blazer, and black trousers, Halston sits at his table. He has been asked to talk about Halston-past, and he does so with a certain lack of enthusiasm because it isn't the past that interests him ("I'm one of those people who believes that today is the best time of your life and tomorrow will be better"), so he gets through it quickly. . . .

> "I cleaned up American fashion"

Halston was born forty-eight years ago and christened Roy Halston Frowick (the name Halston comes by way of his maternal grandfather, one Halston Holmes). He grew up in Evansville, Indiana (close enough to Kentucky to account for his trace of a drawl). At the age of sixteen, he bolted school, went off with friends to Florida for ten days, and was expelled for the balance of the term. He started college at Indiana University, where his older brother (he has also a younger brother and sister) was president of the student body and a "big deal on campus." Halston switched to the School of the Art Institute of Chicago.

In Chicago, he started making hats and, through a friend with a beauty salon in the Ambassador Hotel, was introduced to Fran Allison, of television's *Kukla, Fran and Ollie.* Fran Allison ordered nine hats in two weeks, brought in a friend who ordered four, who, in turn, brought in a friend who. . . . Suddenly, Halston—six feet two, clean-cut, twenty-and-a-half years old—was a full-page fashion feature in *The Chicago Daily News.* A star was rising.

Suddenly, Halston was in New York, making hats at Lily Daché. Was making a reputation. Was meeting influential people through other influential people . . . through the legendary American designer Charles James, the fashion columnist Eugenia Sheppard . . . through Sheppard, the millinery cadre of Bergdorf Goodman.

Suddenly, Halston was making hats at Bergdorf Goodman . . . was getting hats on the cover of Vogue . . . going with the Bergdorf team to the Paris collections, to the Italian collections . . . was getting to know, as friends as well as mentors, the elite of fashion, Balenciaga, Givenchy . . . was getting big ideas.

In 1966, the first Halston Boutique—with clothes made by Halston—opened at Bergdorf Goodman. It was a smash. No surprises there—"I have always had ambition. I have always had the energy. I have always had success." Halston did several collections for Bergdorf's and then, restless with larger dreams, turned in his notice. Nine months later, on Sixty-eighth Street and Madison Avenue, the baby was born. And soon had babies of its own: in the four-story building that houses the original Halston Limited, five separate businesses thrived at once: made-to-order clothes, ready-to-wear clothes, better hats, hat-bar hats, and wigs.

Halston defines the luxurious life as having what you want. For the moment he does. "I don't really want much, just what makes life attractive for me. And less is more, you know." He has a five-house compound at the tip of Long Island, and a handsome, minimally furnished townhouse in New York. He has sufficient funds to keep himself in orchid plants, to put caviar on the table for friends, to bail his friends out of trouble and to be supportive when things are not going well for them, to own 150 pictures by his friend Andy Warhol, to have a houseman and a butler ("all that kind of stuff"). He lives simply and works long hours.

Asked to assess his own role in fashion history, Halston says: "I think, probably, it's that I cleaned up American fashion at a particular point in time—I was actually called Mr. Clean. It was just getting rid of all the extra details that didn't work—bows that didn't tie, buttons that didn't button, zippers that didn't zip, wrap dresses that didn't wrap. I've always hated things that don't work. And it had to do with all different kinds of dressing, not just sweater-dressing. It was also daytime dressing for women in business, things to make them look neat and feminine, not too dressed up and not too dressed down. And for evening, it was saying: okay, take off your underpinnings. You've got a damn good figure; you can show it off in an attractive way. The Greeks did it, and the Romans, and everybody else—there's really nothing prettier than the female figure."

Halston is pleased with his past performances, but his perspective is in the other direction: what is happening now. What will happen tomorrow. "I like next, next, next, next!" So. What's next. . . .

"I don't like the idea, but I think people will dress more and more alike because there will be less and less opportunity for individuality. And this is because there will be fewer natural fabrics that one can choose from. I don't want people to have a blanket look—it would put us out of business. On the other hand, if you go to China you will see that there is a personality to each costume. One woman might have it a little more unbuttoned, another woman will wear it with the sleeves rolled up, and so forth. If you're clever, you can make anything your own.

"The future will be fascinating to design, and I want to be there. I want to design for a large public. . . . [To criticism that he is sometimes too "plain Jane," his response is that women come in all shapes and sizes, and while there are some who can wear four belts at once, most can't.] I like to be out where the action is. I don't want to be sitting back on past glories. Who cares? I want tomorrow's glories . . . I want it all!" ▽

GAY TALESE

(Continued from page 199)

accomplished but why. Why is Gay Talese, a very proper, law-abiding citizen, so fascinated with the Dantean world of the Mafia, the Brueghelian world of unbridled, often degenerate sex, involved in it and, in a manner of speaking, embracing it? Gay will explain how the Mafia performs "services" (murder, arson, loan-sharking, narcotics-dealing, etc.) that society needs, as do the massage parlors, porno films, and sex groups that perform in mattress pits and sperm-floating swimming pools. But these are explanations offered after the fact. The true explanations must lie within Gay himself.

Gay was born and raised in the small seaside town of Ocean City, New Jersey, a Protestant town so conservative that even today it does not tolerate a liquor store within its boundaries; a town where houses fly the American flags all summer long, and some lawns are imitation grass composed of green nylon glued on top of cement. Gay was the sole Italian Catholic in his community; and that, plus the fact that his father, a tailor, was an immigrant, set him apart from the other kids. He tried to conform as best he could—by not learning a word of Italian in his Italian-speaking family to prove his Americanism, for instance—but he was never able to conquer The Forces of Ocean City. Even when he finally left Ocean City for college, he was kept on the defensive, a minority Northerner at the University of Alabama.

It is with the deadly combination of parochial-school nuns and Ocean City WASP reactionaries in mind that one must assess Gay's fascination with sex, a fascination which is reflected in this book. In a sense, the book represents Gay's triumph over the puritanical strictures of Ocean City, strictures that so inhibited him that he didn't even masturbate until his second year in college. The book is testimony to the fact that he has more than made up for lost time.

Gay has both a dedication to these roots and a hostility toward them, and in my view this is the long-smoldering conflict within him. For Gay is vulnerable and aggressive, obsessive and uncommitted, angry and cheerful, tenderhearted and indifferent, a conformist and an iconoclast. But above all, Gay has a peculiar, *sub rosa* fury, suspiciously Sicilian, that burns in him like a pilot light, causing rebellions and attacks that are, in a sense, outside his control.

A saving grace of Gay is that he has an incisive sense of humor about the things he takes too seriously. Paradoxical though that is, it gives him his sense of balance, and it accounts for the social popularity that he enjoys. Gay has an uninhibited honesty about people and events. There is less than an ounce of sham and hypocrisy in him.

In his relations with women, Gay can be very charming, but I have witnessed a few occasions when, for no discernible reason, he has taken umbrage at a woman's remarks and lashed into her with such ferocity that she has bolted from the premises and gone crying into the night. His ambivalence about women, about whether or not to treat them as equals, is probably a significant factor in his behavior toward them. He is even ambivalent about his wife's career.

On the one hand, the fact that Gay's wife is a vice-president and senior editor at Simon and Schuster irritates him and leads to constant haranguing because she is not around the house to attend to chores while he is working; but, on the other hand, Gay has great pride in her accomplishments and respect for her talent. I suspect that if Nan were to give up her career (an unlikely eventuality) and stay at home, Gay would find equal fault in that situation. And for all his free-swinging sexual independence, Gay is devoted to the stability of hearth and family: it is central to his being. He is responsive and tender toward his two teenage daughters and enjoys them more now than when they were younger.

But, actually the things Gay does not do tell as much about him as the activities he pursues. Gay does not dance at all nor drink very much. He has no political conscience, and has never voted for any candidate in any election. To Gay, politics and politicians are commodities of contempt. As for leisure, Gay does not court it, nor when it is thrust upon him does he quite *(Continued on page 240)*

FASHION INFORMATION

Page 114: 1. Lord & Taylor; Joseph Magnin; Swanson's on the Plaza. Shoes, Joan and David. . . . **2.** Ann Taylor. Sport Frames by Plaza Sunglasses. Capezio Ballet Makers exercise shoe. . . . **3.** Sea Island Clothiers, NYC; Barbara Robertson, Dallas TX. Mad Caps hat. Mikimoto earrings. Audemars Piguet watch. Capezio Ballet Makers jazz shoe. . . . **4.** Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus. Bracelet, Ellen Designs for Robert Originals. Audemars Piguet watch. Shoes see #3. **5.** Macy's. Ruza for Elegant belt. Bracelets, wrist to cuff: Dennis Higgins; Cathy and Marsha for Catherine Stein; Ellen Designs for Robert Originals. Rolex watch. . . . **6.** Macy's; Marshall Field's; I. Magnin. Omega Fashions belt. Rolex watch. Converse sneakers. **Page 142:** Giorgio Sant' Angelo for Daniel Caron wool sweatshirt. Late July at Bonwit Teller. **Page 147:** Fiorucci cotton jumpsuit, about $60. Fiorucci, NYC. **Page 150:** Belt, to order at Ultimo, Chicago. Also at Barney's, NYC; Marie Leavell; Maxfield Bleu, Los Angeles. **Page 151:** Shoes by Andrea Pfister. Lord & Taylor, NYC; Marshall Field's; I. Magnin. **Page 152:** Ralph Lauren for Optique du Monde glasses at Meyrowitz Opticians. Minnetonka moccasins at Patricia Field, NYC. **Page 153:** Shelley's own hat. **Page 159:** Hanes panty stockings. Halston for Garolini shoes at I. Miller, NYC. **Page 184:** Accessories, Valentino. Shoes, Rene Caovilla. **Page 185:** Earrings, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. All other accessories, Ungaro. **Page 186:** Walter Steiger pumps at Henri Bendel. **Page 187:** John Gordon earrings at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC. Ungaro pumps. **Page 188:** Issac Manevitz for Ben-Amun earrings. All other accessories Yves Saint Laurent. **Page 189:** All accessories, Yves Saint Laurent. **Pages 190–191:** *Inset*; Chloé pin. Shoes both pages, Walter Steiger. Henri Bendel. **Page 192:** Accessories, Valentino. Shoes, Rene Caovilla. **Page 193:** Earrings, Ted Muehling. Bracelets, Small Wonders, Bergdorf Goodman. **Page 204:** Gucci white cotton trench coat. Gucci, NYC; Chicago; Palm Beach; Bal Harbour; Beverly Hills. Earrings, Susan Michel Designs. Fortunoff. Bracelets, wrist to cuff: Carolee Designs. Saks Fifth Avenue; Joseph Magnin. Carol for Eva Graham. Cathy and Marsha for Catherine Stein. Bloomingdale's. **Page 189:** All accessories by Yves Saint Laurent. **Page 205:** *Left*: Towel by Fieldcrest. . . . *Above right*: Cotton robe by Trylon. **Page 206:** Sami silk charmeuse camisole, about $60. Saks Fifth Avenue; Bullock's; Victoria's Secret, San Francisco. Napier earrings. Handkerchief, Echo Scarfs. Available at fine department stores. **Page 207:** *Inset*: Flat bangle, Ken Begun. Bergdorf Goodman; 18 Carats, Birmingham AL. Fluted bangle by Jilbari Designs. Bloomingdale's. . . . *Large photo*: Earrings by Napier. Baume & Mercier watch. Saks Fifth Avenue. **Page 208:** *Left*: Silk blouse by Donna Karan and Louis Dell'Olio for Anne Klein & Co. About $120. Bloomingdale's; Marshall Field's; Sakowitz; Bullock's. Earrings, Bruce Silberman for Creative Horizons. La Bagagerie belt at La Bagagerie NYC & Beverly Hills. . . . *Inset center*: Gucci linen shirt and wool gabardine blazer. Shirt, *(Continued on page 240)*

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FASHION INFORMATION

(Continued from page 239)

about $145; blazer, about $315. Gucci, NYC; Chicago; Palm Beach; Bal Harbour, Beverly Hills. Les Bernard earrings. Pin by Jerry Kott for Isadora. At Henri Bendel. . . . *Inset left*, Ora Feder silk charmeuse wrap coat, about $250. Ora Feder Boutique, NYC. **Page 209:** Polyester satin back dress by Mary McFadden. Earrings by Ted Muehling at Artwear, NYC. **Page 210:** *Left*: Ron Leal silk crêpe de Chine blouse. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hudson's. Sunglasses, Ray-Ban by Bausch & Lomb. Available at major department and sporting goods stores and optical centers nationwide. Earrings, Cathy and Marsha for Catherine Stein. Watch, Baume & Mercier. Saks Fifth Avenue. Bracelets, wrist to cuff: Rafael Sanchez. Saks Fifth Avenue. Jere Scott at Via Lusso. Rafael Sanchez. Henri Bendel; Jere Scott at Via Lusso. Carol for Eva Graham. Saks Fifth Avenue. . . . *Below left*: Towels by Fieldcrest. . . . *Below right*: Gary Miller for Irka silk crêpe de Chine blouse. Earrings, Joseph Mazer. Bloomingdale's. Necklace, Bonwillum. Saks Fifth Avenue. **Page 211:** *Large photo*: Perry Ellis linen jacket. Saks Fifth Avenue. Earrings, Esther Gallant. Henri Bendel. *Inset left*: Model's own glasses. Sheets by Martex. . . . *Inset right*: Giorgio Sant' Angelo dress. Earrings, Vivionne. Bergdorf Goodman. **Page 212:** Courrèges New York and Palm Beach. Bergere earrings at Fortunoff, Westbury and Paramus. Ruza for Elegant belt at Saks Fifth Avenue. **Page 213: Right:** Shirt and shorts at Saks Fifth Avenue; Harzfeld's; all Halston Boutiques. Sport Frames by Plaza Sunglasses. Halston's hat. Napier earrings. **Page 214–215: 1.** Bloomingdale's; The Polo Store by Ralph Lauren, Coconut Grove, Atlanta, and Washington DC; Balliet's. Cara Croninger necklace at Artwear, NYC. Metal bracelets Cathy and Marsha for Catherine Stein. Red bangles Carol for Eva Graham at Brentano's, NYC. Yves Saint Laurent shoes at Bloomingdale's; YSL Rive Gauche Boutique Esplanade, Palm Beach. . . . **2.** Sweater late June at Burberrys, New York and San Francisco; Sims Ltd., Minneapolis. Anne Klein Jeans, see #6. Don Kline scarf at Don Kline Boutique, NYC; Pegasus, Philadelphia; Therapy, Aspen; Giorgio, Beverly Hills. Aurea bracelet at Bloomingdale's. Audemars Piguet watch at Gubelin, NYC. . . . **3.** Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. . . . **4.** Zoran at Henri Bendel; Linda Dresner; Ultimo. Earrings, Butler & Wilson at Liberty of London. Bracelets, wrist to cuff: Cathy and Marsha for Catherine Stein. Carol for Eva Graham. Shashi. Tess Sholom for Tess Designs belt at Henri Bendel. Yves Saint Laurent shoes, see #1. . . . **5.** Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. . . . **6.** Shirt at Saks Fifth Avenue. Jeans at Robinson's, California; Nordstrom. Mikimoto pearls at Mikimoto, NYC. Porsche watch by Schaffhausen at Tourneau, New York and Bal Harbour. Great American Belt Co. belt at Ann Taylor. . . . **7.** Andre Van Pier at D'Signer, NYC; Caché, Florida; Collection III, New Orleans LA. Bracelets, wrist to cuff: Cathy and Marsha for Catherine Stein. Carol for Eva Graham. John Peebles belt. Yves Saint Laurent shoes, see #1. **Page 216–217: 1.** Shirt at Ann Taylor NYC, Chicago, Beverly Hills. Cotton shorts at Lord & Taylor; Swanson's on the Plaza. Mikimoto earrings. Colony Designs belt at Elizabeth Arden Salons; T. Edwards. Bracelets, Ellen Designs for Robert Originals. Lord & Taylor. . . . **2.** Warm-up at Tennis Lady. Joan and David shoes. . . . **3.** Stephen Burrows at Henri Bendel; Trevi, Pittsburgh; Chuck Jones and Jack Parker, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour; Country Club Fashions, Los Angeles. . . . **4.** Polyester/Antron/Lycra maillot by Bonnie August of Danskin. At The Harvard Coop, Cambridge MA; Hudson's. . . . **5.** Paraphernalia; Style In The Round, Philadelphia; Head To Toe, Palm Beach; Joan Yellen, Beachwood OH; Balliet's. . . . **6.** Rayon/cotton sweater and culottes at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Linda Dresner; Neiman-Marcus. Bracelets by Lisandro Sarasola; Cathy and Marsha for Catherine Stein. Saddle Room moccasins. . . . **7.** Sweater at John Wanamaker; Emporium, Northern CA. Cotton pants at Bloomingdale's; Hudson's; Marshall Field's; I. Magnin. Esther Gallant earrings. Pearls by Bailey Banks & Biddle. Les Bernard coral necklace at Bergdorf Goodman. . . . **8.** Rayon romper at Koos Van Den Akker Boutique, NYC. Lisandro Sarasola bracelets. Stéphane Kélian for Vittorio Ricci sandals. . . . **9.** Blouse at Henri Bendel; Leonard, Houston. Pants, see #7. Sandals, see information pages 214–215 #1. . . . **10.** For store information write: L'Zinger Studio, 264 W. 35th St., NYC 10001. Shoes, see information #9. Cara Croninger bracelet, at Artwear, NYC. **11.** Shirt at Sulka, NYC, San Francisco, London. Cotton/polyester pants, Maurice Sasson by Seagoing. Macy's, Herald Square. Paul Stuart hat, at Paul Stuart, NYC. Pearls, Bailey Banks & Biddle. Rosemary Peck belt. . . . **12.** Rafael Sanchez Designs at Saks Fifth Avenue; Claire Pearone; Jere Scott Ltd. at Via Lusso, Chicago; Capriccio, Scottsdale AZ. . . . **13.** Kim-Zee Dane at Betsey Bunky Nini, NYC; Knit Wit, Philadelphia; The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami; I. Magnin. Lisandro Sarasola bracelets. **Pages 218–219: 1.** Ralph Lauren cotton parachute cloth shirt and pants. Henri Bendel; Hudson Bay Trading Company, Hilton Head Island SC; Stanley Korshak, Michigan Ave. only; Harzfelds; Perkins Shearer. Mikimoto earrings. Capezio Ballet Makers shoes, at Capezio Dance Shops nationwide. . . . **2.** Lynn Doherty at Henri Bendel; Liberty, Washington DC; Boutique Franck Olivier, Mayfair in the Grove, Coconut Grove FL; Connolly's, Tulsa OK. Bracelets, Cathy and Marsha for Catherine Stein. . . . **3.** Fernando Sanchez nylon/polyester/cotton terry-lined robe at Bloomingdale's; Balliet's; Carlton House, Houston. Marcia Friedman's nylon/Lycra maillot. . . . Bracelet, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. . . . **4.** Halston's cotton jacket and pants at Halston Boutiques; Maas Brothers; Gus Mayer, New Orleans. Shoes, Diego Della Valle. . . . **5.** Carolee Designs. Saks Fifth Avenue; Joseph Magnin. . . . **6.** Cacharel at Saks Fifth Avenue: Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Bracelets by Lisandro Sarasola; Cathy and Marsha for Catherine Stein; and Shashi. Yves Saint Laurent sandals. . . . **7.** Christine Albers handkerchief linen shirt and shorts at Henri Bendel; Goods Dept. Store, Cambridge MA; The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami; Dorso, Beverly Hills. Bracelets by Van Allen and Cathy and Marsha for Catherine Stein. Diego Della Valle shoes. . . . **8.** Perry Ellis linen camisole and pants. Saks Fifth Avenue; Pegasus, Philadelphia; Saks-Jandel; Parisian, Birmingham AL. Earrings, Butler & Wilson at Liberty of London. Bracelets by Cara Croninger and Cathy and Marsha for Catherine Stein. Claudio Rocco sandals. . . . **9.** Cotton camisole by Hanro of Switzerland, at Wife Mistress, NYC; Moon, Worcester MA; Rosebud, Oakland CA. Joan Vass, see information pages 216–217, #6. Halston for Garolini sandals. . . . **10.** St. Tropez at Macy's; Marshall Field's; Dayton's. . . . **11.** Lanier Laney Antron/Lycra maillot and pareo at Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Jack Krawcheck's for Women, Charleston SC: John Baldwin; Prima, Palm Beach; Pierre Lafond, Santa Barbara CA. . . . **12.** Dianne B. cotton jumpsuit. Dianne B., NYC & Beverly Hills; Famous-Barr; Joseph Magnin. Unisa sandals. . . . **13.** Frank Giordano for Red Cobra bracelets. . . . **14.** Guy Laroche cotton jersey T-shirt at Guy Laroche, NYC. Anne Klein pants, see information pages 215, 6. Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun earrings. Saks Fifth Avenue. Belt, Ruza for Elegant. Saks Fifth Avenue; Raymonda's, Reno NV. Capezio Ballet Makers shoes at Capezio Dance Shops nationwide. **Pages 220–221: 1.** Available at fine department stores. . . . **2.** Henri Bendel; Cyrk & Co., Oklahoma City OK; Etc. at Village Sportswear, Mountainbrook AL. **3.** Saks Fifth Avenue; Robinson's, California. . . . **4.** 10/10 Optics, NYC. . . . **5.** The Broadway, Los Angeles. . . . **6.** La Bagagerie, NYC and Beverly Hills. **7.** Ann Taylor, NYC.; Lou Lattimore; Country Club Fashions, Los Angeles. **Pages 222–223:** *Inset*: Fabric at Bloomingdale's. Napier earrings. Watch, Audemars Piguet. Capezio Ballet Makers available at Capezio Dance Shops nationwide. . . . *Large photo*: Fabric, Arthur Zeiler Woolens. B & J Fabrics, NYC; Stewart Fabrics, Birmingham MI; Finn's Fabric by Dyllis, Barrington IL; Elfriede Fine Fabrics, Boulder CO. Earrings, Ellen Designs for Robert Originals. Lord & Taylor; Foley's; Robinson's, California. Bracelets on model's right arm, wrist to cuff: M&J Savitt, to order at Macy's, Herald Square; C. D. Peacock, Chicago. Donald Stannard rhinestone bangle. Shell bangle, Carol for Eva Graham. Macy's. Golden bangle, Ellen Designs for Robert Originals. Lord & Taylor. Bracelets on model's left arm: M&J Savitt, same as above. Carol for Eva Graham, same as above. M&J Savitt silver bangle. Purple bangle, Cathy and Marsha for Catherine Stein. Belt, Ruza for Elegant at Henri Bendel. Charles Jourdan shoes, at all Charles Jourdan shops. **Page 224:** Joseph Mazer earrings at Saks Fifth Avenue. Bracelet, Lisandro Sarasola. Bloomingdale's Culde-Sac; Lina Lee, Beverly Hills. Shoes, Vittorio Ricci by Stéphane Kélian at Vittorio Ricci, New York. **Page 225: 2.** Fabric, Arthur Zeiler Woolens. B & J Fabrics, NYC; Joanne's Yardage, Torrance CA; Jane's Fabrique, San Diego. Earrings, Ellen Designs for Robert Originals. Lord & Taylor. Belt by Jill Stuart for Kandell-Marcus. Nancy & Co. Shoes, Vittorio Ricci by Stéphane Kélian at Vittorio Ricci, New York. . . . **3.** Ciani earrings, available at fine department stores. . . . **4.** Lord & Taylor; Macy's at Union Square, San Francisco; Robinson's, California. . . . **5.** Saks Fifth Avenue. . . . **6.** Saks Fifth Avenue; Garfinckel's.

GAY TALESE

(Continued from page 239)

know how to deal with it.

It is *de rigueur* for Gay to be constantly worrying about how to approach a new book, or its research, or the writing of it. In each of these stages, he suffers, doubts, implores for help from above; but as long as he is encased in the narrow, familiar world he has constructed for himself, he handles his self-imposed pressures with a defensive team's skills. The key word to his well-being is "familiar."

Against all sound advice, he bought his brownstone house because he did not want to give up the neighborhood where he had lived for so many years. So, despite the fact that the brownstone had no basement nor furnace and was dependent upon a nearby apartment house to pipe in heat and hot water for a monthly fee, Gay plunked down a large part of his advance for *Thy Neighbor's Wife* to buy the house.

Similarly, even though Ocean City, New Jersey, is more than a three-hour drive from New York, and even though its denizens are as removed from Gay as Amish farmers, Gay bought a summer house there because of the warm familiarity of the place where he grew up. He is devout to his origins but in rebellion against them—a renegade priest!

As for Gay's benign truculence, which is a trait he and I have in common, it is an entirely personal matter that rarely affects others, although, over the years, Gay's relationships with his various agents, editors, and publishers have rattled the literary seismographs. He now has rejected agents and high-priced literary lawyers altogether, and there is no editor or publisher who pleases him.

This truculence of his sometimes even rejects the unrejectable. A few years back, Gay and I were at a tennis party in Chicago, where we were playing together in a doubles match. It was a summer day but the wind was blowing, as it will in Chicago. Gay became more and more disturbed at how the wind was annoying his game. He ranted and railed at the gusts. To calm him down, I said "Listen, Gay, take it easy—the wind's the same on both sides of the net."

"The hell it is!" he exclaimed.

That's Gay. ▽

VOGUE PATTERNS

Back views, yardages, details of pp. 222–225

Camisole dress. Very Easy Vogue Pattern 7682. Sizes 8-16. Size 10: 2½ yards 36/37″ fabric. $4.00. Canada, $4.90. **Wrap dress.** Vogue Pattern 7613. Sizes 6–14. Size 10: 3 yards 45″ fabric. $3.50. Canada, $4.30. **Two-piece dress.** Vogue Paris Original Pattern 2543 by Chloé. Sizes 8–16. Size 10: 5½ yards 40″ fabric. $5.00. Canada, $6.10. **Bare-topped dress.** Very Easy Vogue Pattern 7698. Sizes 8–16. Size 10: 3 yards 39/40″ fabric. $3.50. Canada, $4.30.

SEWING TIPS

Camisole dress. Take in the side seams 1″ from the bottom of the armseye to the waist. Hem to just above the knee.
Wrap dress. Hem to just above the knee.
Two-piece dress. Do not interface the front placket.
Bare-topped dress. Take in the side seams 1″ from the bottom of the armseye to the waist. Hem to just above the knee.

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